PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 1986 $3.50

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U.S. EDITION

SPECIAL AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST...

SEE PAGE 42

EXCLUSIVE: CLAUS VON BULOW

WHY HE COULDN'T TAKE THE STAND

DAVID STOCKMAN:

HIS BITTER DENUNCIATION OF THE REAGAN REGIME

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The International Magazine for Men/March 1986

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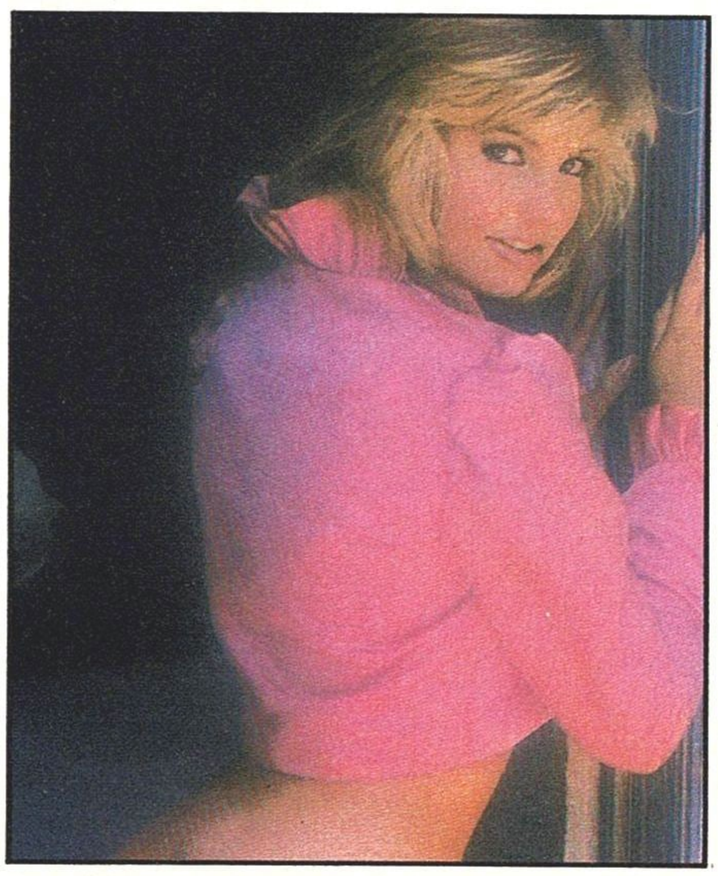

This month's cover features our Pet of the Month, Michelle Walker, who was photographed by David Schoen with a Nikon 35mm camera and a variety of Nikkor lenses, a Gitzo tripod, and Kodachrome 64 film.

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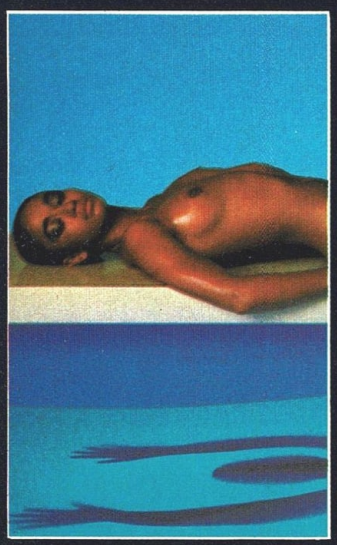
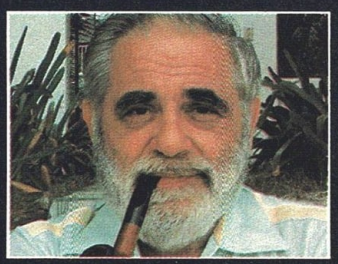
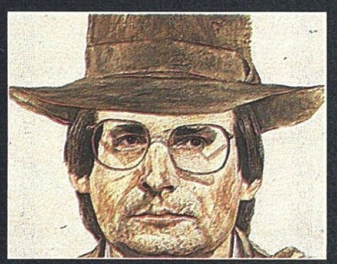
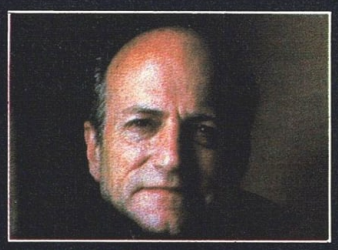








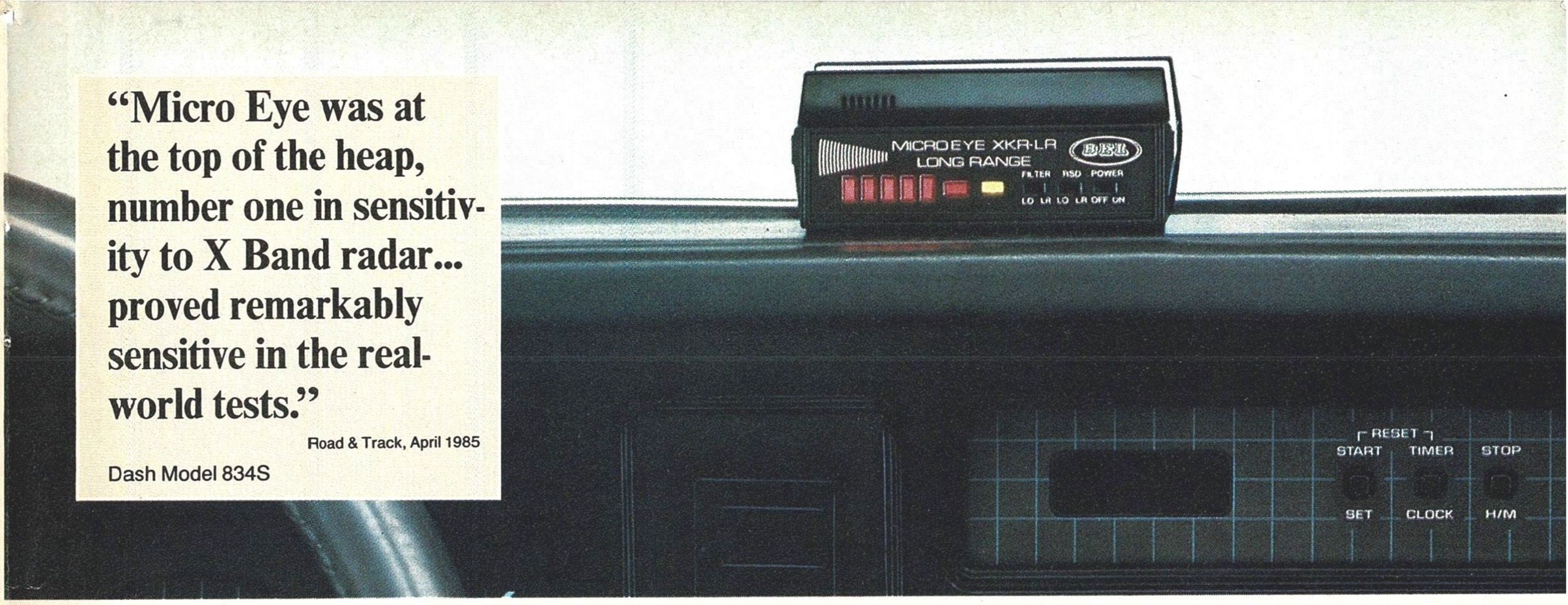
BE A WINNER!
As most of you know by now, our sister magazine *Newlook* is doing to newsstands what "Miami Vice" has done to television screens. With its fast video pacing—combined with dramatic photojournalism, beautiful women, and red-hot bulletins on the newest scenes and personalities—*Newlook* is quickly proving to be as popular in the United States as it is in France. In this issue of *Penthouse* we're happy to announce a *Newlook* amateur photo contest, giving you an opportunity to win prizes and see your work showcased in a major international publication. On pages 42–61 you'll find some winning examples of previous contests to provide inspiration. And, as always with *Newlook*, expect the unexpected!

CLAUS ENCOUNTERS
The retrial of socialite Claus von Bulow for attempting to kill his millionaire wife was one of the most sensational of the century. A dramatic highlight of the trial was von Bulow's refusal to take the stand in his own defense—after repeatedly telling the world that he couldn't wait to do just that. Now, in an exclusive excerpt from his forthcoming Random House book *Reversal of Fortune*, Harvard law professor Alan M. Dershowitz takes us behind the scenes to show why this crucial decision was made. Dershowitz, who writes this magazine's monthly Law column, was the attorney who managed to get von Bulow's first conviction overturned. Here you'll see vividly why a good lawyer sometimes has to fight his client's instincts.

THE STOCKMAN SYNDROME
When David Stockman was asked by a newly elected Ronald Reagan to be White House budget director, his mandate was to slash federal spending and balance the budget. Last year, disappointed and disgusted, he quit—but not before giving Washington reporter Donald Lambro an exclusive interview on condition that it not be published while Stockman was still in the White House. Now—in advance of his new "tell-all" memoirs (for which he got a $2.4-million contract)—we offer Stockman's bitter and candid views on the Washington establishment and his own Republican allies, who make wasting taxpayer money a fact of life.

VIETNAM REVISITED
To compile this extraordinary portfolio of photojournalism, renowned British photographer Christopher Pillitz traveled extensively throughout Vietnam. Pillitz's unique pictures, juxtaposed with images of the war years, offer for the first time a close-up view of how our former enemies are coping with isolation and a ruined economy.

MEESE-APPREHENSIONS
In a lighter but no less serious vein, Ori Hofmekler and Bob Guccione pay tribute to Edwin Meese, America's porcine Censor General, and his fearless followers at the Department of Injustice, who are determined to throw out the Constitution to pander to a handful of redneck voters. . . . Richard Yao, founder of Fundamentalists Anonymous, explains why for thousands of people, the dogma according to such preachers as Jerry Falwell and Jimmy Swaggart can actually create a serious mental-health hazard. . . . Gary Null continues his "Medical Genocide" series with a profile of an innovative cancer researcher who is being hounded by the cancer establishment for daring to challenge it. . . . And Scot Morris concludes his exposé of such crooked gambling devices as marked dominoes and loaded dice. Of course, we ourselves prefer to play the *fairest* game in town—picking our favorite from our beautiful bevy of Pets. Because no matter which one we choose, it's no gamble at all!

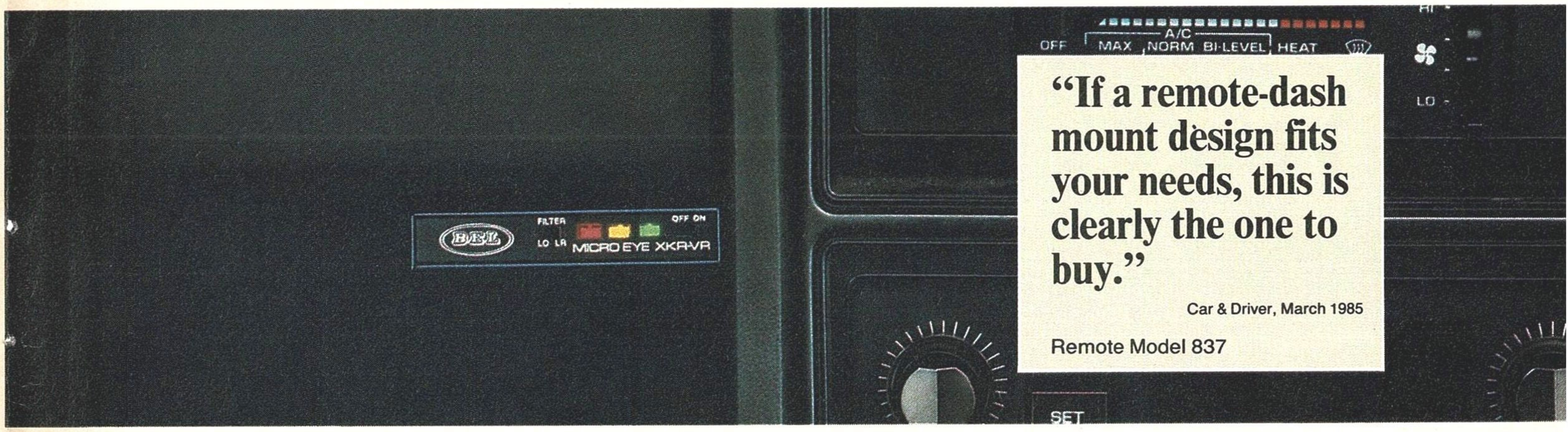


"Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar... proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests."

Road & Track, April 1985

Dash Model 834S

THE FACTS ON RADAR DETECTION



"If a remote-dash mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."

Car & Driver, March 1985

Remote Model 837

"UNQUESTIONABLY, THE BEL MICRO EYE IS A TOP PERFORMER!"

This is what **Road & Track** had to say after testing the country's leading radar detectors. Unquestionably. Without qualification. Just the simple facts.

PROVEN EFFECTIVE

Other detectors may claim to be the best — but the latest tests conducted by North America's most respected auto magazines prove otherwise. The MICRO EYE® dash and remote models both ranked first. Overall. Conclusive proof of MICRO EYE's superior detection ability. Around bends, over hills and on the straightaway. City or highway. MICRO EYE® picks up police radar miles before he can pick up on you.

DASH/VISOR MODEL

Of the ten competitors evaluated, **Road & Track** confirmed that "Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar . . ." All in all, it "proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests. It placed 1st in the hill cresting test . . . and it also has the most effective filter against such (signal emission) leakage from other units." Quite simply, the MICRO EYE®'s computer integrated technology enables it to monitor incoming signals and virtually eliminate those which are not police-originated. The test concludes, "BEL is to be commended for building a unit that offers both superior sensitivity to police radar and effective screening of pollution from other detectors." What more need be said.

REMOTE MODEL

Car & Driver recently conducted a test of their own on remote-mounted radar detectors. In this category, as well, the MICRO EYE® came out on top. It ranked "first overall in sensitivity and also did admirably well in our selectivity test (False Alarms from Other Radar Detectors") and torture test." The MICRO EYE® remote model is hidden from view. Only you know it's there. And "its compact size and flat cables minimize installation hassles." Everything is simplified. There are no control knobs that have to be adjusted. Just set it to city or highway driving and you're on your way. According to **Car & Driver,** "If a remote-mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."

THE LEADING CHOICE

With endorsements like these, it's obvious that 1985 is the year of the MICRO EYE®. If you're considering a radar detector, you now have the facts to make the right choice. Dash or remote-mount. The decision is yours. Either advanced MICRO EYE® radar warning system can be yours simply by calling the toll-free number listed below. And if you don't agree that MICRO EYE® is the best radar detection system on the market, return the unit within 30 days for a FULL REFUND.

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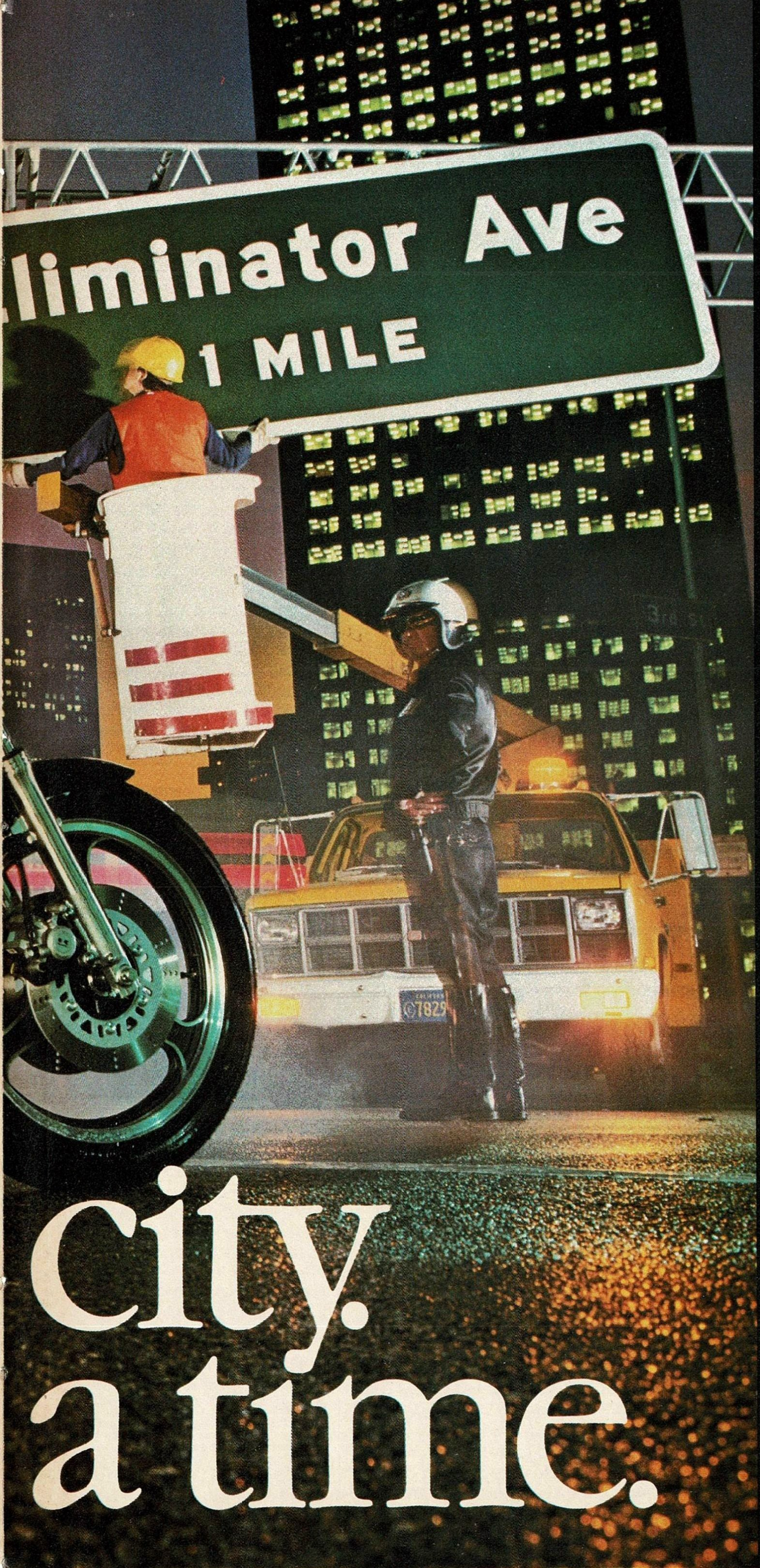

city. a time.

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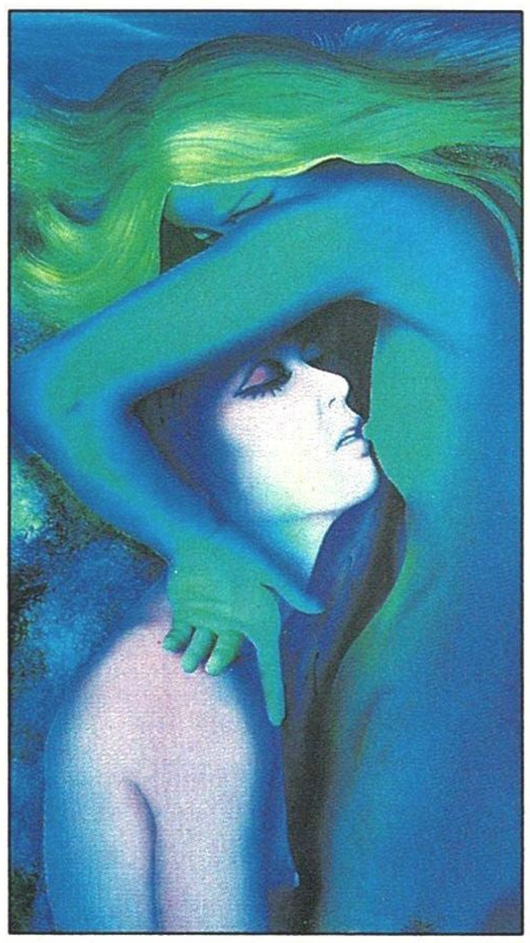
MEMBER MIC

'It turned the girls on even more that I was watching them. They got into a passionate sixty-nine position, and I could see them moaning ecstatically.'

PENTHOUSE **FORUM**



VIENNA WAITS FOR YOU

Recently, I went on a business trip to Europe and stayed for a while in Austria. There, I had the pleasure to taste a variety of delicious sweets. Even more pleasurable than that was my discovery of the beauty of Austrian women, who have a reputation for their beautiful legs. One of these beauties was my waitress at dinnertime at the hotel where I was staying.

She had light blond hair and very blue eyes, which matched the color of her dirndl (a dress with a very tight bodice and full skirt). From the first time I saw her, I had been fascinated by the way the dirndl bowed over what must have been an extremely well-proportioned behind. She also had a good-size bosom, the details of which I could only imagine under her tight uniform. Unfortunately, she remained quite cool and, while serving dinner, only showed what was a professional friendliness toward me.

The balcony of my hotel room faced the second floor of a small department store. There was an office space where I could spot a typewriter and a copy machine. In the room adjacent to it, women's sportswear was sold. But as the customers tried their things on in the back of the premises, I couldn't watch anything exciting, unless one of the younger customers stepped nearer to the window dressed in a tennis dress or perhaps a sexy swimsuit. In all, I didn't find the scenery particularly interesting.

One afternoon, I was just watching the people passing by in the street below, when all of a sudden I spotted the waitress from my hotel entering the department store wearing her blue dirndl. It was only a short while later that my blond girl appeared in the sportswear department. There, she briefly talked to a rather boyish-looking salesgirl who was wearing black leather pants, which went well with her short brown hair.

I was then astonished to see them both enter the empty office space and lock the door from inside. But I really was surprised to see my blond girl sit on the copy machine and the dark one kneel down in front of her. While my blonde leaned back and spread her legs, the brown-haired girl started caressing them from the toes to the calves, very slowly, all the way up. She was thus pushing back the dirndl inch by inch, and I could see more and more of what I already had suspected to be a pair of marvelously curved and creamy thighs.

When I discovered that my blonde didn't wear a slip, and that pretty soon her beautiful pussy lay bare in the sunlight that was falling through the large glass windows, I really got excited. I almost couldn't breathe. But that was not all of it. The dark girl went on unbuttoning the top of the dirndl. The breasts of my blond beauty, till now squeezed together and supported by the tight dress, now fell each to one side like two heavy and ripe fruits. Judging by the reaction of those rosy nipples, they must have been happy to be freed from their restraint.

The brown-haired girl touched them gently with her hands and rubbed them rhythmically up and down, while at the same time kissing and licking the nipples. I could see how much the blond girl was enjoying it. When the two women started kissing each other, it was the blonde's turn to help the other girl out of her leather pants and blouse. I was surprised to discover that what at first had given me the impression of a rather boyish figure turned out to be a perfectly worked-out female body. Her small breasts were crowned by two dark, hard, and erect nipples, and her ass was composed of two firm muscles that almost formed two identical semicircles. Her suntanned skin contrasted well with the light flesh tone of her companion.

The whole scene was fascinating. These lovely creatures were visibly making love to each other, while people were passing by in the street below not having the slightest idea of what was going on just a few feet above their heads.

It was at that moment that the dark girl discovered me standing on the balcony, watching them. For a moment I was paralyzed. Now the blond girl was also looking in my direction. This moment seemed to be an eternity. But to my surprise, the two didn't blush or try to cover the precious parts of their bodies. Instead, after smiles and some words and laughter exchanged between them, they came closer to the window.

I could hardly believe what happened next. My blond girl got on the desk, put the typewriter aside, and, getting on her knees, positioned herself in such a way so that I had a center-row view of the full, round shape of her ass. She curved her spine so that right in the middle of her ass appeared the lovely lips of her cunt, and just a little above that her small brown hole. She was already quite aroused and started finger-fucking herself right in front of me.

It was not long before her suntanned companion joined the game. My prick had become almost unbearably hard, and I didn't hesitate to give it the necessary assistance. It turned the girls on even more that I had joined them despite the separation by the gap of the

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In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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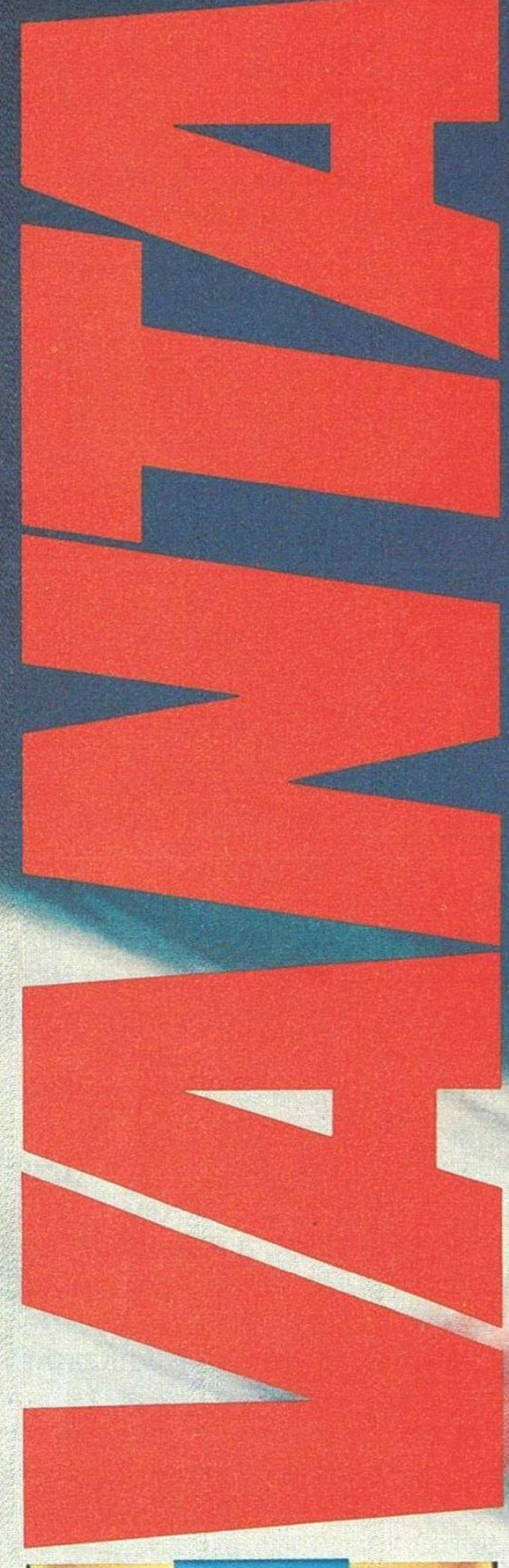

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MARCH

street. They got into a passionate sixty-nine position, and I could see them moaning ecstatically. They were kissing each other's lips and clits with pleasure, licking each other's juices, and tongue- and finger-fucking each other's cunts. When the red fingernails of the brown-haired girl finally got a firm hold on my blonde's ass, pressing deeply into the voluminous pink flesh, I couldn't hold back any longer. I came with a full load just before the two girls achieved their own orgasms, and relaxed.

That very evening, my dinner was again served by the blond girl. As usual, she was wearing her tight blue dirndl. But nothing in her face indicated what had happened. She remained as cool and distant as ever. Unfortunately, I had to leave the next day, so I didn't get another chance to stimulate the girls' fantasies by watching them once more.—*Name and address withheld*

BIRTHDAY CAKE

This letter is my birthday present to my lover. As we are both married, it is extremely difficult for me to buy him a present without having it be detected by his wife, so here is the written memory of what I gave him for his birthday. I hope your readers enjoy reading about it as much as I enjoyed giving it.

Frank and I both have a lot of outside interests, and we usually meet in a bar after we indulge in our respective hobbies. The night of the birthday surprise, we met for a couple of beers as usual before heading to a more private location to indulge in our favorite hobby. Frank is so sweet, good-looking, and sexy. I was ready for him before we even got undressed, so we didn't waste much time on the preliminaries. I was slightly passive at first, so he started caressing my tits, which are extremely sensitive—I adore the way he touches and sucks them. I have a direct link from my tits to my pussy, and as soon as he gets to work on my nipples, my pussy gets so eager for his delicious cock. Soon his hands were on my ass and my crotch, exploring, teasing, arousing me to greater heights. His fingers were in me, thrusting and twisting until my juice was running down his hand onto the bed. Now it was time for me to take control.

I enjoy being mounted from behind, and Frank is just the right size to make it a perfect fit. I rolled over onto my hands and knees. Frank needed no more encouragement as he knows how much this turns me on, so he got behind me and slowly entered me. As he began to move his cock in and out of my cunt, his hands came around me and one found my nipples and the other found my clit. By now we were both so hot that after a little more heavenly frenzy, we achieved mutual satisfaction.

We took some time to relax and cuddle, but now it was time for the birthday surprise. I told Frank to close his eyes, and I took a Hostess Twinkie and a small candle from my purse. I unwrapped the Twinkie, stuck the candle in and lit it, and told him to open his eyes. He thought this was pretty funny, but I told him it was a celebration and we were going to eat his cake now. I blew out the candle and removed it. Then I broke off about an inch and a half of the cake—enough to get to the cream filling—and fed him that piece. I told him the rest was mine. I took my piece and sucked on the end of it, staring into Frank's eyes while rolling my tongue around the cake. Now he had an idea of what was coming, and I could see him starting to get hard again. I gave him some help by gently sucking his balls and then taking his cock in my mouth.

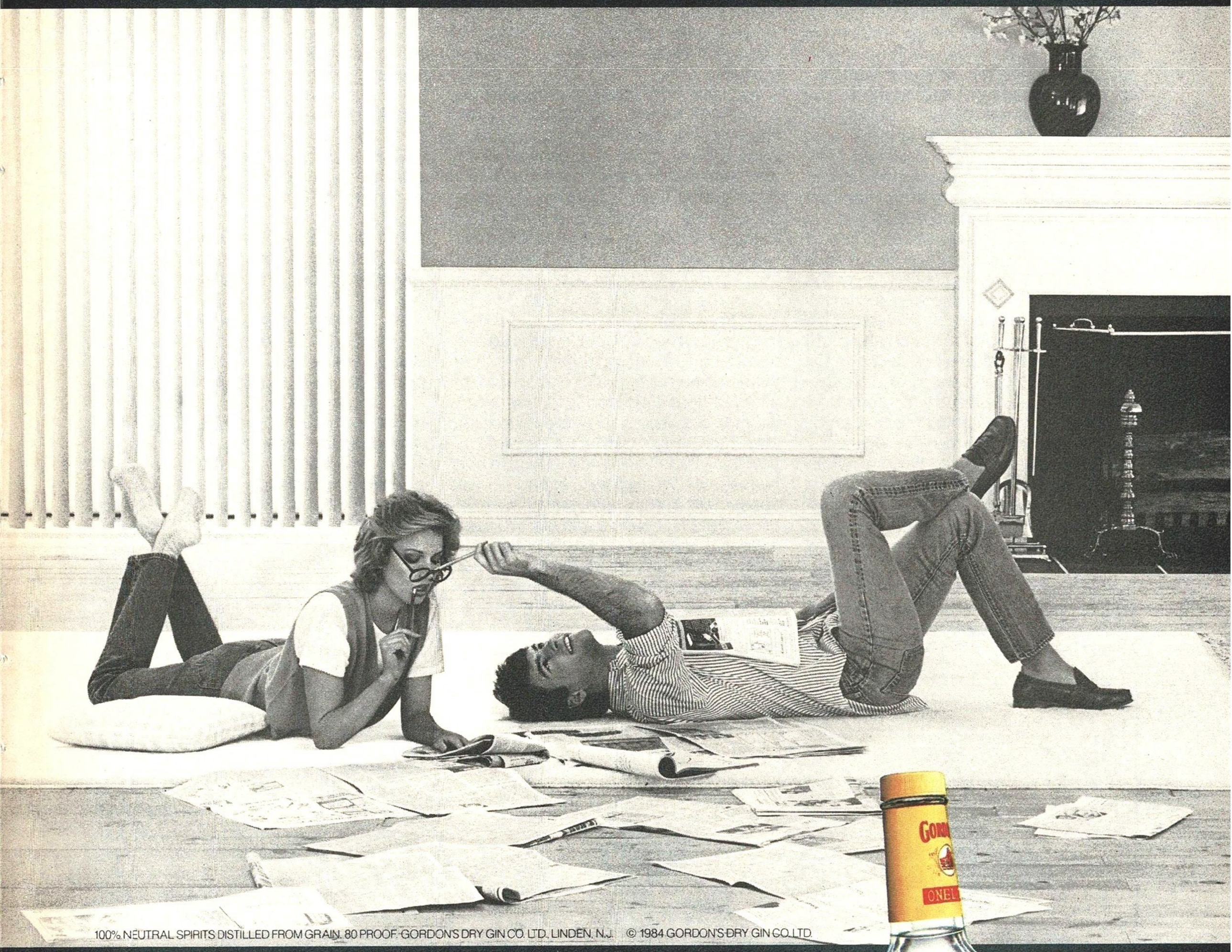
When he was good and hard, I took the remainder of the Twinkie and slid it onto his cock, which forced the cream filling to come oozing out around the base of his shaft and split the cake wide open. I started nibbling and licking, eating and sucking, until he started moaning with pleasure. Soon the Twinkie was gone. I flicked my tongue up and down his shaft and head and took the whole thing in my mouth and rolled my tongue around it until Frank's hips started thrusting and he was fucking my mouth in ecstasy. I started seriously sucking now, and he lost control, pumping and shooting my mouth full of the cream filling I like the best. I savored the taste of him, then swallowed every delicious drop. Giving one final loving suck, I stared into his eyes and said, "Happy birthday, Frank."—*Name and address withheld*

AUTO SWAPPING

Last summer my wife and I, on the way back to our home in the Southwest from a vacation on the East Coast, had an experience that I would like to share.

I am 36 years old and stand six feet two inches tall. I have sandy hair with some gray in it, blue eyes, and a good build, but I'm not exaggeratedly muscular. I am a habitual flirt, a habit that I acquired through a combination of my wild life in the service and my sales career. My wife is 31. She's five foot six, has brown hair, beautiful blue-green eyes, and she's a knockout. She is always catching men's eyes with her fantastic body, but she doesn't ever seem to notice. We have been married 12 happy and sexually active years. We have, like most modern couples, considered swinging, but in the few situations where we had an opportunity to do it, we found that it was the fantasy and not the act that appealed to us. Besides, my wife's teaching career could be jeopardized if we were discovered to be swingers.

One very pretty afternoon we had been driving on I-24 from Chattanooga to Nashville, which is a beautiful drive. We were in our custom van, and my wife was watching the river that runs alongside the interstate. As I passed by a Toronado, I heard her gasp! When I asked her what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was wrong, she said that the girl in the car was giving the guy a blowjob. As we talked about it and she told me how attractive they were, I decided to look for myself. She told me not to embarrass them—if it were us, we wouldn't appreciate it. But being a true voyeur, I ignored her objection and got into the right lane and slowed down slightly, causing the Toronado to change lanes to pass. As it pulled up beside us, I matched their speed, and looking down into the car saw a beautiful pair of legs in the passenger seat. The woman had on a skirt and the position she was in allowed me to see all of her legs and just a trace of her lacy white panties. She was leaning over the driver's lap, doing an excellent job on his dick. He had his pants down around his knees and was oblivious to anything but driving and sex. After a few seconds my wife's curiosity took control, and she got between our captain seats to look out my window too. She remarked on what a nice dick he had and how sexy his legs were. We were entranced with what we were watching, and she instinctively rubbed my now-hardening dick through my jogging pants. We must have been blocking traffic because our trance was broken by a horn from a truck behind us. The other couple immediately looked around and caught us staring. An embarrassing situation was relaxed when they both smiled at us, straightened their clothes, and drove on. We laughed and talked about how attractive they were and how sexy it had been. My wife, still beside my seat, took my dick out and gave me a 20-mile blowjob while I reached down inside her pants and felt her hot cunt juice flow over my hand.

Just south of Nashville we pulled into a rest area so she could clean up, and there was the white Toronado. I parked a ways off and opened a beer while my wife went to the ladies' room. She was in there a long time, and when she came out she was laughing and talking to a beautiful girl in her mid-twenties, about five foot two, slim, but with a nice round ass. Then I noticed the skirt and realized it was the girl in the Toronado. The girl went to her car, and my wife came back to the van. When she got in she said they were laughing because they were there for the same reason. She discovered the girl was from Colorado and was also a teacher. She asked if I would mind if she asked the couple to share a joint with us. I certainly didn't and pulled the van over by their car. When they climbed in I was speechless at how cute this girl was. We exchanged first names and my wife rolled a joint. As we smoked and chatted, I noticed my wife paying an unusual amount of attention to the guy—a 26-year-old law student who could be Burt Reynolds's kid brother in looks and personality. I couldn't be too critical, though, because I couldn't take my eyes off the little doll sitting across from me with her legs propped under her on the seat—exposing again those lacy white panties.

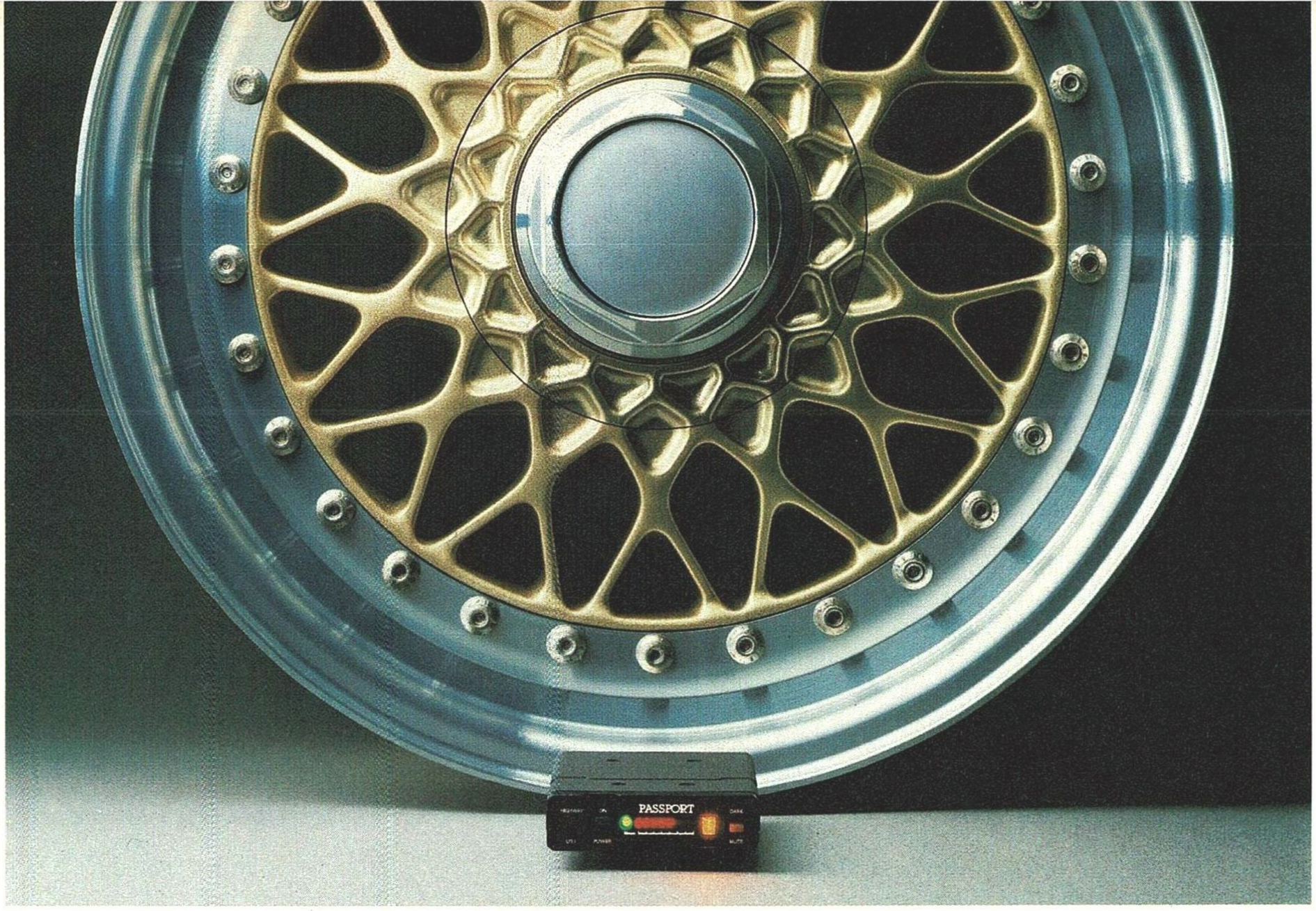
We must have spent two hours at that rest area smoking, drinking, and flirting. The conversation centered on sex, after talking about how sexy it had been watching them before and what it had led us to do.

They had the same negative feelings that we had about swap clubs and swinging with acquaintances. But it seemed we all enjoyed this totally unplanned encounter. Knowing it would be unlikely that we would meet again, and with the pot having loosened us up a bit, we were thoroughly enjoying the moment. I noticed it was getting dark and we all needed to get back on the road. I leaned over to kiss the little sweetheart good-bye. When our lips met, she put her arms around my neck and her tongue in my mouth. With this I lost my senses and kissed her far longer than I knew I should have. Afterward I looked to my wife, expecting a reprimanding look, only to see her kissing the young man. I looked back at his wife, who had the same thoughts about him, and we laughed with relief. Our spouses regained their composure and laughed with us, all understanding everybody else's feelings.

Then the husband asked which way we were headed. I said that in Nashville we were going west on I-40. He said that they, too, were going west to Memphis. Then he suggested that maybe if everyone agreed, we could switch passengers for a ways and continue this a little further. We all immediately agreed and together made some rules. What we all agreed to was that he and my wife would take a ten-minute start and we would both set our cruise controls on 55, so there would be no way to see what the other couple was doing. We agreed not to stop but to set our odometers for 100 miles and pull over and change our wives back. We could do whatever we wanted while driving and afterward would not ask questions. We gave only first names and afterward would only have memories.

As the Toronado pulled away, the girl and I talked for the ten minutes and she confided in me that she had hoped something like this would happen. She said that she loves adventure and that this was the most interesting situation that she had ever experienced. I kissed her and held her close, once more enjoying her firm body next to mine. I reached around to feel her ass under her skirt, but she stopped me, reminding me of the rules. By now the ten minutes were almost up, and she asked if I would mind stripping before we started. I took my clothes off and got behind the wheel and in no time was on the interstate with the cruise control set. She put a nice tape in the cassette player and moved to the back of the van and, as I watched in the mirror, began to undress.

"But what about the people's *right to* know. . . ?"



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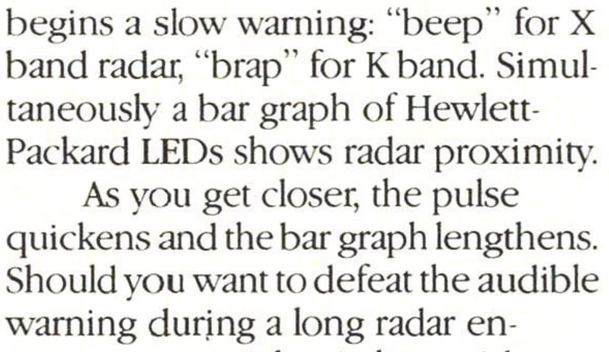

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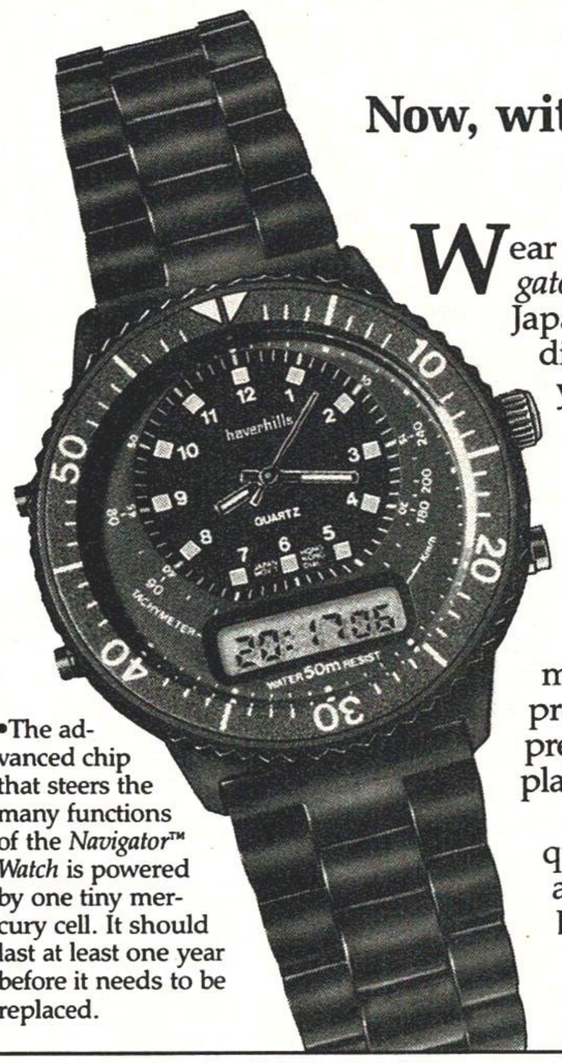

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She first took off her skirt, finally revealing completely her beautiful ass in those panties. She then took off her shirt. To my delight, her tits, which I knew were not large, were as perfectly full and rounded as her ass. As I watched, she took her nipples between her fingers and worked them to full erection. They were about a half-inch in diameter and honestly a full-inch long. Seeing my reaction, she came forward and knelt beside my chair and, with her tongue touching my ear, asked if I would like to suck them as much as she wanted them sucked. I simply nodded yes, and she said that she would steer the van and for me to lay back and enjoy myself.

She leaned across and took the steering wheel, which placed her tits in my face. The nipples were very hard and tasted absolutely great. As I took one entire breast into my mouth, I could feel that nipple on the back of my throat. I instinctively swallowed and felt my throat take hold of it and release. It was an accidental discovery, but when she went wild I continued as though I had intended it. I moved from one to the other, sucking, swallowing, and fondling those wonderful tits for quite some time. I then reached down behind her and felt that full, firm ass. As I rubbed her ass she arched it upward, allowing my fingers to move to her cunt, which to my delight had already soaked her panties. With her still steering the left and steer, she climbed up and straddled the chair. She put her tongue in my right ear and whispered that she needed to come. At that she lowered herself onto my hard dick. She was wet and slid easily down the length of me until I was buried inside her. She felt magnificent, but I knew I must not lose control. As she fucked me I felt her tight cunt grip me. It didn't take very long for her to reach her orgasm. When she was completely through, we switched positions and she sat on the edge of the chair and drove while I took my time fucking this gorgeous young lady.

When I finally unloaded in her, we fondled each other awhile and noticed the odometer was at 92. We dressed, kissed, then saw the white Toronado ahead on the shoulder and pulled up behind it. She winked and smiled, then went to her car. When my wife climbed into the van, we had a moment of awkward silence. But when I asked if she had enjoyed herself, and smiled and said that I had very much, she smiled and said she had, too. We laughed, and she said jokingly that all they did was talk. I winked and agreed that they had been great conversationalists. She rolled another joint, and we continued our trip. We made several stops that night and tested the van springs each time.—*Name and address withheld*

JAPANESE TAKEOUT

I am a 23-year-old male married to a very wonderful woman, Suzy, who is 21. We read your magazine every month, and we enjoy it very much. We would like to share one of our experiences with your other readers.

Suzy and I went out to dinner one evening at a Japanese restaurant, one where you're required to take your shoes off at the door and then sit on cushions on the floor to eat your meal. The restaurant was dimly lit and we were seated in a corner where there were few other people. I didn't think much about it, but then I felt Suzy sliding her foot around my crotch. I kept telling her to quit because someone was going to see us, but she wouldn't, so I slid my foot over to her and started to do the same. About five minutes later, when we were both horny and ready to leave, the waiter appeared and wanted to take our order. We went ahead and ordered our meal, but while we were waiting we continued to rub our feet on each other.

It seemed like it took forever for them to bring us our meal, but finally it arrived and we ate very fast, paid, and then left for our van. As soon as we approached it we went to the back doors and climbed in. Suzy didn't even take her dress off. She just pulled it up and then pulled her panties down. I took my pants off and started to fuck her wildly. I continued to fuck her full force and was ready to explode when Suzy pushed me off of her and put my cock into her mouth. She then proceeded to give me the best head I've ever had, and in no time I shot my wad the van, I slipped out of the chair, and she got in the chair on her knees and leaned against the steering wheel. I realized that this was not the safest maneuver, but at the moment it didn't matter.

I slipped her panties down her legs and off. Now we were both completely naked, and I took a long time feeling and admiring her beautiful body. While pinching her fantastic nipples I ran my tongue down the small of her back and licked her. Her skin was so soft and sweet. I took one hand off her nipple and reached between her legs and felt her swelling clitoris. She responded by rubbing her cunt against my fingers. I ran my tongue down to her waiting vagina. As I slipped my tongue into her, I felt her convulse slightly. I asked if she was able to continue driving, and she assured me there was not much traffic and she could handle it.

I once again began to tongue-fuck her while holding her nipple and clitoris. I continued this for several minutes until she said she was losing control and traffic was picking up. I stopped, and we switched back to me driving. We were entering Nashville, and for the 15 to 20 minutes it took to get back out on I-40 West she worked on my nipples with her teeth while rubbing my balls and jacking off my dick. It seemed an eternity until we were once more on the dark highway. As soon as we were, she got up, and with my chair swiveled where I could see to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

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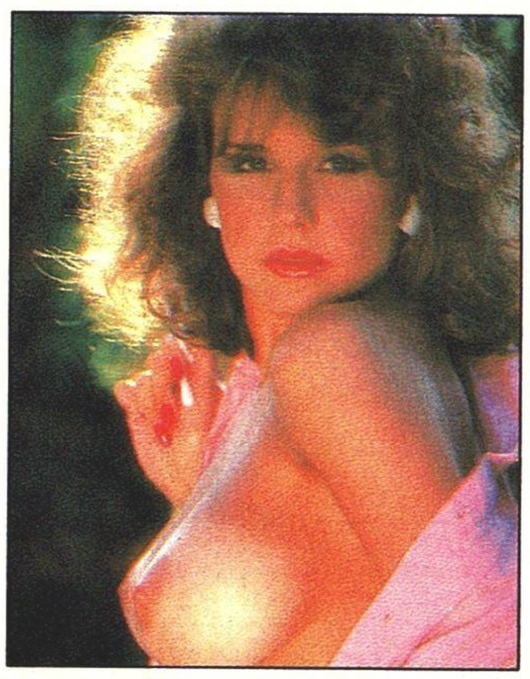
PET FORUM

HAVOC WREAKER
Dearest Mindy Farrar,
I have to tell you about the welcome havoc you have wreaked in my life. Your photos in the November 1984 issue ["A Little Hard to Get," photographs by J. Stephen Hicks] were so exquisite that I clipped one and had it framed. I hung it on my bedroom wall, right beside a picture of me and my girlfriend. When my girlfriend saw that, she was pretty upset. It took me days to clear things up with her, but your photo is still on the wall. Events like that make me want you even more. You are the greatest beauty who ever lived!—*Name and address withheld*

I am sorry for the trouble I have caused you, but I must admit I am very flattered. Please tell your girlfriend not to take any of this personally. Tell her to consider that we share you, but I will just have to expect her to carry my load for a while. I'm sure she won't mind.—Mindy

ROMANTIC GARDENER
Dear Claudia Rüngen,
Your pictorial in the August 1985 issue ["Celtic Charmer,"



Mindy

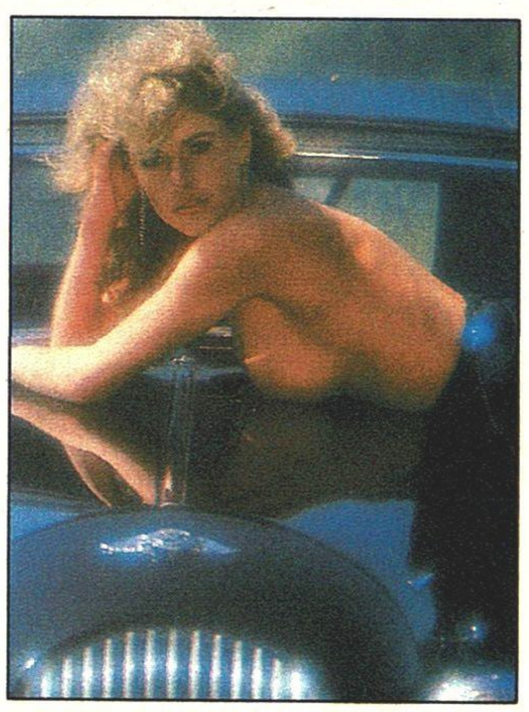
Claudia

photographs by Hank Londoner] was the most outstanding set of photos I've ever seen. I have never written anyone a letter like this before, but you evoke in me the nicest of thoughts and the desire to express to you in words the happiness I experience when I look at you. I am totally fascinated by you. I could very easily fall madly in love with you!

For one of your kisses, I'd give you a rose. For a kiss and an embrace, I'd plant a rosebush. Want to hear of my plans for the giant redwoods?—*Name and address withheld*

I am sure we would find ourselves in a flower bed in no time. But if there are thorns, promise me, only one prick at a time.—Claudia

AMBER'S ACADEMY
Dear Amber,
Your pictorial "Student Body" [November 1985, photographs by Citore Segami] is breathtaking. I sure can recognize a good-looking, sexy lady when I see one. You put new life into my pants. I hope *Penthouse* will show a lot more of you. I am most positive there is way more



Amber

to you than meets the eye. For once in my life, academics appeal to me. I'd love to be the student and study your body more closely. Maybe I can interest you in a partnership on a class project. What do you say?—*Name and address withheld*

I am sure I could inspire you to high academic performance. You would have to work hard, and that includes a lot of after-school hours. But you would thank me when grading time came.—Amber

CRAZY FOR CARINA
Dear Carina,
As a fellow Leo, discovering you on the cover of the November 1985 *Penthouse* was a real treat. But tuning in on your pictorial was even more special. You are a fox, and the tattoo on your right hip is a genuine turn-on! If you're ever in Kentucky, you can ride your Triumph down my driveway anytime. We might even enjoy a bowl of strawberries and a bottle of champagne together.—*Bob Cornett, Dwarf, Ky.*

Dear Bob,
I'm so glad you like the tattoo. Unlike most other people who have one, I did not do it on a dare; I wanted it. I love clothes and jewelry, and I thought this would be the ultimate piece of apparel. I, too, think it's hot. I find myself looking for men with tattoos—the more inventive the location, the better.—Carina

Dear Carina Ragnarsson,
When I opened the November 1985 issue to your pictorial, "Designed For Living," I nearly had heart failure. Hank Londoner's excellent photography was made especially unique by using *you* as a model. You are a lady of such rare beauty. My passion for sun-drenched women of your caliber is endless, but you in particular have stolen my heart. My thanks to the editors for doing a tantalizing layout with your exquisite self as the star.—*T. C. Thompson, Atlanta, Ga.*

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

'*Rambo* is just a movie, created for entertainment. No one foresaw the film's phenomenal success.'

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE

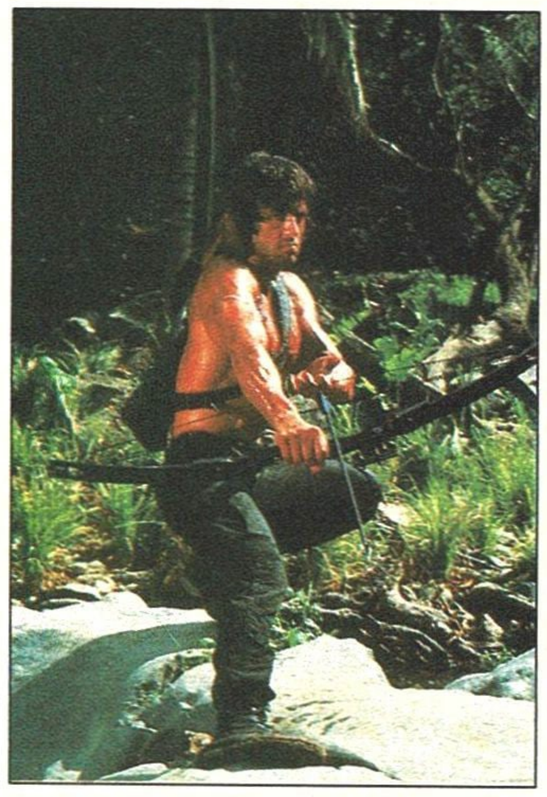
I am a Marine stationed at Camp Pendleton, California, and am right now involved in very intense training. I just caught a glimpse of your December 1985 issue, and "Hofmekler's People: Folk Heroes, Part 32" was quite distressing. The line about Marines being "tired old queens" has angered me and quite a few other Marines.

First of all, I know quite a few Vietnam veterans who were putting their butts on the line while "Rambo" was making porn flicks. Secondly, I've been training like hell all over the world for years so people like you and me can read magazines of our own choice.

I would like to see some realism in Rambo's next movie—like the star getting wasted. Death is very real! *—Lance Corporal Robert Suiter, USMC, Camp Pendleton, Calif.*

I am a Marine who takes great exception to your "Hofmekler's People" in the December issue. The joke is fine, but without taste concerning the mention of the U.S. Marine Corps. I usually enjoy your magazine, but I did not find this funny! If you must use our name, use it with the respect we have earned through real courage and lives lost for our freedom and yours—not in conjunction with some fictitious character who couldn't do it right without special effects. *—Lance Corporal R. M. Buchanan, USMC, Camp Pendleton, Calif.*

Obviously, we intended no insult to any of our U.S. Marines, who are, indeed,



among America's real heroes these days. The point of the drawing and the limerick was to satirize those people (some of whom are in high office) who believe that there are simple, Rambo*-style solutions to complicated world problems. In fact, elsewhere in our December issue, Billy Joel makes much the same point: "Vietnam vets don't like Stallone passing himself off as their representative, especially since he was home making porn movies at the time." We're sorry that any U.S. fighting man was offended and, once again, we assure you that that was not at all our intention.*—The Editors

BILLY JOEL AND RAMBO

Since I am a fan of both Billy Joel and Sylvester Stallone, I was dismayed by Billy's comments on Stallone in your December interview.

The facts are that Sly did try to enlist for Vietnam service but was not accepted, the same as with hundreds of other young men. In addition, Stallone has never made a hard-core movie, as Billy implied. He did make an adult movie when he was first struggling to survive in New York. Like most actors and actresses just starting out, he took what roles he could get.

Finally, *Rambo* is just a movie, created for entertainment. Stallone was not intending to be the veterans' representative any more than John Wayne was an authentic cowboy. No one foresaw the film's phenomenal success.*—Georgia B. Makiver, Swarthmore, Pa.*

AIDS COVER-UP

I just read "Medical Genocide, Part Four: The AIDS Cover-Up," by Gary Null [December 1985]. Thank you for such an honest and healthy article! Thanks to a free press, people will know enough to demand the use of vitamin therapy for their treatment of AIDS.

What really angers me is the French government's attempt to assuage the anxiety of AIDS victims with a placebo. It is unfortunate that elements of this kind of statism exist in our own government in the form of the Food and Drug Administration. This statism makes it unprofitable for some major pharmaceutical companies to relay honest information on the importance of vitamin C in the treatment of diseases that involve the breakdown of the immune system.

When word goes out that vitamin C is a main vehicle in restoring the body to its basically normal functions, the price of this and many other vitamins will undoubtedly rise. But more people will be helped, the pharmaceutical companies will get their profits, and the free-market system will take over.*—Dave Wright, Burke, Va.*

GAMESMEN

I just finished the Scot Morris piece on practical jokes ["Games," October 1985], and am still wiping the tears from my eyes from laughing so much. I hope this style of humorous intellect continues in the future.*—W. Kurt Wurzberger, Arlington, Va.*

I have been reading *Penthouse* magazine for some time now, and I especially like the section on "Games" by Scot Morris. I was wondering how I can obtain copies of any or all of the "Games" columns you've published to date.*—Shelby A. Hudson, Camden, Del.*

Scot Morris replies:
Thank you for your letters. It's always nice to know that there are people like you "out there" who appreciate one's work. At present we have no plans to print a collection of the best of Penthouse *"Games" columns, but if such a book does come out, we will make an announcement. I'd love to hear from other readers interested in seeing such a book. Please contact me at* Penthouse. *There is already a book out called* Omni Games *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston), a collection of the best of my columns from* Omni *magazine.*

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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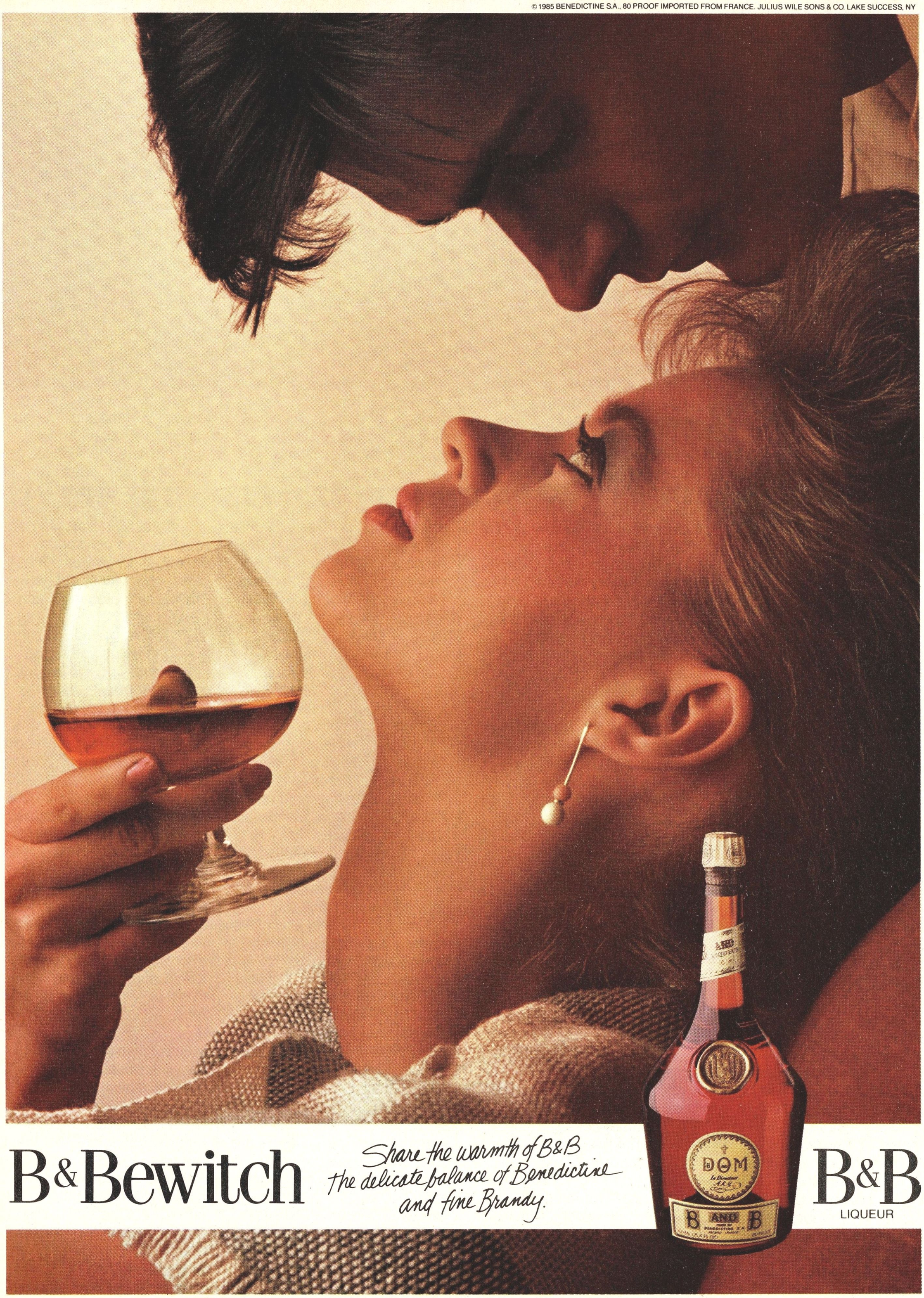

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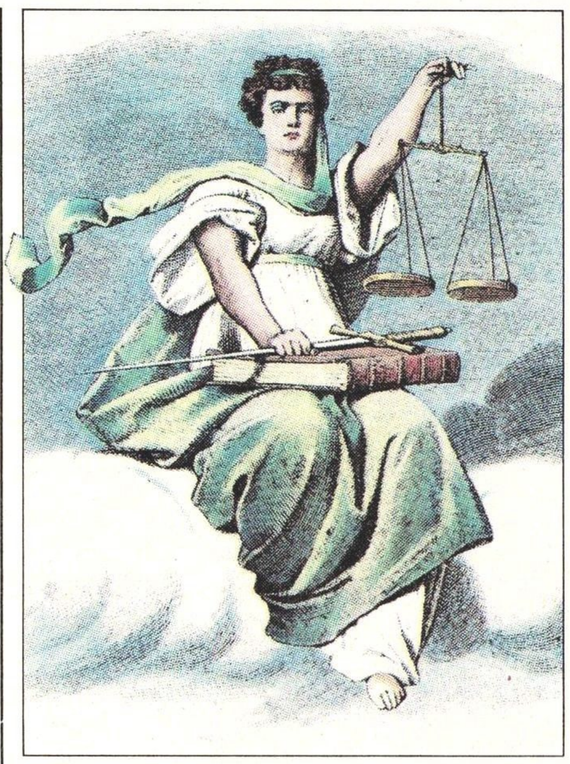
The rush by politicians to woo the women's vote has led to flagrant violations of fathers' rights.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



There are man-eating tigresses loose in this country, and the federal government is feeding these predators antimale laws. Forgotten in this rush to woo the women's vote and curry political favor are the flagrant violations of fathers' rights, such as denying them equal input into the raising of their children, visitation, and an accounting of the money they pay to a former spouse, who has often darted off to a second marriage or to the marketplace, with little or no regard for the nurturing of her offspring.

One of the worst of these laws offers bounties for the capture of divorced fathers who, for whatever reason, have failed to pay "proper" child support.

Census figures allege that four million women are due child-support payments, but that less than 50 percent of them receive the full amount from their estranged husbands. Congress, in response, has decreed that "deadbeat dads" must now answer to state bounty hunters—paid by the federal government—who have the power to track them down as common criminals. The bill provides the bounty hunters up to ten percent of the delinquent child-support balances they collect. In addition, state governments are entitled to require employers to turn over a portion of the paycheck of a father who is in arrears for one month or more. Delinquent fathers can also have their assets attached, and a lien placed on any business or real estate holdings.

In effect, a father winds up paying, through taxes, for his own hit man.

Texas Attorney General Jim Mattox is a typical bounty hunter. Using federal funding designated for "public awareness," Mattox has placed wanted posters in the state's newspapers, listing fathers' names, birthdays, last-known addresses, ages of their children, and amounts owed. His pious ads read, in part: "I believe failure to pay child support is another form of child abuse. Those who aren't paying are stealing from their own children. . . . If you know the whereabouts of any of these child support offenders, please contact your local Child Support Enforcement Office. . . . The children of Texas thank you for your help."

It should come as no surprise that this Texas Ranger is running for reelection this year. Apparently, he assumes that more women than men in his state watch "Dallas," which depicts J. R. Ewing as the epitome of the villainous male gender. Mr. Mattox is clearly gender-biased, since he has gone after men with a ferocity that evinces a wanton and reckless intent to injure men's rights. He condemns the men of this country for political gain, yet he has violated lawyers' ethical standards by discussing sealed cases in public.

As founder of the National Organization for Men, I request that the Texas State Bar Association, the governor, and the state legislature conduct an investigation into the conduct of Jim Mattox, who last spring was acquitted of a bribery charge. Due to his blatant disregard of the rights of male litigants and his abuse of legal ethics, Mattox should be removed from office. Imagine the outcry from women's organizations if wanted posters were placed across the country accusing mothers of allowing their children to become "latchkey kids," runaways, narcotics users, and prostitutes!

Something, I believe, is radically wrong with this country's family life and child-rearing. Examine carefully the census figures from the past decade: Of the 30 million families with children under 18, 17 percent are headed by single mothers and only two percent by single fathers. Among single-parent families, female-headed families increased during the decade by 81 percent. Forty-two percent of single mothers are divorced, 28 percent are separated, 17 percent never married, and 13 percent are widowed. In a statistic that indicates who can afford to go to court, 71 percent of white single mothers are awarded child support, compared with 44 percent of Hispanic women and 29 percent of black women.

Assuming that both sexes are equal and share common faults, even the most fanatical feminists cannot argue that men are the sole cause of broken marriages. Yet, following most divorces, we are left with the givers and the grabbers: Men pay, women receive. And our society continues to go down that blind, one-way street, which often culminates in nonsupport for children.

As I have previously mentioned in this column, the key to avoiding involvement in child-support payments is not getting married in the first place—unless one has an iron-bound premarital agreement that clearly defines dual responsibilities regarding any future children. The courts, as now constituted, leave little or no leeway for a father to remain in parental control when a marriage is dissolved. As Doris Freed, a lawyer and nationally recognized expert on divorce and custody has stated, for a man "to gain custody you would almost have to prove that [his wife] was in bed with her lover and that the children had to bring them beer in bed. . . . It's sex discrimination against men in the most blatant way."

What we certainly do not need in America are Jim Mattoxes placing Wild West posters in local newspapers. The only crime committed by this country's fathers is to suffer from the social disease called divorce, whereby a man's children are deprived of his loving and nurturing care at the behest of a disgruntled ex-wife.

It's Unanimous

(Even the competition says ESCORT's the one to beat)

It's easy to see who sets the pace in radar warning. Just read all the detector ads. Most of them claim to be as good as ESCORT. A few say they're better.

At least they agree on one thing. ESCORT is the one they have to measure up to.

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ESCORT was a radical piece of electronic engineering in 1978 when it was introduced, the first practical use of superheterodyne technology to warn of police radar. *Car and Driver* magazine said, **"...the radar detector concept has finally lived up to its promise."**

Since then, our engineers have never stopped refining that technology. ESCORT may look the same on the outside, but it never stops getting better on the inside.

Standard of comparison

Now, when experts refer to the high-water mark in radar protection, they automatically turn to ESCORT. In March of this year, *Car and Driver* published its latest detector test, this one comparing remote-mounted models. ESCORT is designed for dashtop or visor mounting. But the magazine included ESCORT in the test anyway, as the reference against which the performance of the others would be measured. ESCORT scored 412 points in the final rating, compared to 274 for the highest-finishing remote. You might say the comparison showed that there is no comparison.

A gilt-edged reputation

Seven years is a long time in the radar warning business, but there is no shortcut to a good reputation. *Car and Driver* said, **"The ESCORT radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."**

These excerpts were taken entirely from advertisements for other radar detectors.

So it's easy to understand why other detectors would try to stand in our limelight. ESCORT has seven years worth of credibility, the one quality that money can't buy in this business.

Check our references

Credibility doesn't come from extravagant claims. It comes from satisfying customers. You probably know someone who owns an ESCORT (nearly a million have been sold). So ask about us.

ESCORT pioneered superheterodyne receiving circuitry. Ask if our radar warnings always come in time.

ESCORT's reporting system combines an alert lamp, a variable-rate beeper that distinguishes between X and K band, and an analog meter, all to give an instant indication of radar strength. Ask if our warning takes the panic out of radar.

ESCORT is sold in one place only, the factory that makes it. This lets you deal directly with experts. Any of our staff of over 60 sales people will be glad to answer any questions you may have, about ESCORT or about radar in general.

We've been solving people's radar problems since 1978. How can we help you?

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Ninety percent of the time, bad manners get you nowhere—because even people who don't have good manners put a high value on them.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

There is no greater sign of insecurity and weakness than the inability to get your way or express your displeasure by anything short of table-pounding or shouting "Fuck off!" into the phone.

I won't deny that it isn't sometimes tempting to respond to the endless crises of business life by behaving like Attila the Hun on a bad Monday, but it's seldom *productive,* and only momentarily satisfying. On any occasion when I have lost control of my temper (yes, it *does* happen!), the result is usually instant guilt, followed by hours of time wasted in apologies or being nice to the people whose feelings I've hurt—not to speak of the damage to my cardiovascular system, since a temper tantrum is the quickest way known to man to send your personal stress factor zooming up to eight or nine on your body's Richter scale.

If I had to count the number of lunch dates I have made over the years to "stroke" people I wouldn't normally dream of having a lunch with, had I not screamed at them over the telephone, the total time would probably be sufficient to write a best-selling novel, and the cost in restaurant bills enough for a Lamborghini Countach or a Rolls-Royce Corniche. Worse still, it's all *wasted* time and money—once you've screamed at somebody, he or she will *always* distrust and/or despise you, despite lunch at whatever your local four-star restaurant is, notes of apology, or flowers.

The truth is that nothing beats calm, controlled courtesy, although Americans have always felt that good manners were in some way a sign of weakness—the kind of thing your mother or schoolteachers urged on you, but lacking the solid gutsiness of the curse, the fist, or the Colt .44/40. This is the Huck Finn syndrome—the notion that civilization weakens a man—which all too often leads us to associate outright bad manners and a surly disposition with strength. This explains our traditional American distaste for diplomacy (reflected in President Nixon's dismissal of his own State Department as "panty-waist cookie pushers"), as well as a general feeling that "real men" approach any disagreement with a snarl and a raised tire iron.

Ninety percent of the time, bad manners get you nowhere—not just because they're unproductive, but because, in the final analysis, even people who *don't* have good manners put a high value on them. It is an axiom of business that while management will often reward brutish and aggressive behavior at the bottom level, they expect good manners in those who rise to the top. The underling who gets a pat on the back because he comes down hard on everybody often ends up in the same job 20 years later.

Manners, courtesy, the ability to get things done your way without raising your voice—these, not a scream of rage, are the hallmarks of the sophisticated executive. They are also the signs of rationality, common decency, and a respect for self. The most successful people I know in any field are conspicuous for their courtesy—which doesn't prevent them from being very tough indeed. People who have power are nearly always soft-spoken. It is those who don't have it—or are insecure about it—who behave badly, shout at waiters, or chew out subordinates in front of their colleagues.

Unfortunately, there are no primers for business manners, so since you're pretty much on your own, some suggestions may be in order. Among the useful phrases to make a part of your life, you might consider the following:

1. "With all due respect . . ." Used before expressing disagreement or refuting somebody else's opinion, it is a great improvement (in most cases) over "You're full of shit!"

2. "I'm sorry." This, like all other forms of apology, is difficult, if not impossible, for many people to say, and may require a great deal of practice in front of a mirror before you get it right. With practice, it's quite easy.

3. "I don't think this is for us." As a matter of fact, any variant of this phrase is an improvement over, say, "Shove it!" It is worth remembering the wisdom of that old adage, "Be nice to people on the way up, because you'll meet them again on the way down."

4. "Thank you." This is probably the most important and underused phrase in business, right up there with "please." It is truly quite astonishing how many people in business are totally unfamiliar with the use of either of them.

Several things are worth *avoiding*—among them:

1. "Frankly," "truthfully," "I'm going to be honest with you," etc. All of these imply that most of the time you're *not* frank, truthful, or honest.

2. "Have a good day." This is the kind of fake, mechanical politeness that should only be communicated by computers, telephone operators, and androids.

3. Being courteous to somebody *after* you've been rude to them. It merely makes you look like an absolute hypocrite.

4. Being rude to your subordinates and courteous to your superiors. It makes you look even worse.

It is not just that courtesy *pays*—courtesy would be worth it even if that weren't true, since it costs nothing and makes life more agreeable. It is also, in the final analysis, the *real* sign of the powerful man—someone who is strong enough, sure enough of himself, to *always* be polite.

Anything else is second-best—or second-rate.

Atari Explodes

Atari's new computer serious threat to Macintosh. Will the Amiga survive?

The Atari 520 ST is a serious challenge to the Apple Macintosh and will open up a major fight in the personal computer market.

By Joseph Sugarman

Imagine this. If I could offer you a Macintosh computer—(a computer that sells for over $2000)—for one third the price, you might wonder.

But what if I offered you a better computer with none of the disadvantages of the Mac and what if I added new features which improved its speed and performance? That's exactly what Atari has done in an effort to grab the ball from Apple and really explode into the personal computer market.

HEADING EFFORT

Heading the effort at Atari is Jack Tramiel—the same man who built Commodore into a billion dollar corporation, sold more computers than any other man in the world and believes in giving the consumer incredible value without sacrificing quality. The new Atari is a perfect example.

First, let's compare the new Atari ST to the Macintosh and the Commodore Amiga. Sorry IBM, we can't compare the ST to your PC because yours is almost five years old, much slower, and, in my judgement, over priced.

Price The cheapest you can get the Macintosh with 512K of memory is $1800 with a one-button mouse, a disk drive and a monochrome monitor. The Amiga sells for $1995 with a two-button mouse, a disk drive and a color monitor. The Atari ST sells for $699 with a two-button mouse, a disk drive and a monochrome monitor and for $200 more, a color monitor. Read on.

Monitor With the Mac you can only use its 9'' monochrome monitor and with the Amiga you can only use its 12'' color monitor. With the ST you have a choice of either a 12'' monochrome or high-resolution color monitor or your own TV set.

Resolution The number of pixels or tiny dots on a screen determine the sharpness of a computer monitor. The Mac has 175,104 pixels and has one of the sharpest screens in the industry. The Atari ST has 256,000 pixels or almost a third more than the Mac. And the Atari color monitor compared to the Amiga in its non interlace mode is 128,000 pixels or exactly the same.

Power All the computers have a 512K memory with a 68000 CPU operating with a 32-bit internal architecture. But Atari uses four advanced custom chips which cause the CPU to run faster and more efficiently giving it some tremendous advantages. For example, it has a faster clock speed of 8Mhz compared to the Mac's 7.83 and the Amiga's 7.16. And the speed of the unit is hardly affected by the memory requirements of the monitor which in the Amiga can eat up much as 70% of the unit's cycle time or speed.

Keyboard This is the part I love. The Mac has a small 59-key keyboard and a mouse. That's all. The 95-key Atari has both a mouse, cursor keys, a numeric keypad and ten function keys. The keyboard looks fantastic and is easy to type on. Although the 89-key Amiga has almost all the features of the Atari keyboard, it looks like a toy in comparison. (Sorry Commodore, but that's my opinion.)

Disk Drive The Mac's 3½'' disk drives run at variable speeds—slowing down as they run. The Atari 3½'' drives run faster at a constant speed—and quieter than any other unit.

Features The Atari ST comes equipped with the same printer and modem ports as the IBM PC—a parallel and RS232C serial port. The Mac comes only with a tiny non-standard serial and modem port. The ST has a hard disk interface capable of receiving 10 million bits per second. There are two joy stick ports and a 128K cartridge port for smaller programs or games. It has 512 colors (for the color monitor), it has a unique MIDI interface into which you can plug your music synthesizer and record or play back your music.

Software Right now, the Mac has more than the Atari ST and the Amiga combined. The Atari is a new system but the track record of Atari's Jack Tramiel and the potential of the new unit is causing a flood of new software titles. In fact, I'll predict that eventually the Atari will have more software than the Mac. There are now hundreds of titles, from word processing to spread sheet programs, from graphics and games to data base management—all with those easy drop-down menus and windows. There's plenty from which to select now and plenty more to come.

If you think I'm enthusiastic over the ST, listen to what the press is saying. *Byte Magazine* just called it the ''Computer of the year for 1986.'' *Creative Computing* exclaimed, ''Without question, the most advanced, most powerful micro computer your money can buy.'' and finally, the Atari ST is the best selling computer in Europe and acclaimed, ''The computer of the year,'' by the European personal computer press.

I am going to make the ST so easy to test in your home or office that it would be a shame if you did not take advantage of my offer. First, I will offer the computer itself for only $299. You will need, in addition, either one or two disk drives and either an Atari monochrome or color monitor or your own TV. If you order with your credit card during our introduction I will ship your order and only bill you for the postage and 1/3 the purchase price. I will also add a few software packages free including ''Logo''—a beginners programming language, a disk for programming in BASIC and Neochrome—a graphics paint program.

COMPARE THE TWO

After you receive the Atari ST, put it next to your Mac or Amiga or even IBM. See how extremely sharp the graphics appear, discover what a perfect word processor it is, how great the keyboard feels and finally how much faster and quieter it runs.

If you're not convinced that the Atari is far superior to your present computer and a fantastic value, simply return it and I'll refund your modest down payment plus our postage and handling charges. If you decide to keep it, I'll bill your credit card account for the remaining balance and enroll you in our discount software club (a $50 value) that lets you buy software for up to 50% off the retail price.

But act fast. We have only 2,000 units and 1,000 free memberships that we will offer as part of this introductory program and we are certain they will go fast. Order today.

To order, credit card holders call toll free and ask for product by number (shown in parentheses). Please add $20 per order for postage and handling. (If you pay by check, you must pay the full amount but we will provide you with a bonus software package.)

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Note: A list of software will come with the unit.

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"She pulled her panty hose
down, pulled her skirt up, bent over, and said,
"Do it, oh, please, do it."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am 55 years old, six feet tall, and weigh 190 pounds. I think I'm in good shape. I didn't marry until I was 40, but I have been very active sexually since I was 18, and I've had a wide variety of women.

My next-door neighbor is a 60-year-old widow, a classy-looking slender woman with large boobs for her size. She has long, shapely legs and narrow hips. This woman was widowed during the Korean War and lives with her 37-year-old son, who lies around in a drunken stupor when he is home. She had a gentleman friend that she used to see about every other weekend, but he died suddenly last year. My wife and she are very close friends, and we usually spend time in each other's homes several times a week.

One very hot day this summer, as I was working in my garden out back, I noticed my neighbor struggling to pull up her cellar door. There is a low, wire-mesh fence separating our properties to keep my dog in. I stepped over the fence and went to help her with the door. The damned thing was falling off its hinges, so I laid it over gently and went down the stairs to inspect the underside of it. My neighbor came down with me and stood beside me. I noticed that her shorts were opened at the side, exposing enough hip so that I knew she had no underpants on. She was wearing some kind of halter top which was tied in front and in back, and she was obviously not wearing a bra.

She made some remark about it being so hot, and I could tell by her attitude and demeanor that she was turned on. I took the initiative, saying something about helping her cool off. I undid the one button holding her shorts up, and worked them down past her hips with one hand while I undid her halter with the other. As I caressed her nipples, I turned her toward the steps and bent her down so that she had to place her hands on the steps near the bottom for support. By the time I got my cock out of my pants, it was extended in a full erection.

I moved around behind her and placed the end of my cock against her vagina. She pressed back against it until the head made penetration. She was well lubricated, and I inserted the rest of it up to the hilt. She was extremely tight, and I could feel her vaginal muscles contracting around my cock as she started to climax almost immediately. She clamped one hand over her mouth as her knees started to tremble, and I thought she was screaming into her hand. I hadn't yet moved, but the voluptuousness of the situation made my climax imminent, so I stroked in and out about three times and came as hard as I ever did in my life.

During this time the muscles in her vagina were working on my cock with more pressure than I had ever felt before. I was supporting her full weight on my legs, since she had collapsed against me, and her breath was coming in deep, rasping sobs. It took her some time to regain composure, so I held onto her. When we got straightened out, I went back to my garden and reflected on the fact that the whole episode took place in about five minutes.

Knowing the kind of person that she is, I wasn't worried about her telling my wife, but I was curious as to how she would react when she saw her again. That evening my neighbor came over to our place, had a drink with us, and carried on as usual. She was as cool as a cucumber.

A few days later I was in the garden again when my neighbor got home from work. She came into the yard and threw something over the clothesline. She called over to me and said, "Hi," and started walking toward me, so that a bush was between her and the house. (About halfway down my back lot along the wire fence there is a large forsythia bush growing. If you are standing on the far side of it, you cannot be seen from the houses.) I started toward her and, as I approached, she turned and backed up to the fence. She then pulled her panty hose down, pulled her skirt up, bent over, and said, "Do it, oh, please, do it." In this position her vagina and ass hole were very prominent, because she is so slender. I could see the lubricating juices glistening around the fiery red lips of her pussy as I walked up behind her. My cock was hard by the

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

"Now I can picture what I want before I take it."

The Canon T80 has introduced a totally new method of taking pictures – with pictures. Or to be precise, with a 'picto-graph' (see illustration).

We think it's a remarkable break-through in 'point and shoot' photography.

Canon took the popular qualities of autofocus compact cameras and put them to work in this unique camera system.

But don't be misled by similarities.

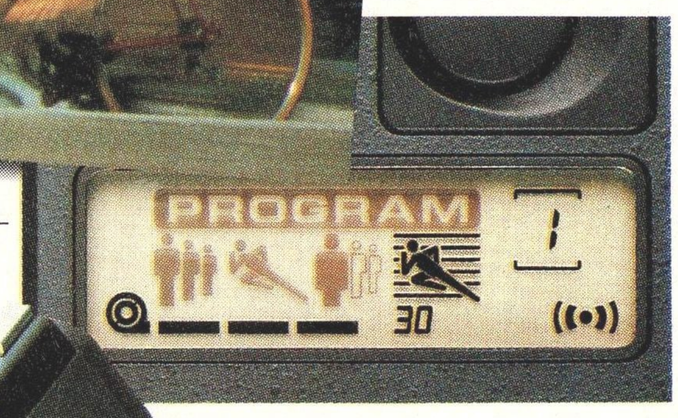
The T80's auto-focus, auto film load, auto wind and rewind facilities have the added creative attraction of the new interchangeable autofocus, and entire range of existing, Canon lenses.

<u>FOCUS WITH YOUR EARS</u>

Simply choose the pictograph that resembles the image in front of you, press the shutter button half way, and when you hear the audible bleeper signal confirming correct focus, fire the shot. (The same confirmation bleep is also heard when using normally focused lenses.) So you concentrate on what you want done – not how to do it.

<u>MORE CONTROL OVER RESULTS</u>

The results are what you'd expect because you've pictured them with the pictograph. But the quality will surprise even your hardened professional friends.



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Put yourself in the picture – Ask for a demonstration.

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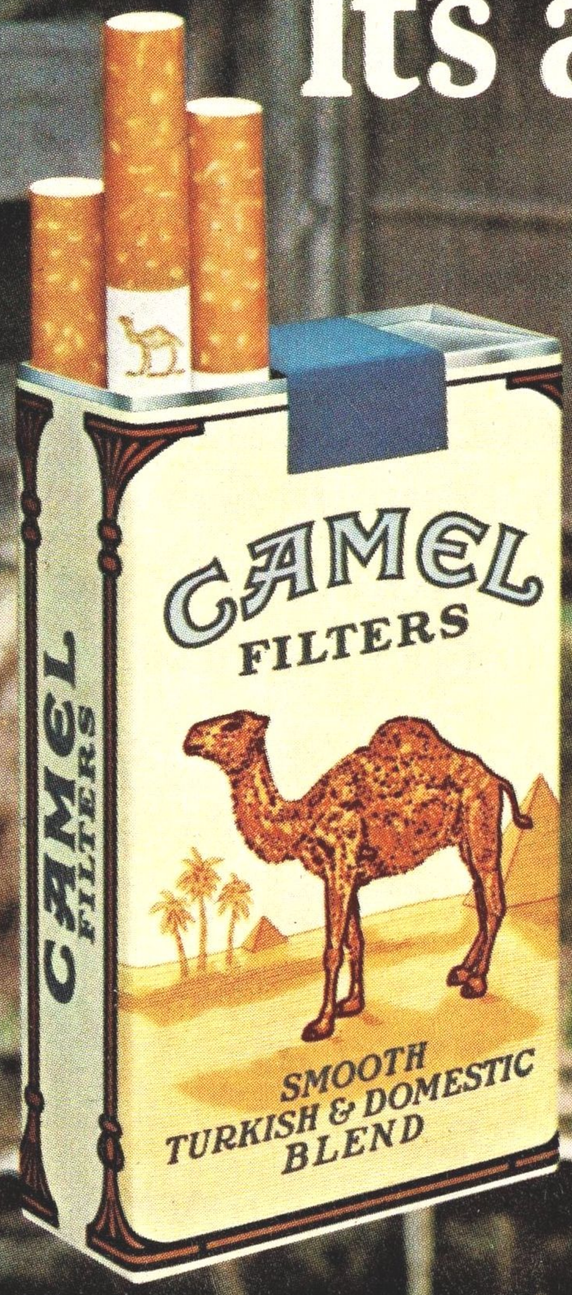

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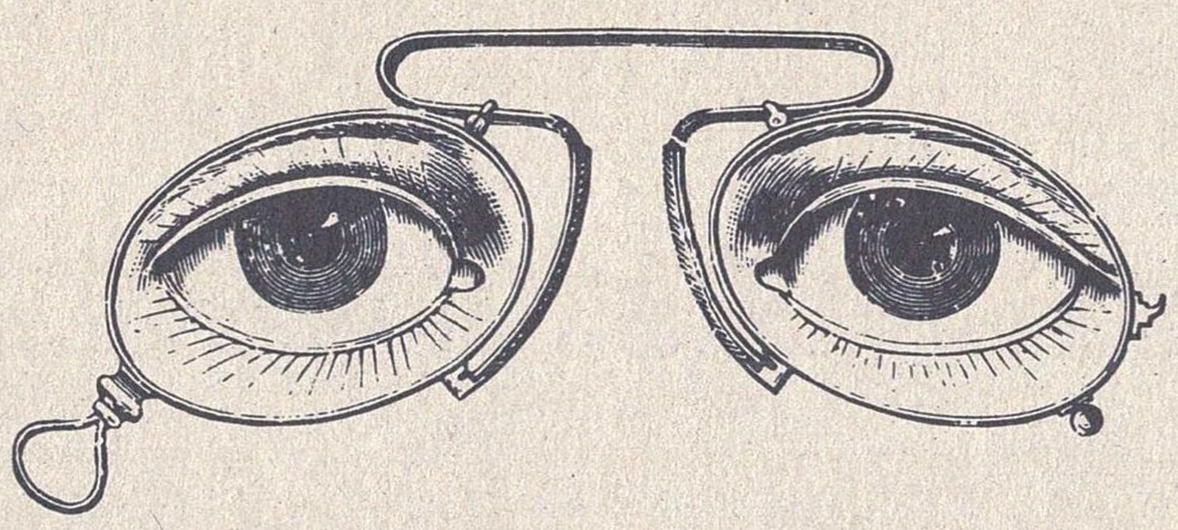
surprisingly smooth.

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

SAFE SEX

BY EMILY PRAGER

There's a new concept abroad in the land: Safe Sex. In the early eighties the startling new concept was Limited Nuclear War. Odd, isn't it, how the two seem to have something in common?

In the sixties, the startling concept of the day was Free Love, and what a furor it caused. Those Americans now in their twenties can have little idea how unutterably shocking and terrifying that sweet little concept was to our collective Jungian unconscious. It forecast the disintegration of the family. It forecast the disintegration of our souls. It reverberated with the thundering crack of doom. Free Love.

Safe Sex. From Free Love to Safe Sex in 20 years. It's interesting how society evolves when you're having fun. AIDS has made the nation get down and dirty. Jesse Helms will never be right again.

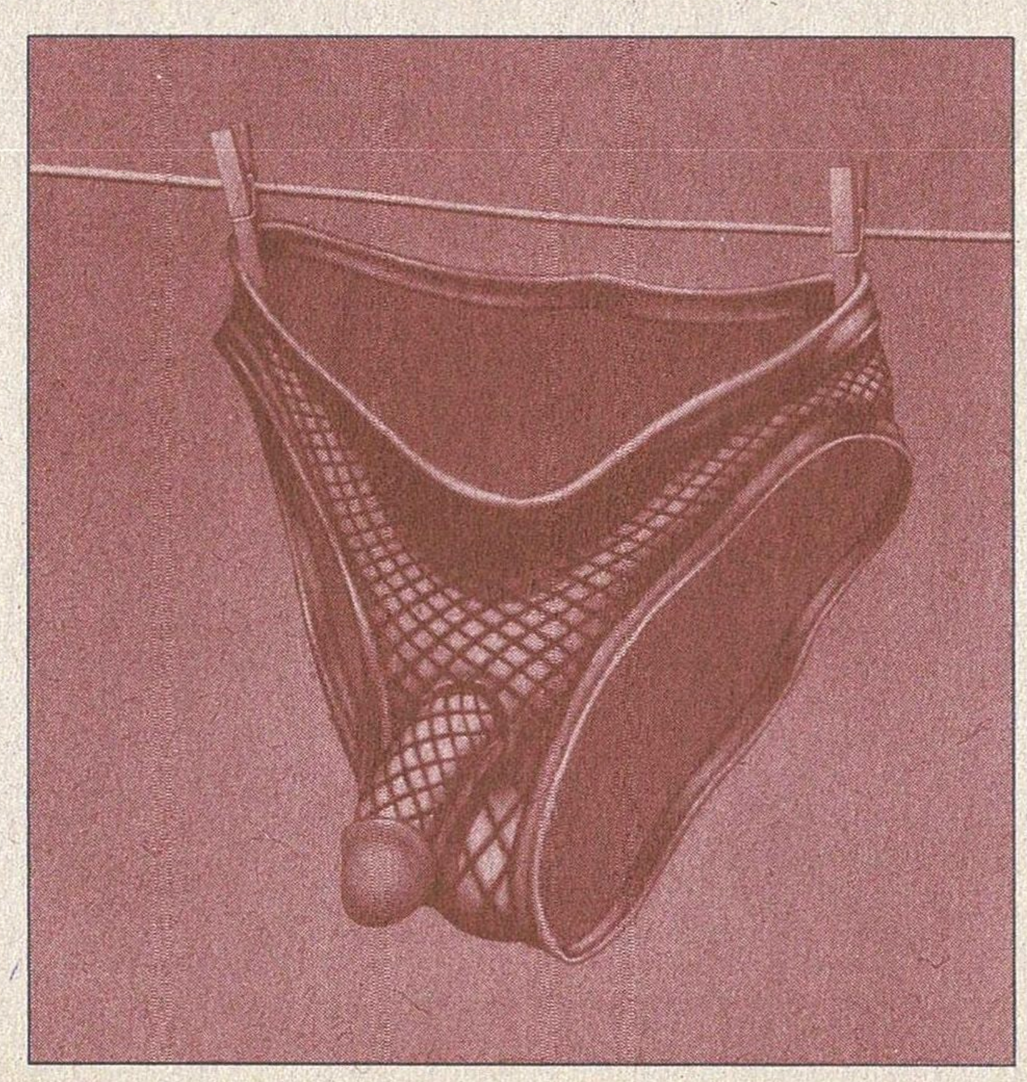
So what is Safe Sex? Well, that depends on who owns the network you watch. But, come to think of it, it's only defined in terms of its clearly more intriguing opposite, High-Risk Sex. Okay, so Safe Sex means not having *intimate contact* with AIDS victims. That's No. 1—you know, a given. Don't do it. Or with a member of a High-Risk Group: gay men, hemophiliacs, intravenous drug users. They don't mention Haitians anymore, or old Jewish men. Why not? I would. I wouldn't have it with them, either.

Or sometimes it means having *intimate contact* with High-Riskers but not *exchanging bodily fluids,* for Christ's sake. Closed-mouth kissing is okay, maybe, but not according to the Screen Actors Guild.

On NBC, they said anal intercourse is not recommended, even between low-risk heterosexuals who were virgins when they met, just in case. *Mademoiselle* says to take the sexual history of your partner right off the bat. Male models, I suppose, would be out, as would graduates of British public schools, interior designers, and descendants of the Hapsburg line. For the men, female models (who are well-known to sleep with male models), former girlfriends of Sid Vicious, fag hags, voodoo priestesses, and descendants of the Hapsburg line. The word on female prostitutes is still out, but this caution: When in Africa—don't, ever.

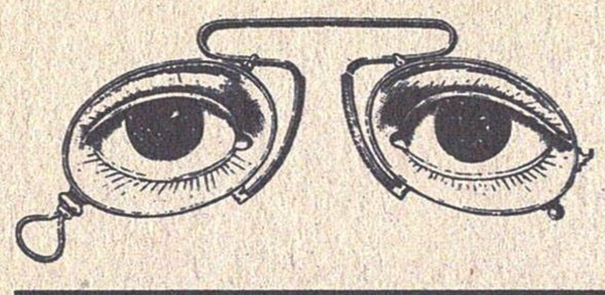
So is everyone else safe? No, I don't think so. I don't get that impression. The doctors keep saying—they've said it a hundred times now—it's only a matter of time before the virus runs rampant in the heterosexual population. This is a quote from every network and newspaper: "It's only a matter of time."

So what is Safe Sex? I don't know. I'm having a hard time figuring it out. But it does seem that those of us who practiced Free Love are clearly fucked. I mean, with an incubation period of God knows how long—press estimates vary from 18 months back to September of 1966—who of us could swear that he/she might not have had *intimate contact* with an ex-lover or one-night-stander or someone who once used the toothbrush of or licked away the tears of a member of a High-Risk Group? Oh my God, America is still doomed. It was doomed when we started having Free Love and it's doubly doomed today. It looks like Americans have committed mass suicide by fucking each other. Well, too late for tears now. It was foretold and we just paid no attention.



The odd thing is, though, that the government assures us there is something called Safe Sex. They talk about it all the time. Sometimes they say it involves the use of condoms. Well, maybe that's it: They mean "safes," as in the slang term for condoms. Maybe they mean as long as all the boys wear safes and the girls make sure they do, we won't all die in the next 20 years. But I don't think so. I've heard them say many times that condoms are not enough.

I don't know what Safe Sex is. I only know if I figure out what it is and have it, I won't die. It's part of the new American Dream: a two-car garage, nuclear war limited to another continent, and death-free sex. That's not asking too much. It's our inalienable right.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

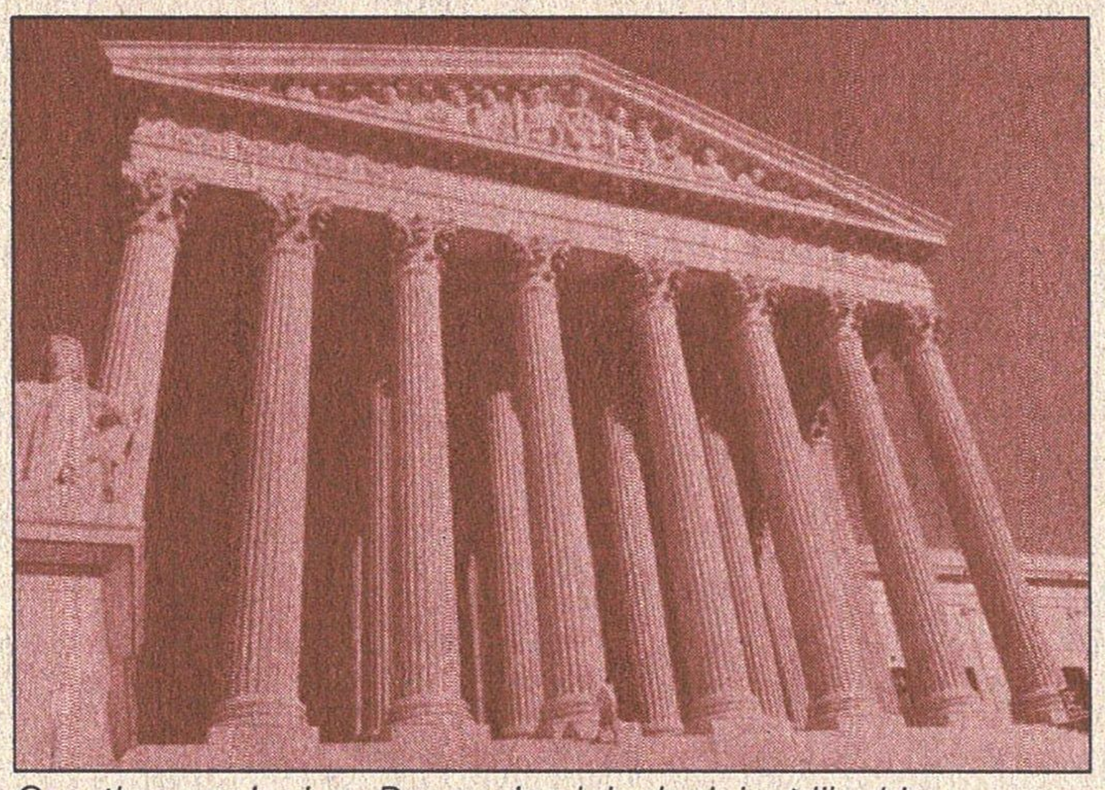
LAW

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

What do Presidents Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Ronald Reagan have in common? Not much, some would say, in their relative commitments to social welfare. But Roosevelt and Reagan are strikingly similar when it comes to their efforts to use the courts to carry out their political objectives.

Back in the 1930s, President Roosevelt was faced with a conservative Supreme Court majority which was striking down as unconstitutional key aspects of his New Deal program. The President threatened to seek legislation increasing the number of justices above the traditional nine. He would then "pack" the Supreme Court with appointees who would promise to uphold the constitutionality of his politically popular legislation. This "court-packing plan," as it came to be known, never had to be implemented. Several middle-of-the-road justices apparently got the message and began voting to uphold his programs.

Now, half a century later, President Reagan is also turning the federal courts into a political battlefield. He is appointing federal judges—from the district level to the Supreme Court—who are sympathetic to his ideology. Prospective appointees are quizzed by both administration and legislative aides about their views on abortion, religion in public life, pornography, the legalization of marijuana, affirmative action, gun control, and the rights of criminal defendants. Recently, two of the best career lawyers in the country—one a top Justice Department attorney, the other a leading legal aid lawyer—were turned down for judicial appointments. Each had committed an unpardonable political sin: One had contributed to a prochoice charity, and the other had written an article suggesting that decriminalization of marijuana may allow law-enforcement agencies to devote more time and money to preventing assaults and murders.



Courthouse cloning: Reagan's picks look just like him.

President Reagan has created a screening procedure designed to assure that no foul-ups occur. Every Thursday, a small group that includes the attorney general, the White House chief of staff, the President's counsel, and seven other high-ranking political operatives meets to approve and disapprove judicial nominees.

And the early returns show that the administration's investment of political energy is paying off. Preliminary studies indicate that President Reagan's appointees—nearly all of whom are wealthy white males (fewer than 20 of his 250 appointees are black or Hispanic)—are twice as likely as Carter appointees to rule against constitutional claims in criminal cases; five times as likely to rule against women's rights; and considerably more likely to deny pretrial bail and to impose longer sentences. As a former Reagan Justice Department lawyer put it, in a moment of candor: "It became evident after the first term that there was no way to make legislative gains in many areas of social and civil rights, [so] the President has to do it by changing the jurisprudence."

But a president who seeks to change the jurisprudence by appointing judges committed to carrying out his political agenda endangers our delicate system of checks and balances. Judges are supposed to serve as a counterweight to political excess, not as the president's yes-men. The Bill of Rights is supposed to serve as a check on the majority by enforcing certain permanent values, such as freedom of expression and due process for unpopular groups and individuals.

Our judicial system is like an insurance policy. We don't think much about it until crisis strikes. But it is comforting to know that if a disaster occurs, we have some basic protections. The Reagan approach to judicial nominations threatens to decrease the value of that insurance.

SCENES

BY ROGER MUMMERT

The bloody civil war between the Marxist Sandinistas and the U.S.–backed contras in Nicaragua has long held a fascination for Vietnam veterans. The steamy jungles and tortured terrain of that troubled region give off an eerie déjà vu. Some see it as a place to settle a score that was left undone in Southeast Asia.

One paramilitary organization whose ranks are filled almost exclusively with Vietnam vets offers that strange hope. Civilian Military Assistance claims 5,000 members, 90 percent of whom are vets. "Our psychological profile," says CMA founder Tom Posey, "is people who were trained to do a job in Vietnam and weren't allowed to do it. That job was to stop communism." Posey, a 40-year-old ex-Marine from Decatur, Alabama, supervises frequent junkets to the Nicaraguan-Honduran border. There, his men train campesinos and Indians turned contras in the ways of warfare.

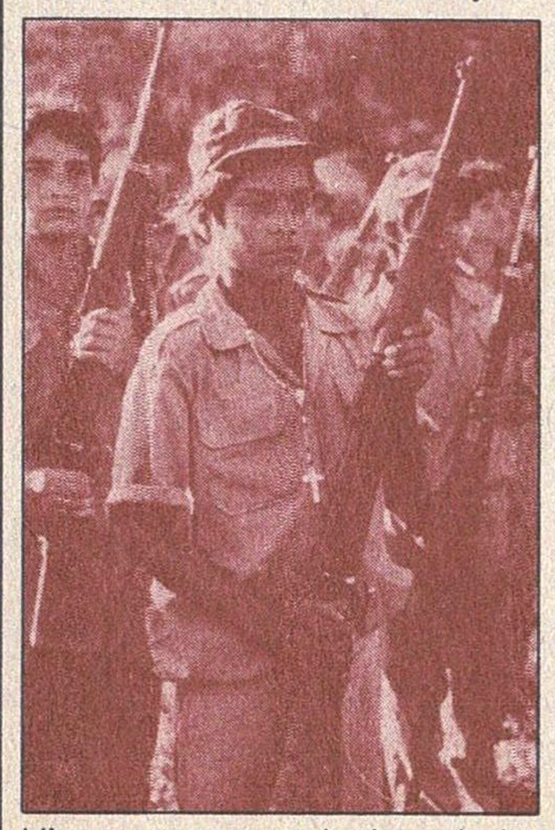
The CMA has to do some

fancy footwork around something called the Neutrality Act. This forbids military training within the United States aimed at overthrowing a goverment with which we are not at war. Posey denies any training at home and insists that the CMA supplies neither guns nor ammunition to the contras, only military training, moral support, and medical and humanitarian aid.

"We break our backs not to violate the law," says D. C. "Pappy" Hicks, 52, of Garland, Texas. A retired Army Ranger who saw covert action in Laos and Vietnam, Hicks concedes, however, that "some of the boys can't help themselves."

The CMA emphasizes training over direct combat, but its members have drawn some unfriendly fire.

"I've been caught in some cross fire," says "Doc Zorro," 34, a physician's assistant from Dallas, who took on the moniker for his family's safety, "and I'm carrying two bullets because of it." His life's work, for which he recently



Vietnam vets ready the rebels.

sold his house and possessions, is establishing jungle hospitals to treat starving Miskito Indians who were displaced by the Sandinistas. Zorro tells of being captured, raped, and tortured by Sandinista soldiers. But he considers himself one of the lucky ones. In 1984, two CMA members died when their helicopter was shot down.

"We'll go in harm's way to help these people," says Hicks, who recoils at the numerous atrocities he says he's witnessed. "People have had their fingernails, toenails, and teeth pulled out with pliers, one by one. I've killed a lot of people in my time, but never brutally, like in Central America."

In the age of *Rambo,* these tales of barbarism strike a resounding chord among many who fought but didn't win in Vietnam.

"I know guys in Central America," says Zorro, "that Rambo's got nothing on. They live that day in and day out, and all they get in the way of thanks is a bowl of rice and a hunk of monkey meat. They do it because they believe in freedom."

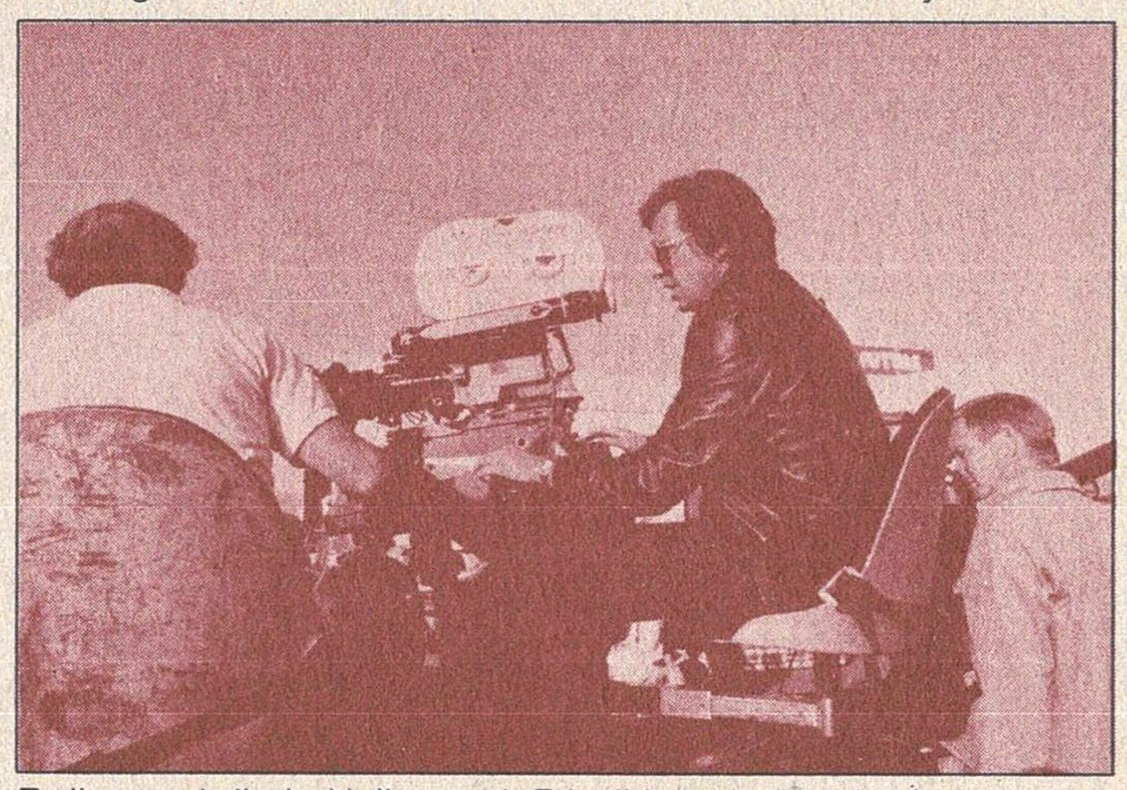
The State Department believes in freedom, too. The CMA could be shut down on many counts, but these vets, whose anti-Sandinista politics jibe with Reagan's own, are allowed all the freedom of good ol' boys on a turkey shoot.

"We're tired of seeing Americans getting their butts kicked," says Posey, who views the CMA's efforts as a kind of holy war. "Given a chance down there, we will win. After all, we're not fighting Nicaraguans or Russians. We're fighting Communists."

FILM

BY FRANK LOVECE

It's only a movie. A piece of fiction. Make-believe. And still the U.S. Secret Service demanded to view a rough cut of *To Live and Die in L.A.,* director William Friedkin's thriller based on the novel by former Secret Service agent Gerald Petievich. Concerned about their image, they interrogated the crew, threatened Friedkin with a grand jury investigation, and tried to



To live and die in Hollywood: Friedkin wrestles the feds.

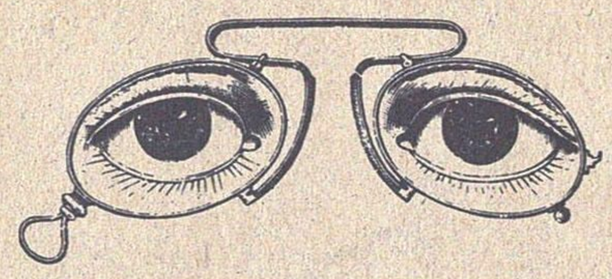
prescreen the film with an eye toward what First Amendment lawyers would call "prior restraint of content." Or, less politely, censorship.

One Secret Service spokesman claims they launched their investigation because *L.A.* depicts a counterfeiter at work; another says it was because some stage money started circulating. Neither story explains, however, why a work of fiction would have to pass a government inspection.

"They were on a fishing expedition," Friedkin says, seething. "They wanted to get in and cut my movie, because that's the climate in Washington. And they were trying to ruin Gerry Petievich out of envy and jealousy."

Friedkin, who won an Oscar for *The French Connection,* recounts: "Three Secret Service agents came from Washington to prescreen the film, based on rumors they'd heard. They grilled about 15 people on the crew, some of them as many as six times. They sought a subpoena from a U.S. attorney, who declined to let them prescreen a work of fiction. Then they came back to me and said, 'This is a training film for counterfeiters.' Now, counterfeiting is impossible if you don't know offset printing, can't get 100 percent rag paper, and a hundred other variables. I finally said to them, 'Look. I'll screen the movie for Secretary of the Treasury James Baker. If he thinks there's anything in there that's a danger to national security, I'll remove it.' I never heard from them again."

But Friedkin's censorship



VIEW FROM THE TOP

troubles didn't end there. The Ratings Board of the Motion Picture Association of America wanted to give *L.A.* an X rating—a box-office death warrant. Friedkin had to cut 17 seconds to get an R.

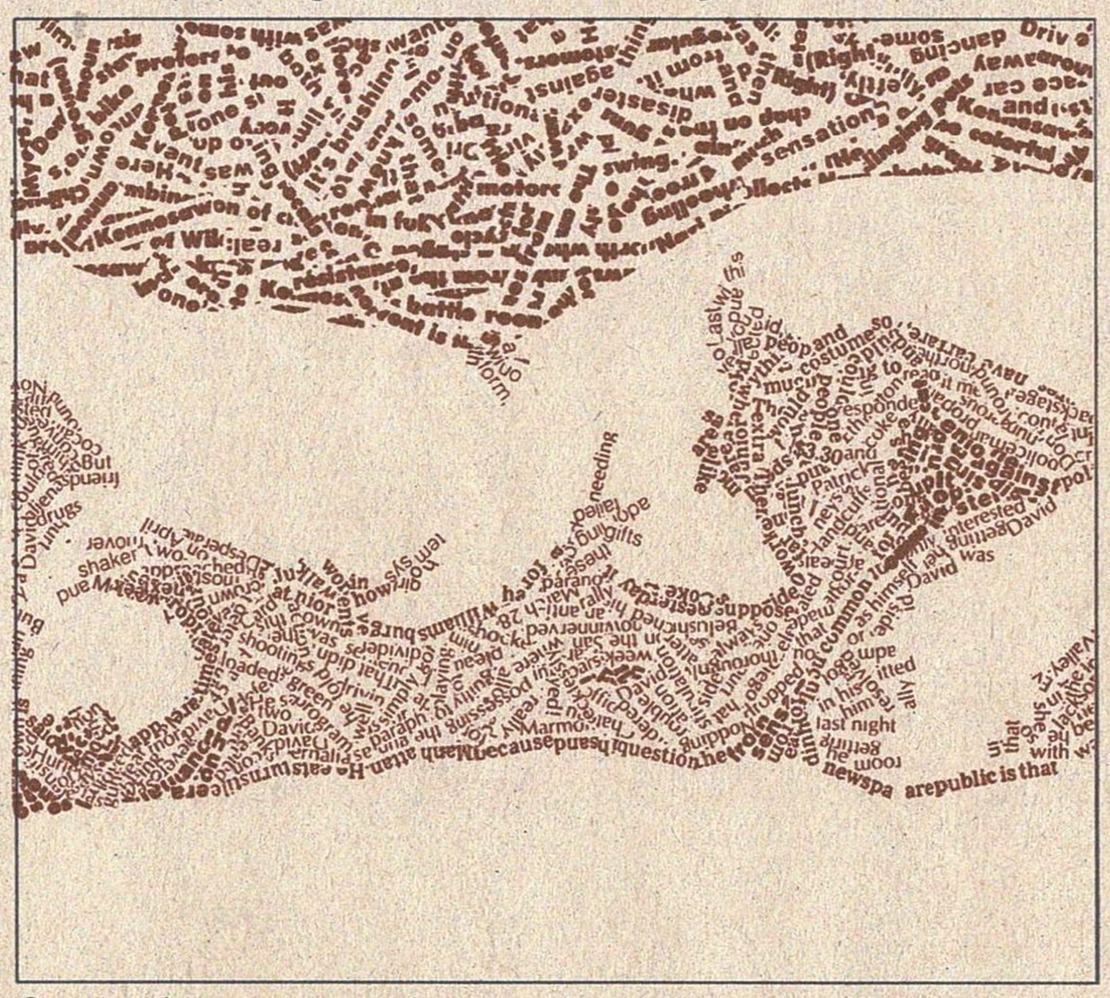
"The Ratings Board," explains the director, "consists of seven people whose names it will be difficult if not impossible for you to discover. It's controlled by a man named Richard Hefner. He is absolutely a censor. The board may say one thing and Hefner will say, 'No, you've got to give this an R or an X,' or whatever. And he is easily swayed by powerful people in Hollywood, like Steven Spielberg, who can show a human heart getting ripped from a chest [in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*] and get a PG-13." (In fact, a PG, initially.)

"The board," Friedkin asserts, "has let far more violent films than *L.A.* go out with an R. *Rambo,* where 600 people get killed, rates an R because it's the board's perception those 600 people are, A, Asians, and B, *Rambo*'s a comic-book thing, and it's 'patriotic,' and it's okay. Let me tell you something. I had to trim frames out of shots of white people getting shot in the face—but not the black guy. A black man gets shot in the face, and they never said a word about cutting it."

Yet, Friedkin insists, the board is a better alternative than "local sheriffs and prosecutors cutting every picture to suit their own tastes, fears, and paranoias." The attempt at government suppression is something else again. "I would have gone to jail first," he says.

SEX NEWS

Ink and kink don't mix, according to a report printed in the *South African Medical Journal*. The report detailed the case histories of three women who complained of genital itching and infections. A little medical sleuthing found that the women's husbands were wont to read the newspaper right before making love to their wives. The mixing of cooze and news proved a disaster when the printer's ink on hubby's hands set off an allergic reaction in milady's privates. . . . No jokes about frigid women, please. A one-day strike by the females of Iceland succeeded in virtually immobilizing the tiny Arctic nation, as women walked off jobs, refused to answer phones, and neglected to dish up their husbands' breakfasts. Restaurants were reported jammed with hungry, unfed men, and communications in the country came to a standstill when telephone operators left their posts and joined the protest lines. The president of Iceland, one Vigdís Finnbogadóttir, stayed home herself as a sign of sympathy with the strikers. The protesters were taking a stand against inequalities in pay for working women compared to that for men. . . . Women have their minds on their pocketbooks, and men have their minds in the gutter. That's the conclusion of *Money* magazine's third annual survey, wherein 51 percent of the women responding said they thought of money more often than sex. The men in the survey favored sex, but by a less lopsided margin: 32 percent thought of sex more than money, while 27 percent were reversely preoccupied. When it came to doing rather than thinking, however, those surveyed enjoyed sex more than money by a 39 percent to 22 percent margin, with almost half the men voting for sex and over a quarter of the women in concurrence. . . . A dating service based in Albany, New York, is being investigated by state authorities who want to know why, for example, a man who described himself as "athletic" was matched with a wheelchair-bound polio victim who broke her foot on their date. Another dissatisfied client, a 64-year-old woman, was hooked up with a transvestite who invited her to a nudist colony. Alleged misspractices also included shaving years off women's ages to make them more attractive to men, charging higher fees than are allowed by state law, and not providing some clients with any dates at all. The attorney for the owner of the dating service denied the charges, saying they were filed "for political purposes." . . . Something you may or may not need to survive your next trip to a singles bar: The Social Card, which is supposed to certify that you are free from 25—count 'em, 25—sexually transmissible diseases, including AIDS. The wallet-size card is the brainchild of a Denver firm called Medical Screening Services, Inc., and it features a photo, signature, and the test results of the carrier. Since the card is only good until the bearer sleeps with someone other than a fellow card carrier, Medical Screening Services may soon have to go into the dating business as well.



South African docs call newsprint a genital health hazard.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Five dollars says he's from the Moral Majority."

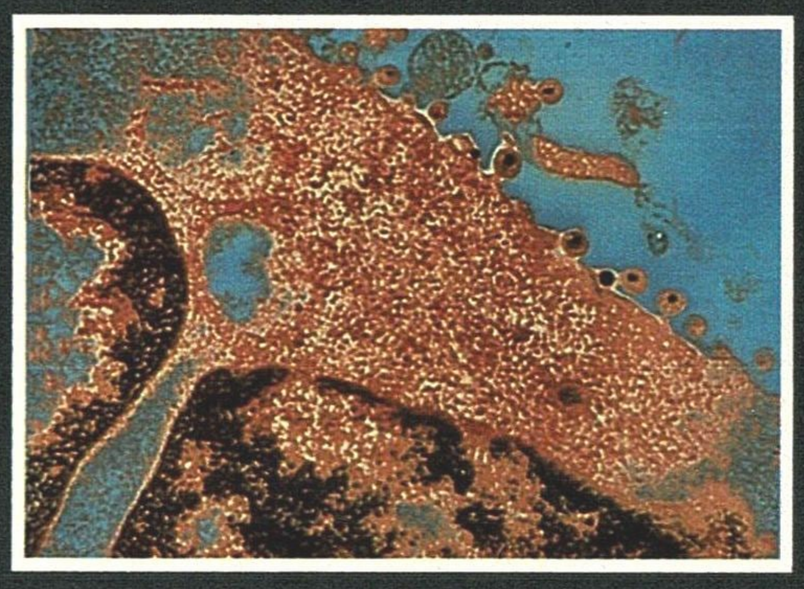
MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART SEVEN

Despite the fact that
he is saving more terminally ill
cancer patients than
any conventional U.S. treatment
center, the medical
establishment is committed
to the professional
destruction of a pioneering scientist.

THE VENDETTA AGAINST DR. BURTON

BY GARY NULL
AND LEONARD STEINMAN



A haze hung over the city of Freeport in the island commonwealth of the Bahamas. By 9 A.M. on July 17, 1985, all the indications were that it was going to be an oppressively sultry day. The waiting room of the modern clinic of Lawrence Burton, Ph.D., in Freeport—a ranch-house–style building—was crowded with cancer patients. As on previous mornings, they were at the clinic to be treated with an injectable anticancer serum, the essential element of an immunological therapy developed a number of years before by Dr. Burton, a controversial expatriate scientist from the Bronx, New York, who specialized in cancer research. More and more cancer patients were reporting that Burton's immuno-augmentative therapy worked, that it was effective in controlling cancers previously pronounced terminal by leading cancer specialists, and that it was nontoxic.

That morning, a rumor spread like wildfire among the patients that some scientific mission had recently visited the Bahamas to convince the Bahamian government to close down Dr. Burton's Immunology Research Centre. When Dr. Burton appeared in the waiting room, the buzz of nervous chatter ceased. A pall descended on the patients as he announced that a telephone message from the Bahamian Ministry of Health had been received, directing that the clinic immediately be shut and forbidding any further treatment of its patients. The prospect of being cut off from their treatment made these patients feel like diabetics deprived of insulin—as if they were ticking biological time bombs. And the evidence was overwhelming that their fears were justified. Without daily injections of Burton's serum—which appears to control but not to "cure" cancer—a patient's deadly cancer would again proliferate. Patients of the clinic, who lived throughout the United States, had stood by Burton's therapy, which had enabled them to survive and recover from the most deadly types of cancer.

An anxious chorus of patients' voices besieged Dr. Burton and the clinic's physicians with a bedlam of urgent questions. But Burton and his physicians had no answers.

No scientific explanation had been furnished by the Bahamian government for its order. Dr. Burton informed the patients that he knew of no reason for the shutdown. Under the circumstances, he said, the clinic

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID KENNEDY

would have to close until further notice. Dr. Burton and the clinic's physicians had no idea about when or whether further word might be forthcoming either from the Bahamian prime minister, Lynden O. Pindling, or his minister of health, Dr. Norman Gay.

On July 19, *The Freeport News,* a daily newspaper in Grand Bahama Island, reported that the reason given by the Bahamian minister of health for the shutdown was that the clinic's continued operation constituted "a serious health hazard." The nature of this "serious health hazard" was not described.

THE WAR AGAINST BURTON

Dr. Gay attributed the shutdown of the clinic to a joint report by the Pan American Health Organization (PAHO) and the U.S. Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta. Their report, it would appear, was based on an alarm sounded a few weeks earlier by two physicians in Tacoma: Dr. Sam Insalaco, medical director of the Tacoma–Pierce County Blood Bank, and Dr. Gale Katterhagen, director of oncology at the Tacoma Hospital and a member of the National Cancer Advisory Board, an adjunct of the U.S. National Cancer Institute (NCI). Insalaco and Katterhagen had found HTLV-III antibodies in vials of serum issued at Burton's clinic. HTLV-III is the virus which is believed to cause AIDS.

Since its inception, Dr. Burton's clinic had been under constant attack by the NCI. The shutdown of the clinic in Freeport was but the latest episode in the 17-year guerrilla war conducted by the NCI against Dr. Burton's cancer therapy.

The NCI, a juggernaut created by Congress to direct cancer research, was unremitting in its efforts to persuade the Bahamian government to shut down Dr. Burton's clinic, but all of its prior attempts had failed.

The motive behind the NCI's efforts has been to discredit and destroy Burton, even though two U.S. pharmaceutical companies and a Japanese company have poured a total of $80 million into producing TNF (tumor necrosis factor)—a factor similar to one found in Burton's serum—while others in the United States are cloning tumor antibodies for use in treating cancer. So far, no one has acknowledged Burton's pioneering extraction and use of these substances.

In July 1980 *Penthouse* reported in an article, later reprinted in *The Congressional Record,* that "the vendetta against Dr. Burton is an example of how the cancer establishment employs its formidable power—to the detriment of all cancer victims—against legitimate cancer researchers who will not knuckle under to ironfisted, monolithic control over the cancer field wielded by powerful vested interests. Because the establishment's leaders and hirelings have a stranglehold on most government and private research funding in the United States, they have incredible leverage not only to promote their own economic interests but also to minimize innovations and discoveries not of their own sponsorship. In effect, scientists and doctors who do not conform to the cancer establishment's fire-worshiping ways of treatment . . . thinking, and . . . use of prescribed methods face professional tarring and feathering and eventual consignment to professional oblivion by government superagencies that fund and regulate cancer research and the nongovernmental cancer institutions."

The closing of Burton's clinic shows how prophetic those words were.

Some critics, such as a hit-and-run editorialist in a recent issue of the New York *Daily News,* have charged that Dr. Burton's therapy is but "snake-oil" gimmickry, a "rip-off" engineered by "a zoologist" who is "not even a horse doctor."

To settle the questions raised by the *Daily News* allegations, we examined Dr. Burton's credentials.

> Since its inception, Dr. Burton's clinic has been under constant attack by the government's National Cancer Institute . . . but until now, its efforts had failed.

In 1955, Burton received his Ph.D. in experimental zoology from New York University. Since his postdoctoral days, he has specialized in researching the relationship between immune-mechanism responses and cancer in invertebrates, laboratory animals, and humans. Dr. Burton's major fields of research expertise include genetics, cancer etiology and carcinogenesis, oncolysis (destruction of tumor cells), and immunobiology.

As postdoctoral fellow and then as research associate at the California Institute of Technology, Burton published many of his papers in leading scientific journals. Returning to New York, Burton was appointed research associate at New York University, and continued publishing the results of his cancer research in scientific journals. In 1958, he became research associate in pathology at St. Vincent's Hospital. In 1964, he was appointed associate in oncology at the same hospital, and from 1966 to 1973 was senior investigator and senior oncologist in the cancer research unit at St. Vincent's, a noted teaching hospital. In this capacity, he was the principal author of a scientific paper on a common factor found in both mouse and human tumors. The paper was published in a prominent medical journal, and related papers by Burton followed.

So much for Dr. Burton's credentials.

BLOOD MONEY

Starting from what Burton's team had learned from their experiments, first on fruit flies and then on mice, Burton went on to develop a serum derived from human blood for use in inhibiting deadly human cancers.

Burton's serum therapy is based on four protein components found in blood: a tumor antibody capable of destroying tumor cells; a tumor complement, needed to activate the tumor antibody; a "blocking" protein, a substance which inhibits the tumor antibody; and a "de-blocker," a blood protein which keeps the "blocking" protein neutralized so that the attack of the antibody and complement on tumor cells may be facilitated.

These four blood fractions, which were isolated by Burton and his associate Frank Friedman, Ph.D., are believed to be involved in the operation of the body's immune system against cancer. Theoretically, when these elements are in balance, the cancer cells that normally reside in everyone's body are routinely destroyed or prevented from proliferating. By administering daily injections of his serum, Dr. Burton has been able to bring about remissions in various types of cancers, sometimes even in terminal cases. This immuno-augmentative process is nontoxic, because it uses the body's own mechanisms to fight cancer.

Immuno-augmentative therapy is a two-phase process, consisting of daily measurement of the immune system's deficiencies of the components described, and serum-injection therapy to correct the deficiencies. Therapy is individualized and is based on one or more daily evaluations of the blood-factor relationships.

Burton's discoveries could have a sweeping effect on how science views cancer genesis and treatment. As we reported in 1980, "One of the major implications of Burton's work is that the body has its own means of warding off cancer. Some patients' immune systems, pathologically weakened by a quantitative lack of certain fractional blood factors, can be restimulated through Burton's immuno-augmentation so that the body's systems can . . . become effective in destroying cancer cells. Burton's discoveries, therefore, could eventually overturn the present methods of treating cancer and render obsolete the deadly triad of radical surgery, chemotherapy, and radiology. Considering that these . . . are the economic support of the cancer industry, it is no wonder that the establishment views innovators with savage hostility." That goes a long way toward explaining the sustained ferocity of the attempt to smash Burton's therapy—particularly when we

He likes
the bottoms.

She likes
the tops.

But there's
one taste they
agree on.

Benson & Hedges
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compare the dismal record of conventional cancer treatment with the results obtained by the clinic.

Burton's problems with the big-time cancer establishment began in the late fifties. He was then a key member of the prestigious cancer research team at the Hodgkin's disease research laboratories of St. Vincent's. The team was headed by Antonio Rottino, M.D., an advisory board member of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund who worked in the field of carcinogenesis, attempting to find substances that promote tumor growth. Other team members included Drs. Frank Friedman, Robert Kassel, and Martin L. Kaplan. Their work was funded by major grants from the Damon Runyon organization and the U.S. Public Health Service.

Trouble began after Burton and his associates extracted a tumor-inhibiting factor from mouse blood which they found caused long-term remissions of cancer in a special breed of leukemic mice. Excited by this discovery, the team contacted the Sloan-Kettering Institute and shared their findings. Sloan-Kettering dispatched Dr. John J. Harris, one of its senior scientists, to work with the St. Vincent's team. Harris's reports about the continuing experiments with the tumor-inhibiting factor prompted Sloan-Kettering to offer the St. Vincent's team a "joint cooperation" research contract. However, concern about protecting the revolutionary extraction methods forced the team to reject the offer.

In November 1962, the team published reports on the extraction of the tumor-inhibiting factor. One of these reports was coauthored by Dr. Harris. Dr. Harris was fired for publishing with the St. Vincent's team and for allowing his name to be listed behind two unknowns, Burton and Friedman. Soon afterward, the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund canceled its grant, and the U.S. Public Health Service followed suit.

The withdrawal of funding resulted in the partial disbanding of the St. Vincent's team. Only Rottino, Burton, and Friedman were left.

During 1964 and 1965, Burton and Friedman, with the help of limited private funding scraped together by Dr. Rottino, continued their work at St. Vincent's. Convinced they were on to something with their immunological approach, they perfected for use two natural substances that kill tumors in mice.

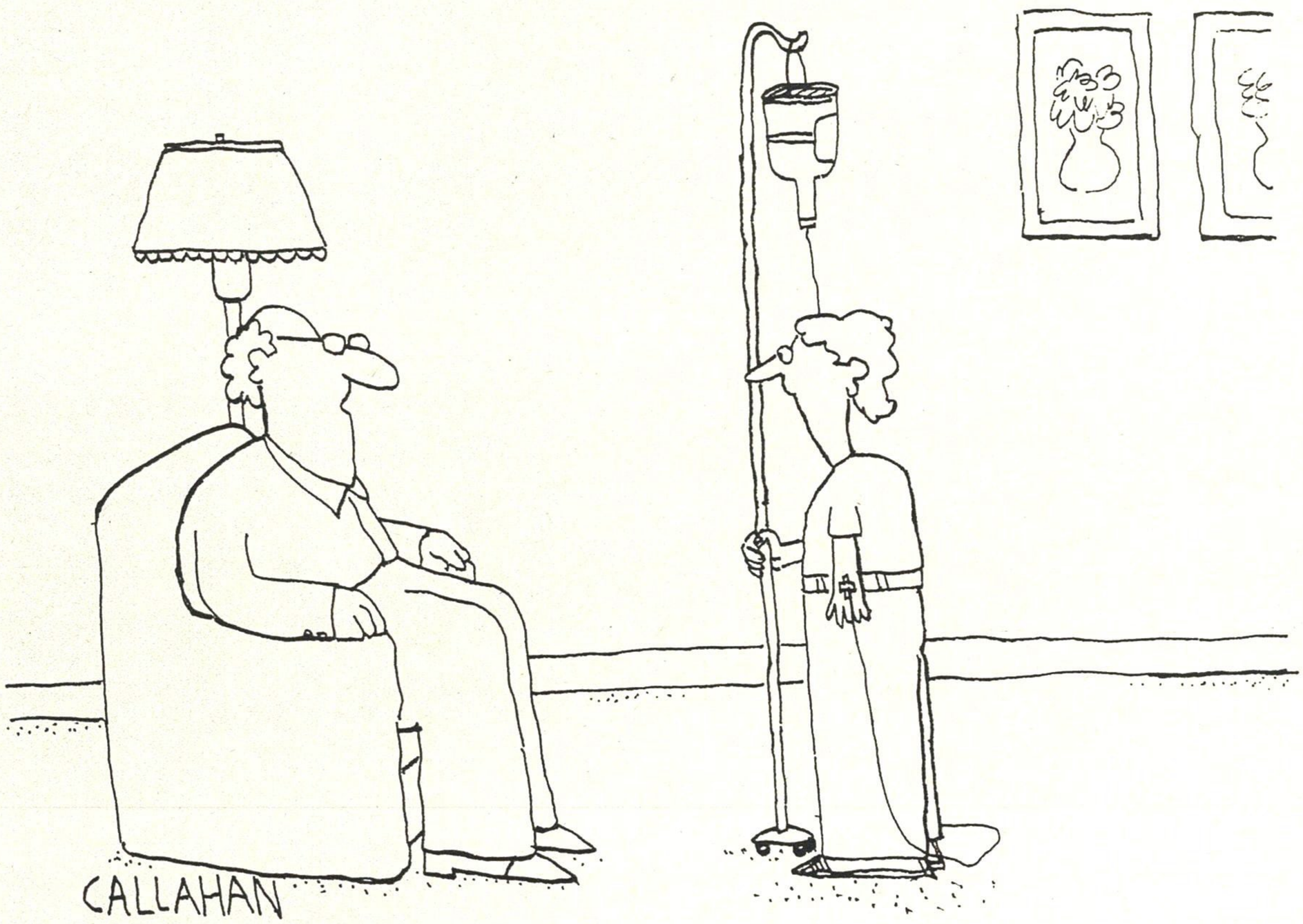
In the fall of 1965, Patrick McGrady, Sr., science editor for the American Cancer Society, was being treated at St. Vincent's for a minor ailment. McGrady was given a special demonstration by Rottino, Burton, and Friedman of the tumor-inhibiting factor's ability to rapidly shrink away tumors in a special strain of cancerous mice. McGrady was stunned. "They injected the mice, and the lumps went down before your eyes—something I never believed possible," McGrady reported. McGrady invited Burton and Friedman to repeat their demonstration before the March 1966 Science Writers Seminar in Phoenix, sponsored by the American Cancer Society. Before 70 scientists and 200 science writers, Burton and Friedman injected cancerous mice that displayed massive tumors with the serum substances they had isolated. According to a science writer for the *Philadelphia Bulletin,* "The two gentlemen from St. Vincent's Hospital demonstrated before our very eyes that injection of a mysterious serum . . . caused the disappearance of massive tumors in mice within a few hours." The next day, the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* ran a banner headline: "15 MINUTE CANCER CURE FOR MICE: HUMANS NEXT?"

Oncologists who were present confronted McGrady, claiming that Burton and Friedman were tricksters. McGrady invited the oncologists to inject some remaining cancerous mice with unused ampoules of the serum. They refused.

In September 1966, Burton and Friedman repeated their demonstration at the New York Academy of Medicine. This time the mice were selected by oncologists and pathologists attending the meeting. About one hour following injection, the tumors began to shrink and disappear.

Not long afterward, the American Cancer Society dispatched its senior vice-president of research, Dr. Richard P. Mason, to make a proposal to the St. Vincent's team. He offered Rottino, Burton, and Friedman a one-year $15,000 grant in exchange for revealing their tech-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



"It's come to my attention that you're taking drugs."

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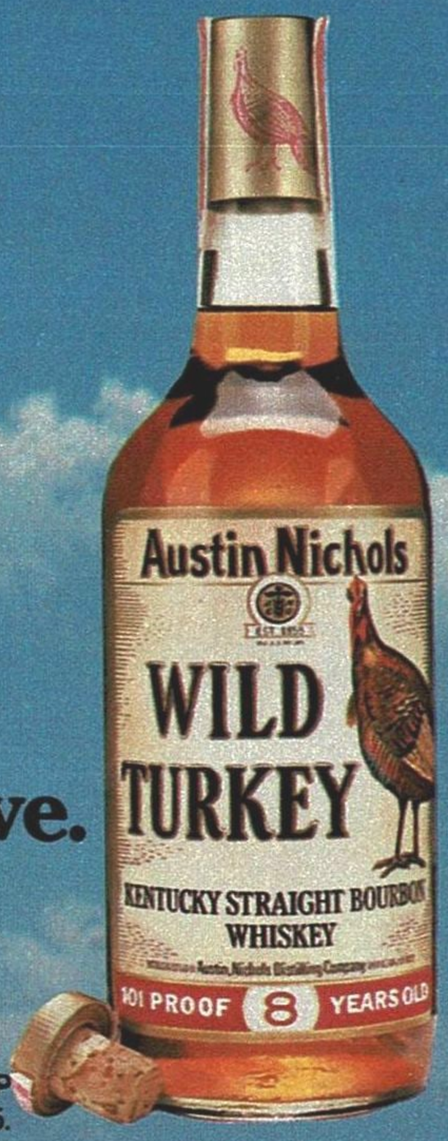
Wild Turkey. It's not the best because it's expensive. It's expensive because it's the best.



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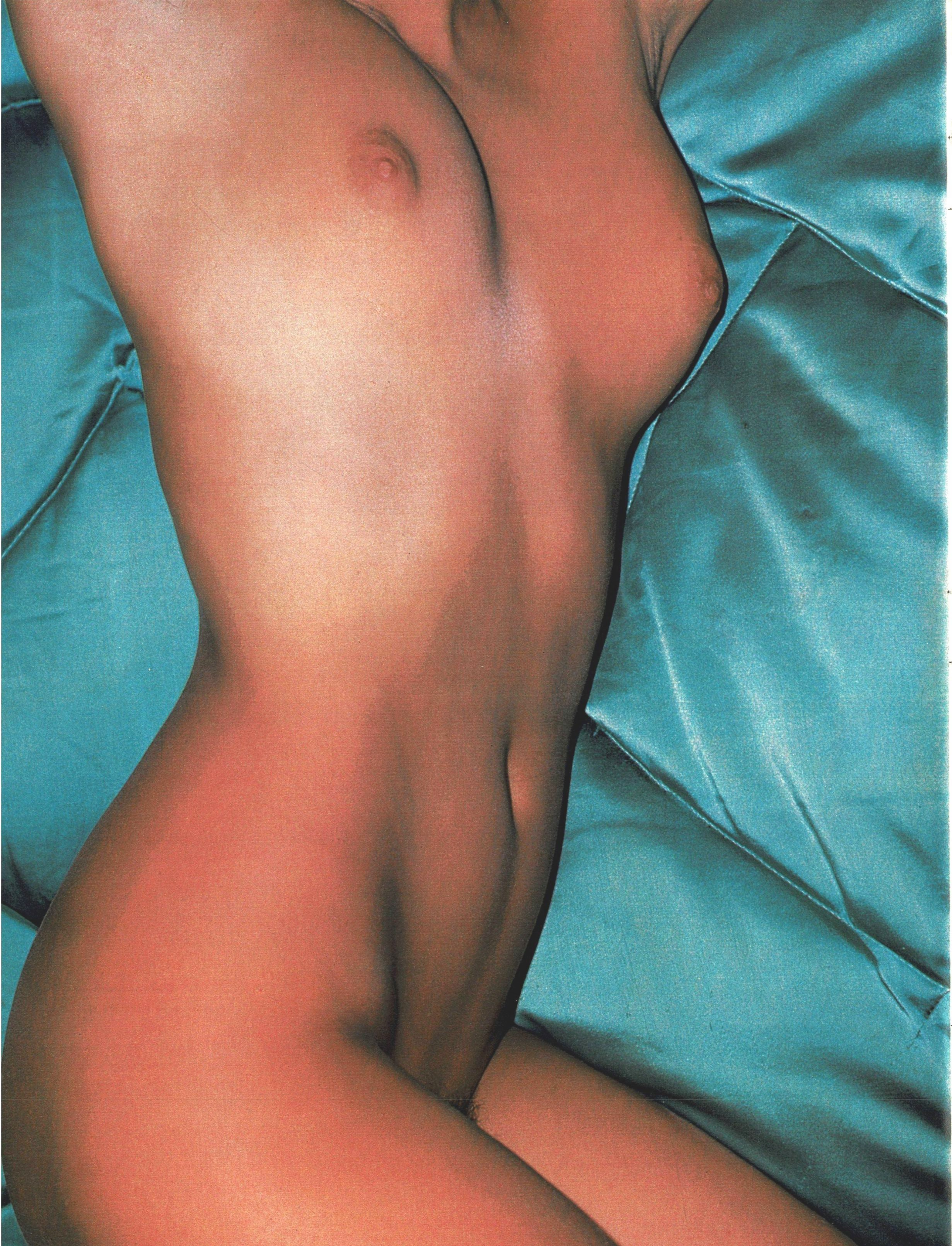


EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED

Bold. Thrilling. Unpredictable. That's *Newlook.*

When *Newlook* arrived on the newsstands last May, America had never seen a magazine that combined the fast pacing of video with the best of photojournalism. The excitement of its features crackles on the page. Text and photographs by some of the world's most adventurous professionals unite in a captivating brand of photojournalism.

Now, *you* can participate!

On the next 18 pages you'll see a striking exhibition of the work of dozens of amateur European photographers. To celebrate the work of their U.S. counterparts, *Newlook* is sponsoring a contest. If you haven't yet seen the announcement, we're pleased to offer the pages of *Penthouse* to invite all novice photographers to submit their own photo masterworks for possible inclusion in future issues of *Newlook*—and other prizes, as well.

Month after month, *Newlook* publishes photographs that have a distinctive style, an unusual viewpoint, and, quite often, outrageous content.

Yours could be among them.

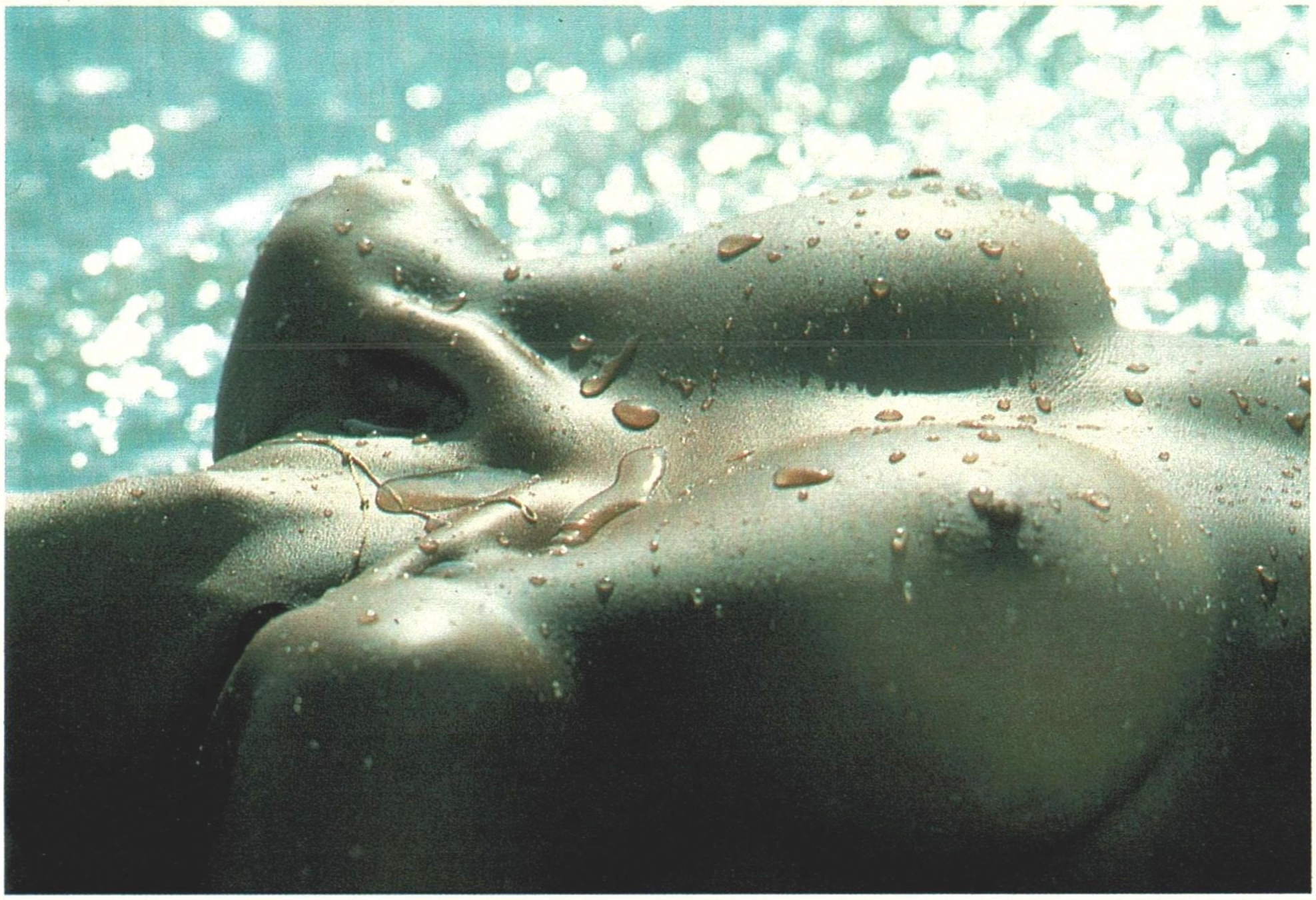
To join this new adventure in photography, *Newlook* offers you the chance to have your work published in its pages, just as these novice photographers did. All you have to do is expect the unexpected.

You'll find contest information on page 60.

Photographers and readers alike won't want to miss a single issue of this exciting new publication, which is available on your newsstand and by subscription.

To have 12 exciting issues of *Newlook* delivered to your home at special savings, please see the offer on page 133.

MUSTIQUE

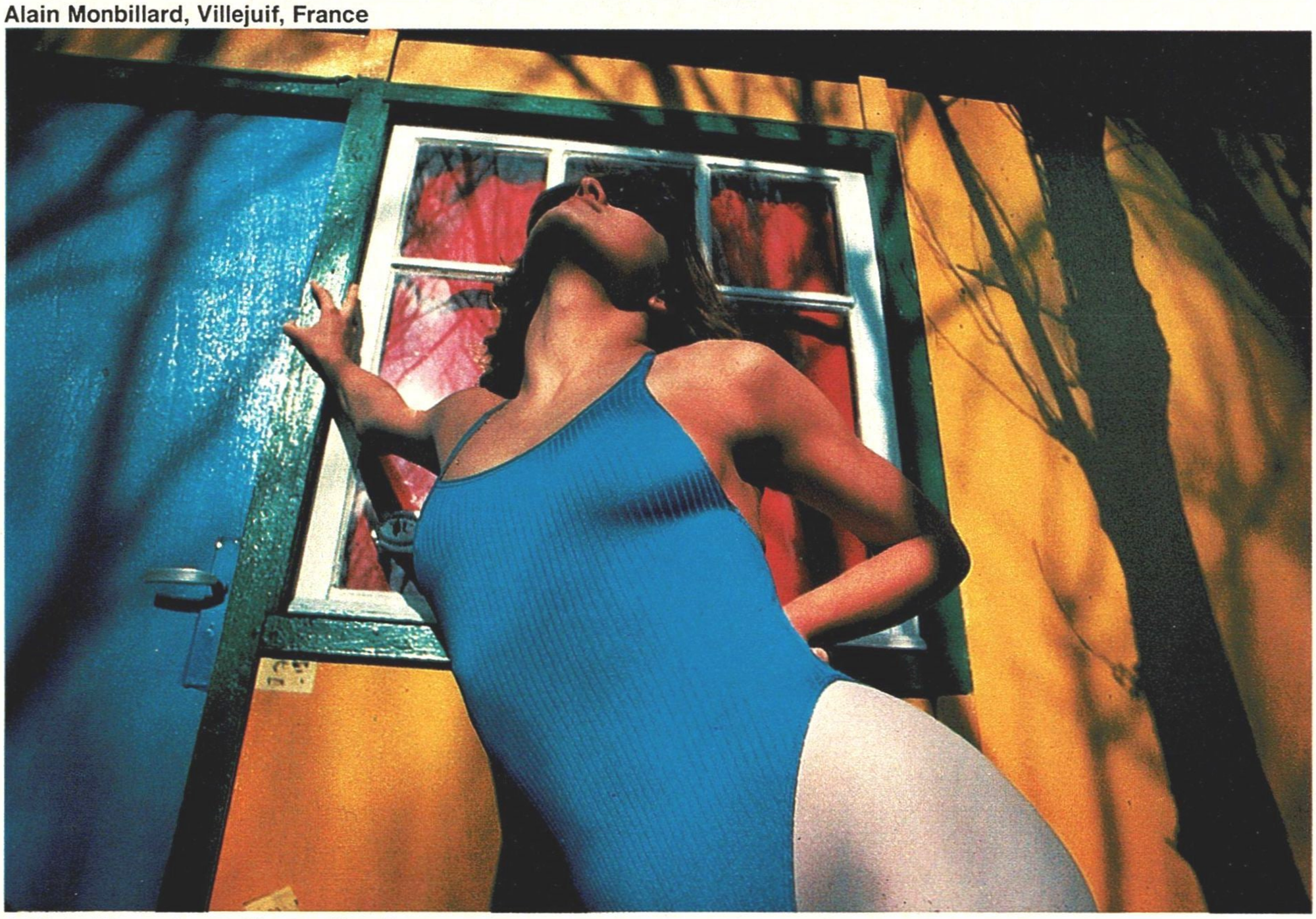


Yasmine Said, Paris, France

Left: Phillippe Goblet, Brussels, Belgium

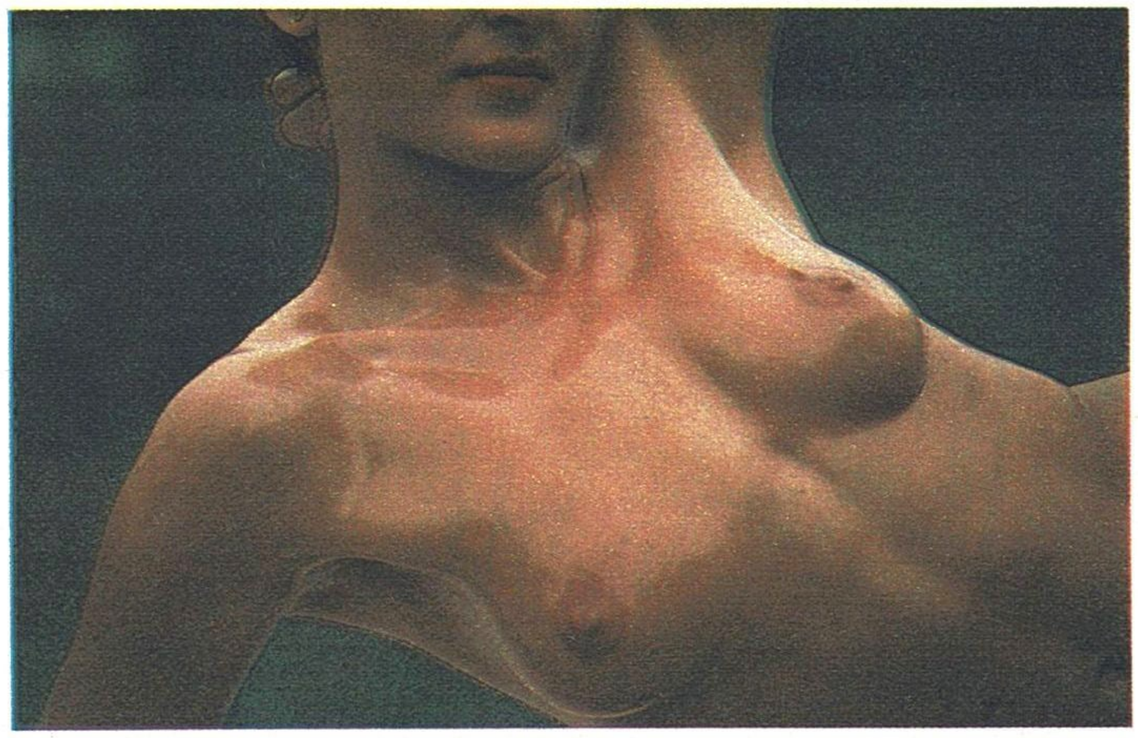
S.C. Meignan, Échire, France

Alain Monbillard, Villejuif, France

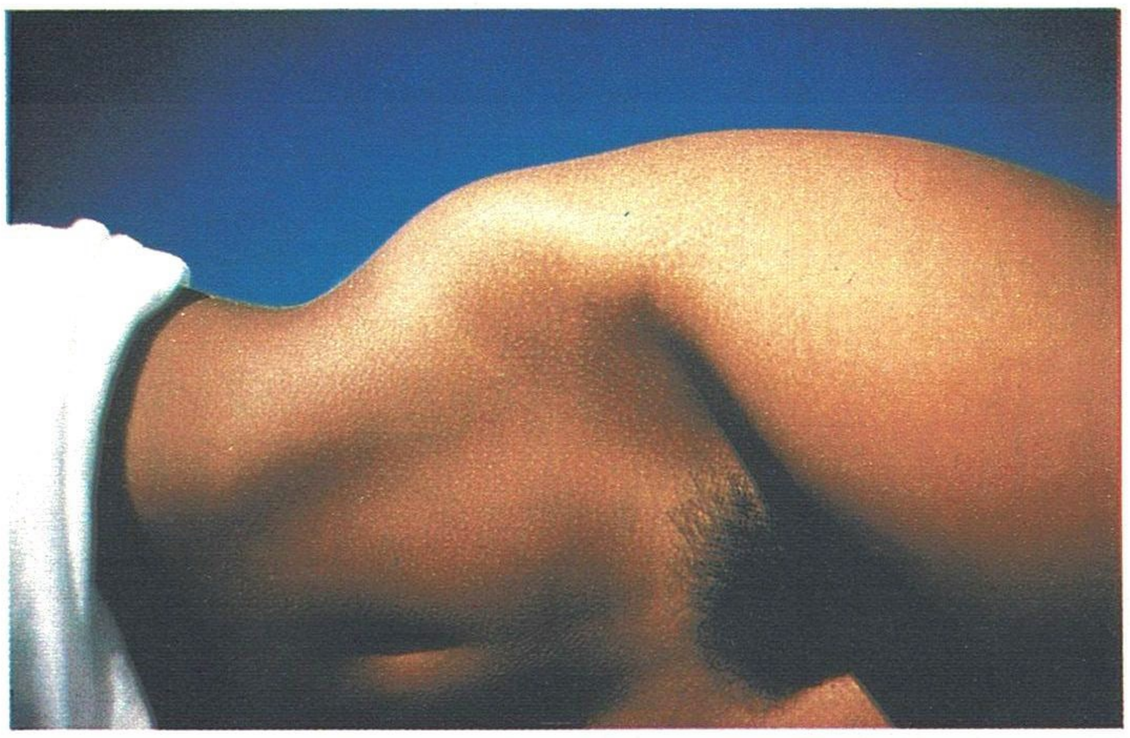


J. Michel Boursiquot, Montpellier, France

Right: Gerard Plenacoste, Paris, France



Carlo Falcetti, Bresso, Italy



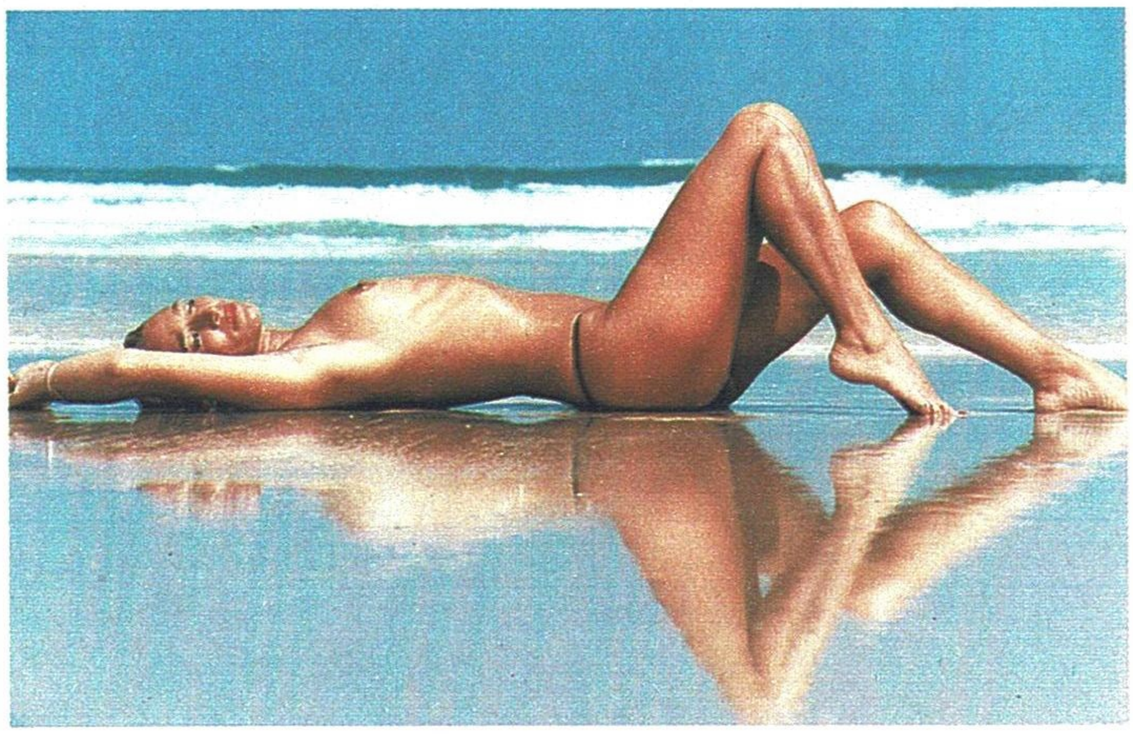
Sergio Jésus, Nice, France

Gérard Labadie, Bordeaux, France

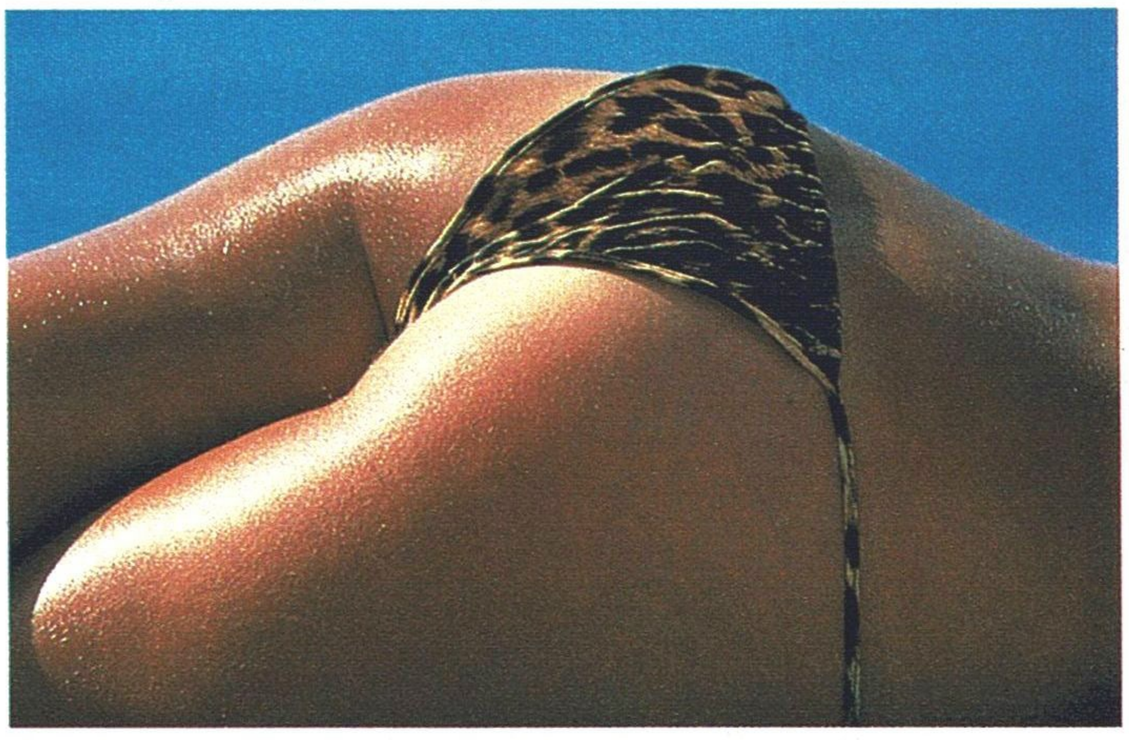
Michel Guittet, Villepreux, France

Bernard Scholl, Montigny-les-Metz, France

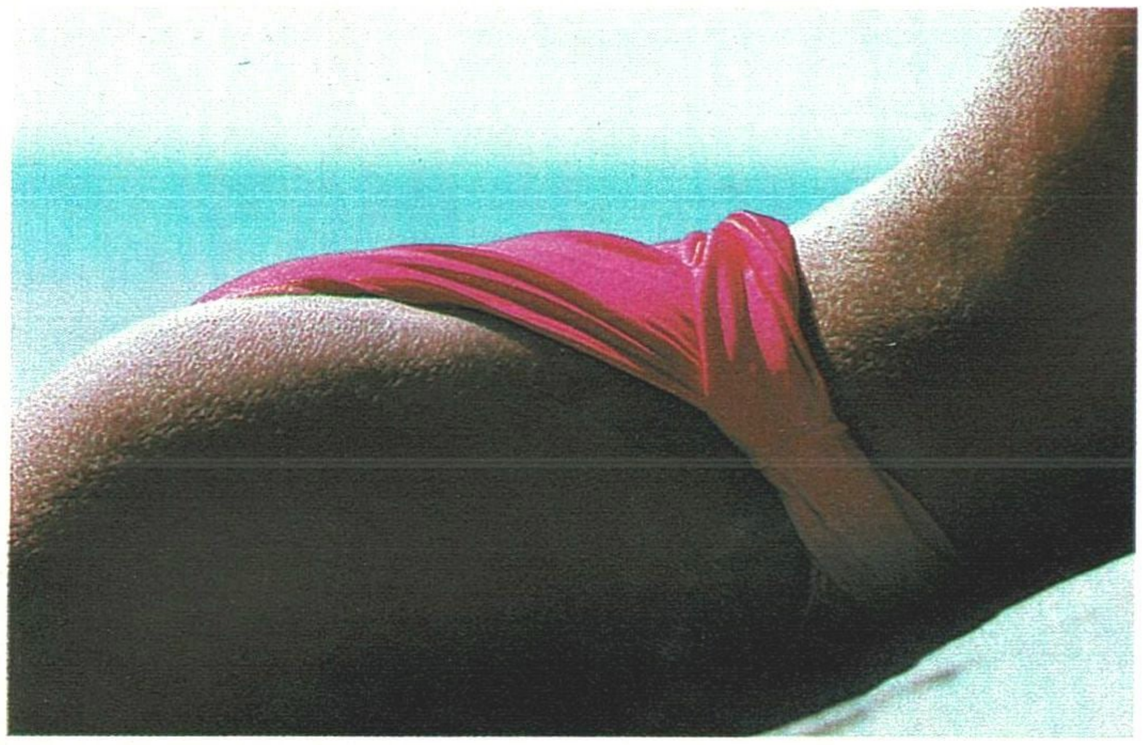
Jean-Loup Cornet, Poissons, France



Nicolas Clermont, Paris, France



D. de Braandt, Grimbergen, Belgium



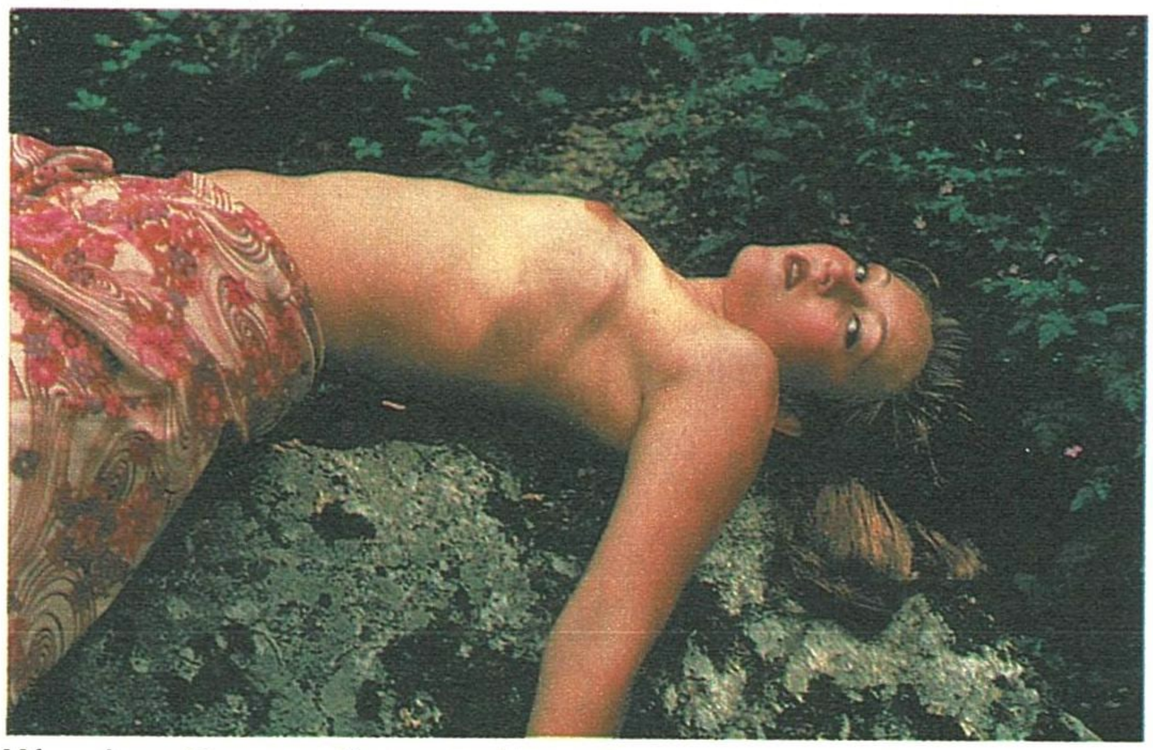
Alain Bérard, Nîmes, France

Émile Mignat, Hérisson, France

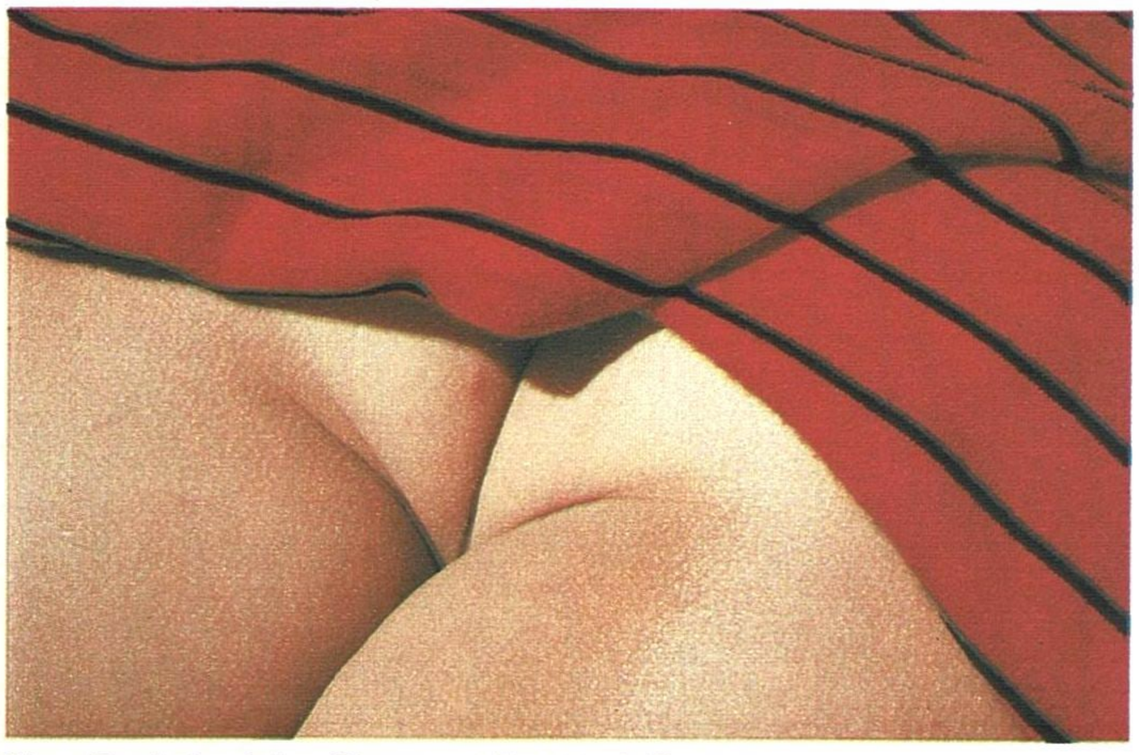
Nicolas Volnin, Fontenay-aux-Roses, France

Aleyra, Toulon, France

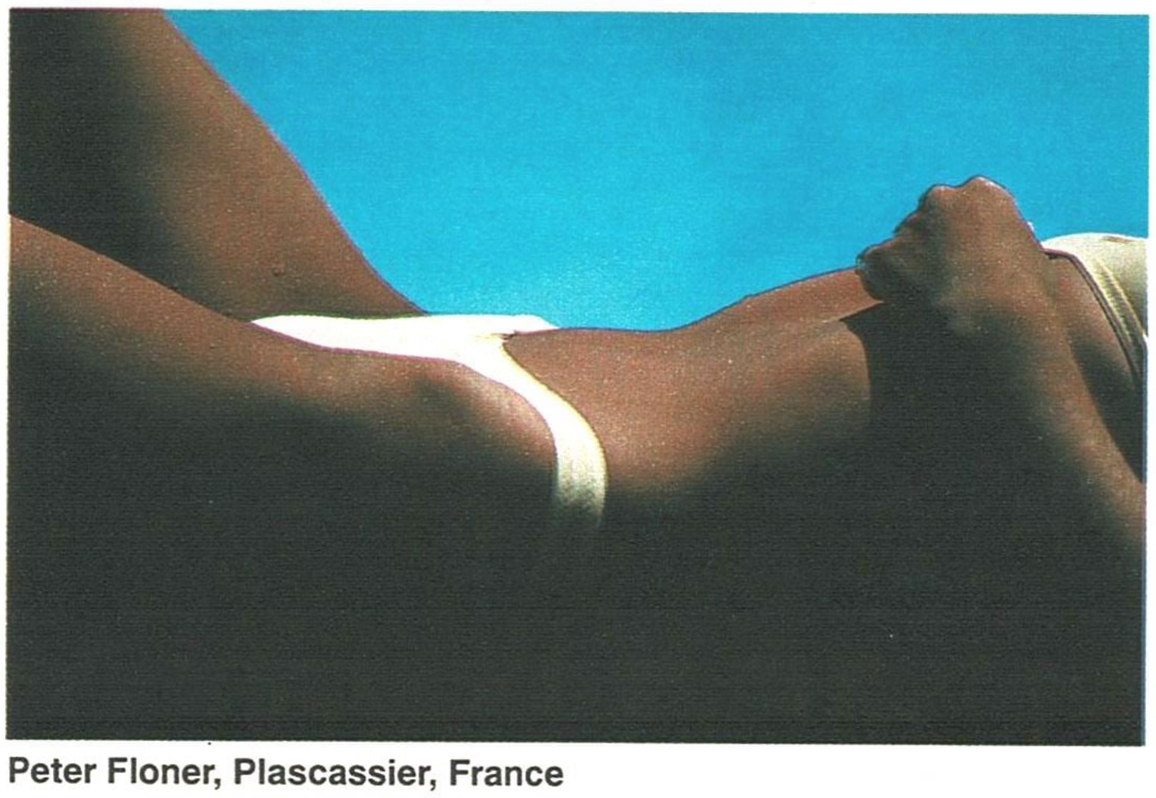
David Oppi, Milan, Italy



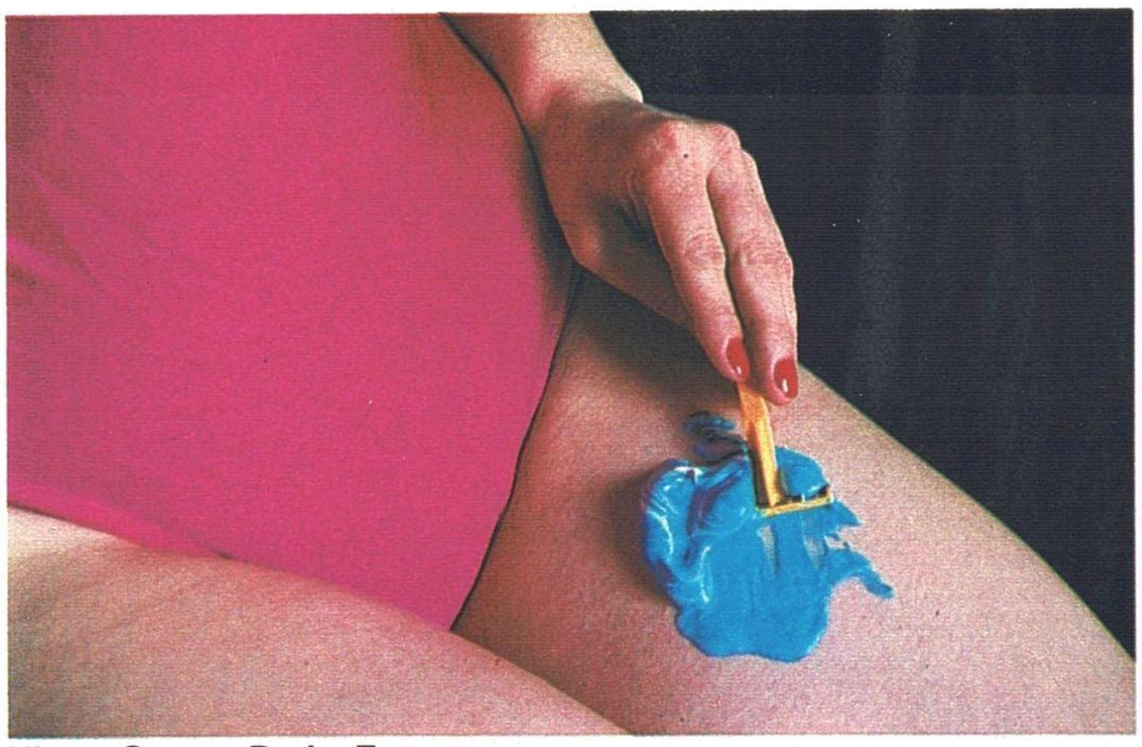
Véronique Bossan, Romans, France



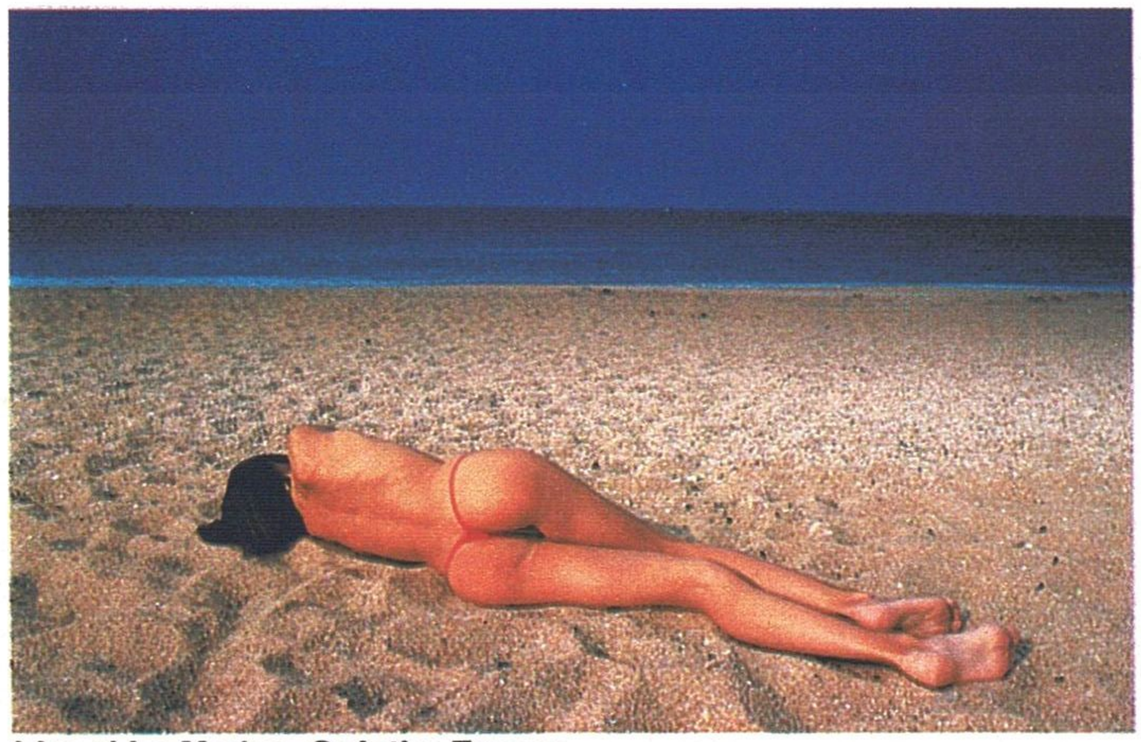
Olga Zoubrinetzky, Clermont-Ferrand, France



Peter Floner, Plascassier, France

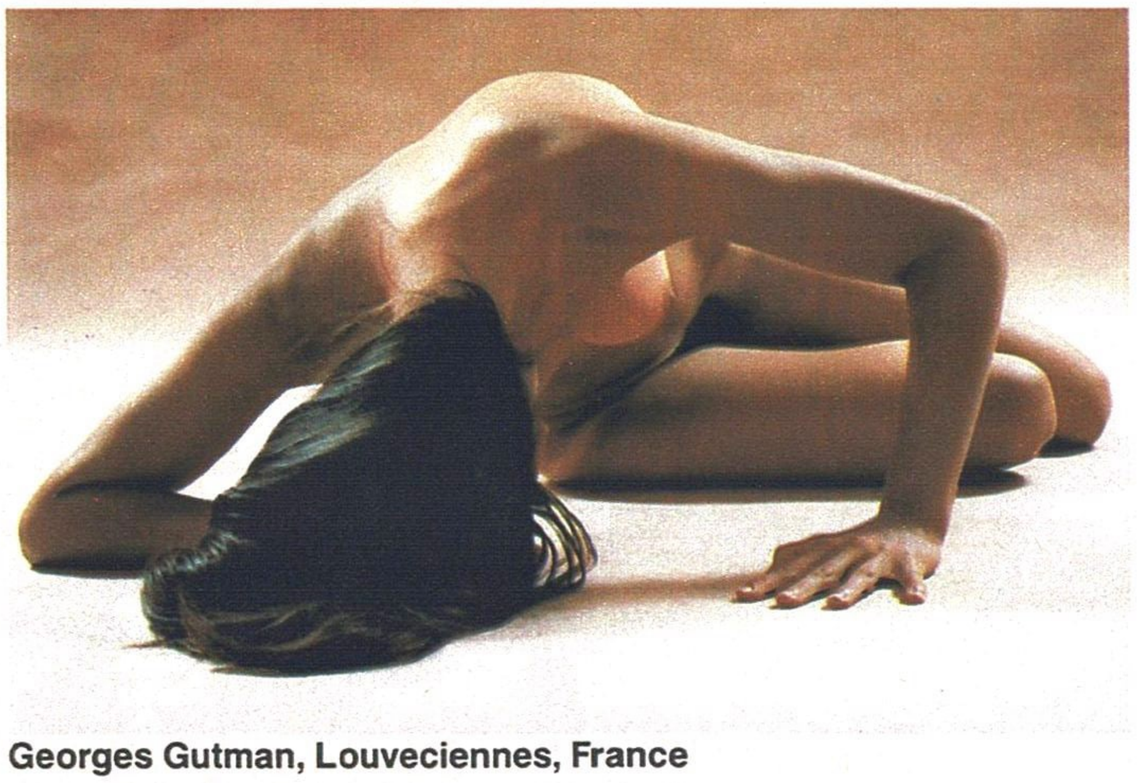


Victor Sousa, Paris, France



Lionel Le Madec, Quintin, France

Pascal Young, Brussels, Belgium

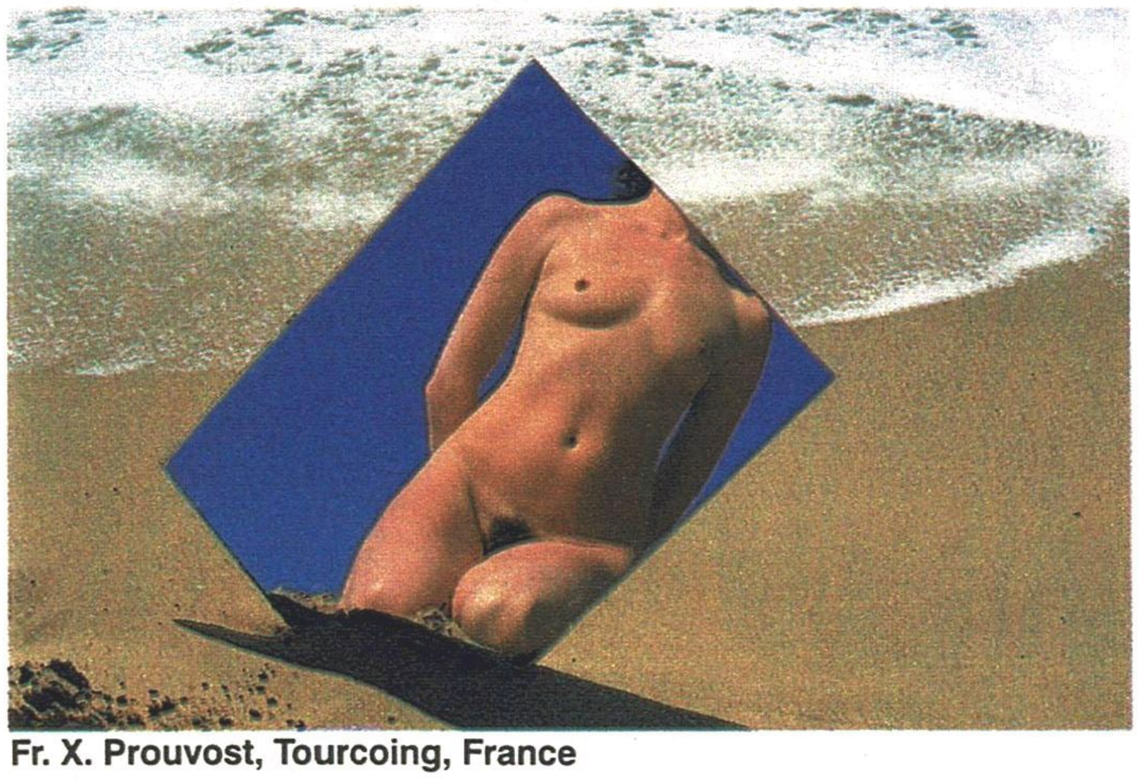


Georges Gutman, Louveciennes, France

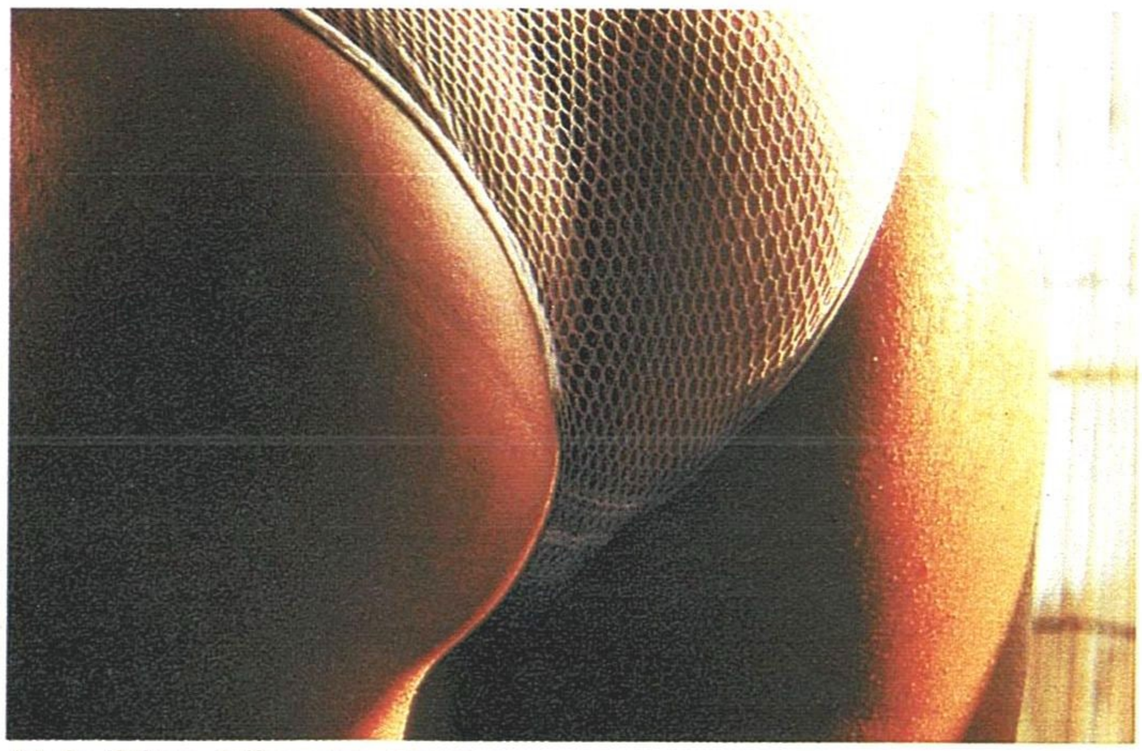
Gisela Schindler, Satillieu, France

Martha Collignon, Paris, France

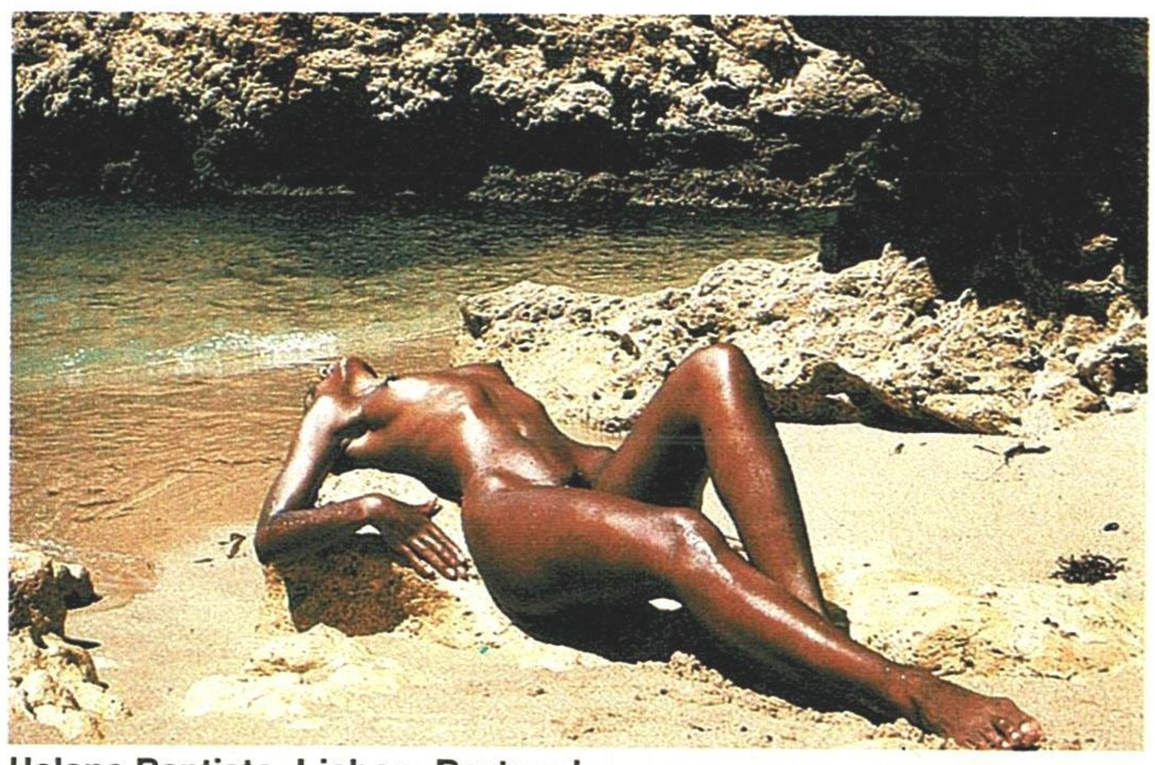
Antoine Merckx, Tirlemont, Belgium



Fr. X. Prouvost, Tourcoing, France

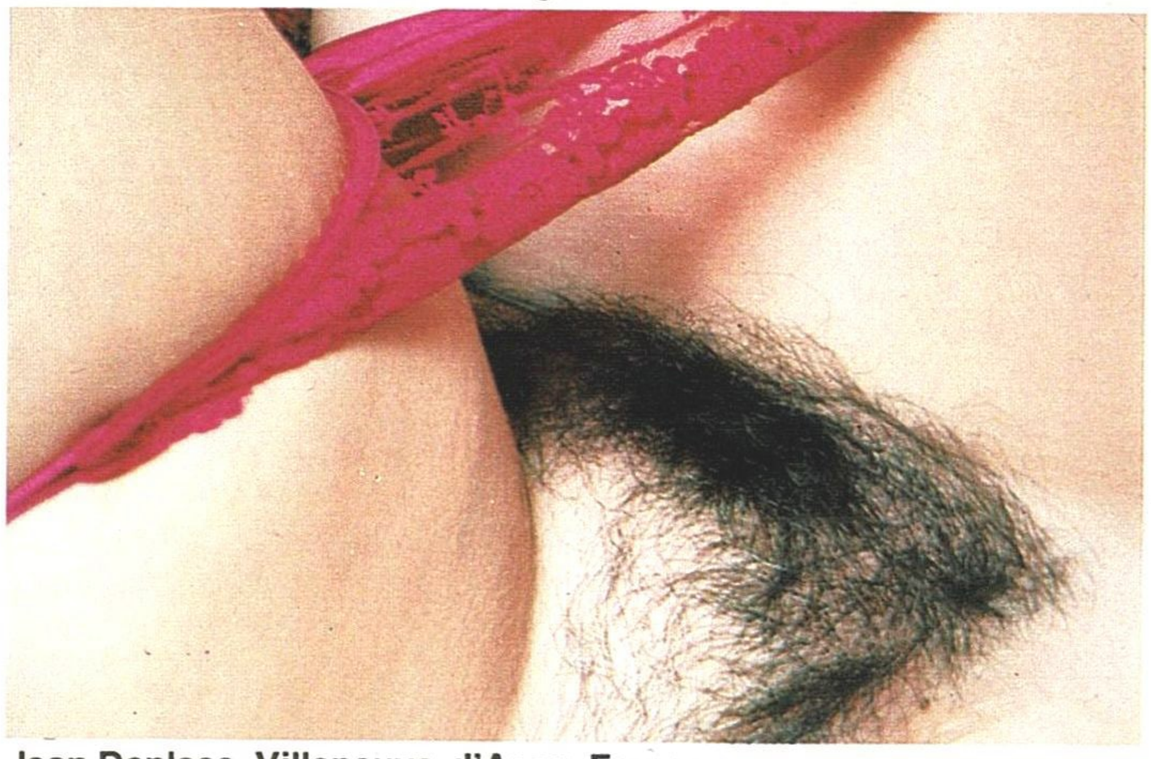


Alain Etilce, Wissous, France



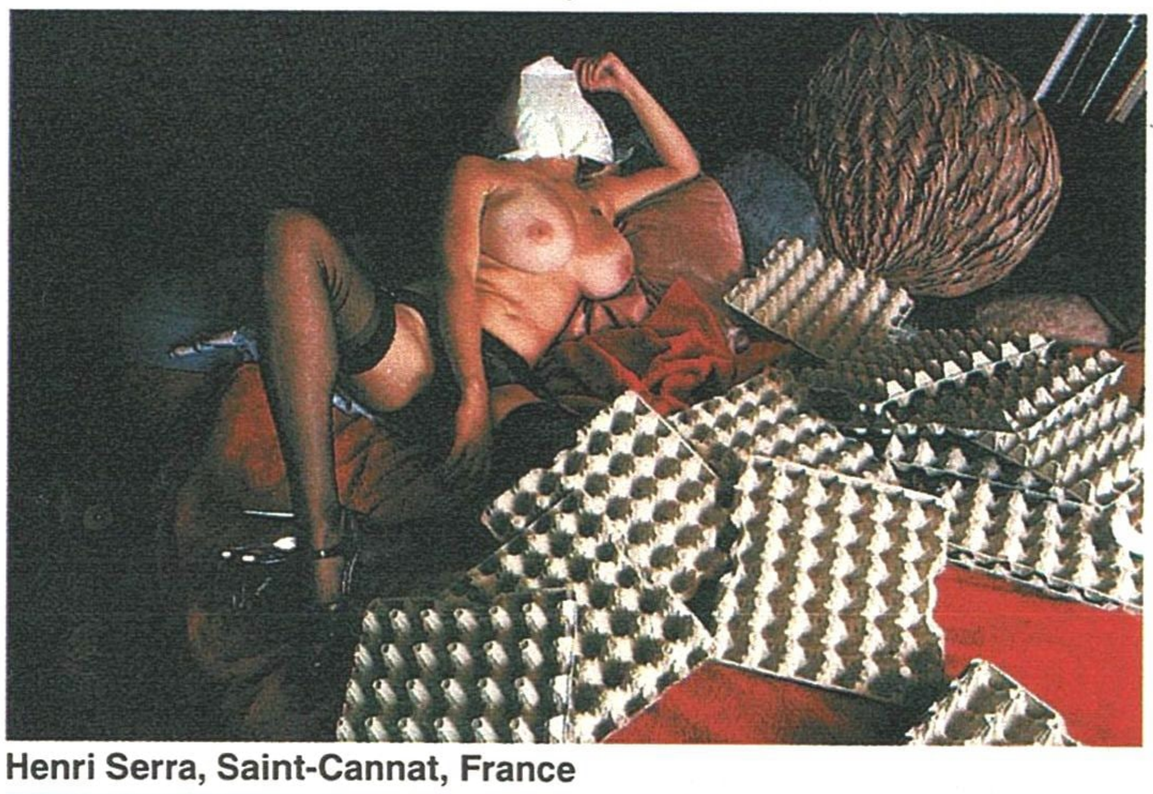
Helena Baptista, Lisbon, Portugal

Jacques Panier, Poissy, France

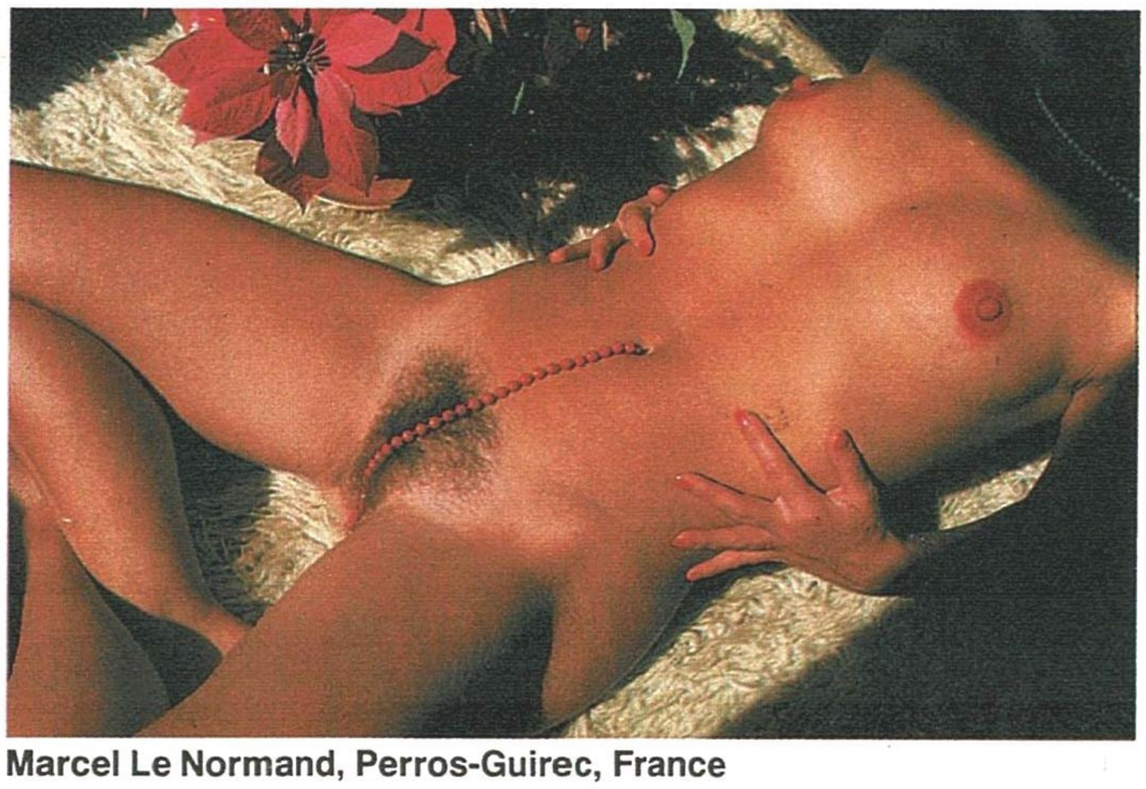


Jean Deplace, Villeneuve-d'Ascq, France

Christian Lavigne, Asnières, France



Henri Serra, Saint-Cannat, France



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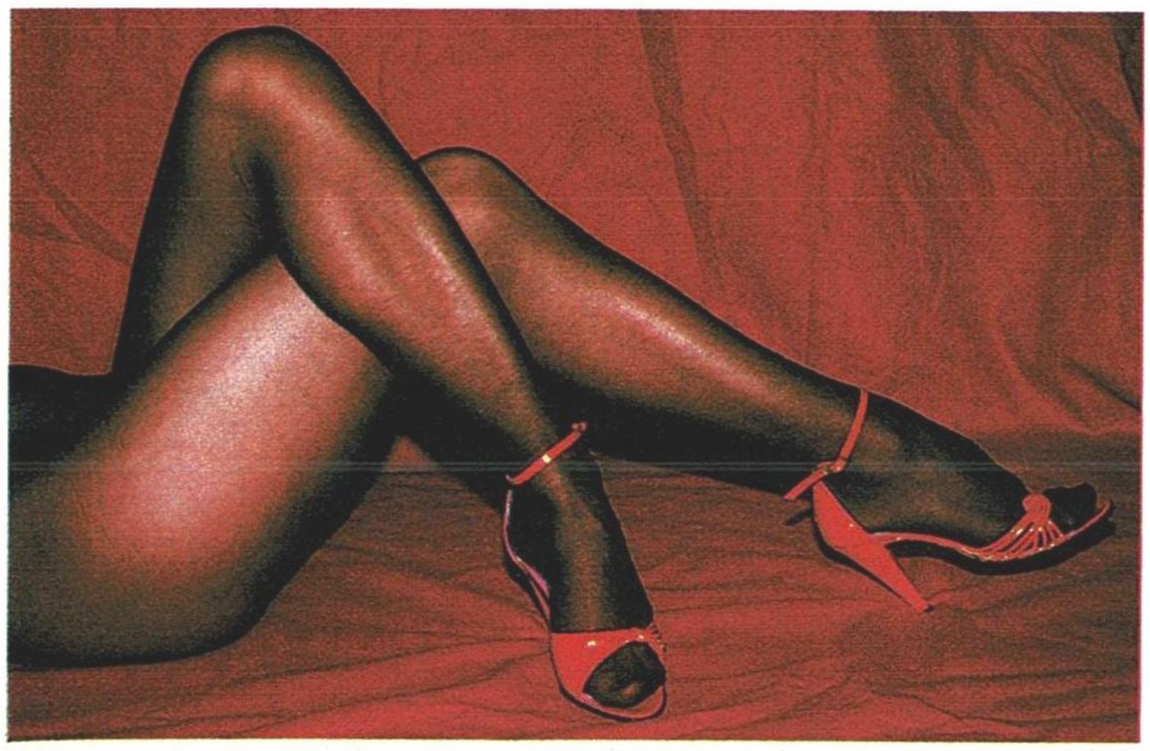
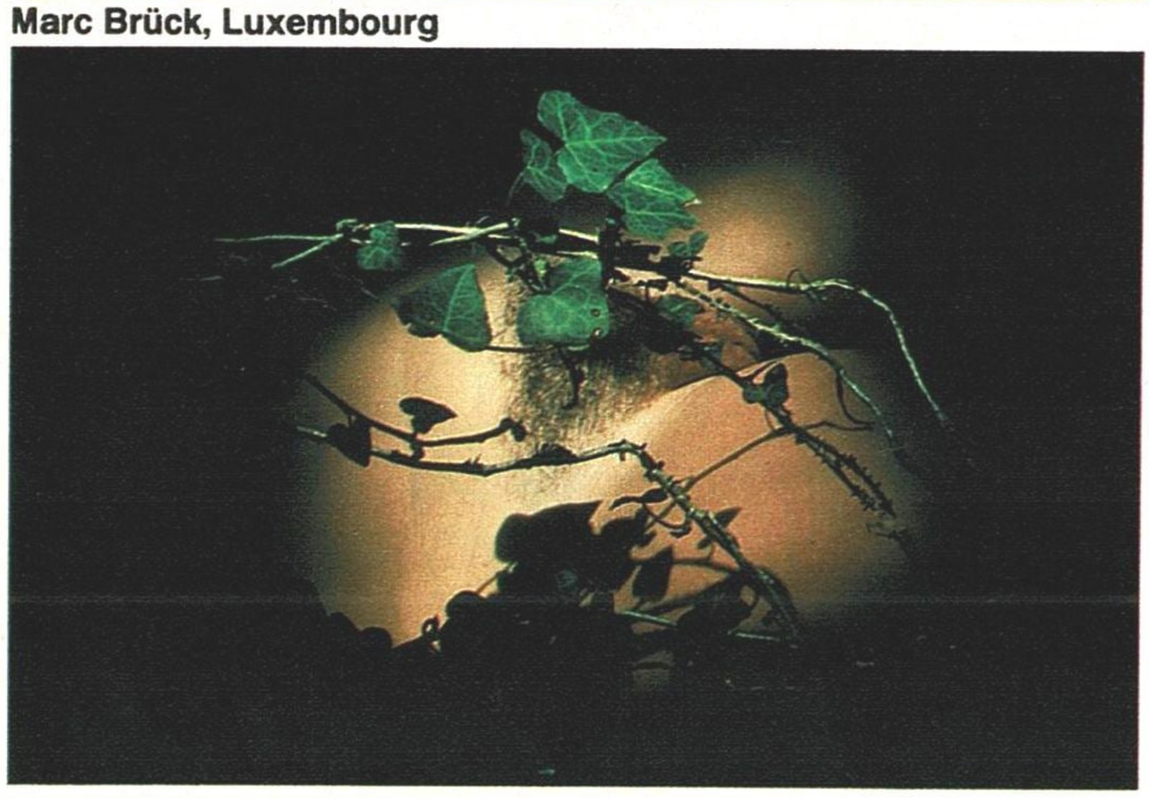
Jean-Paul Galichet, Satillieu, France



Marc Brück, Luxembourg

Remy Herlaut, Douai, France



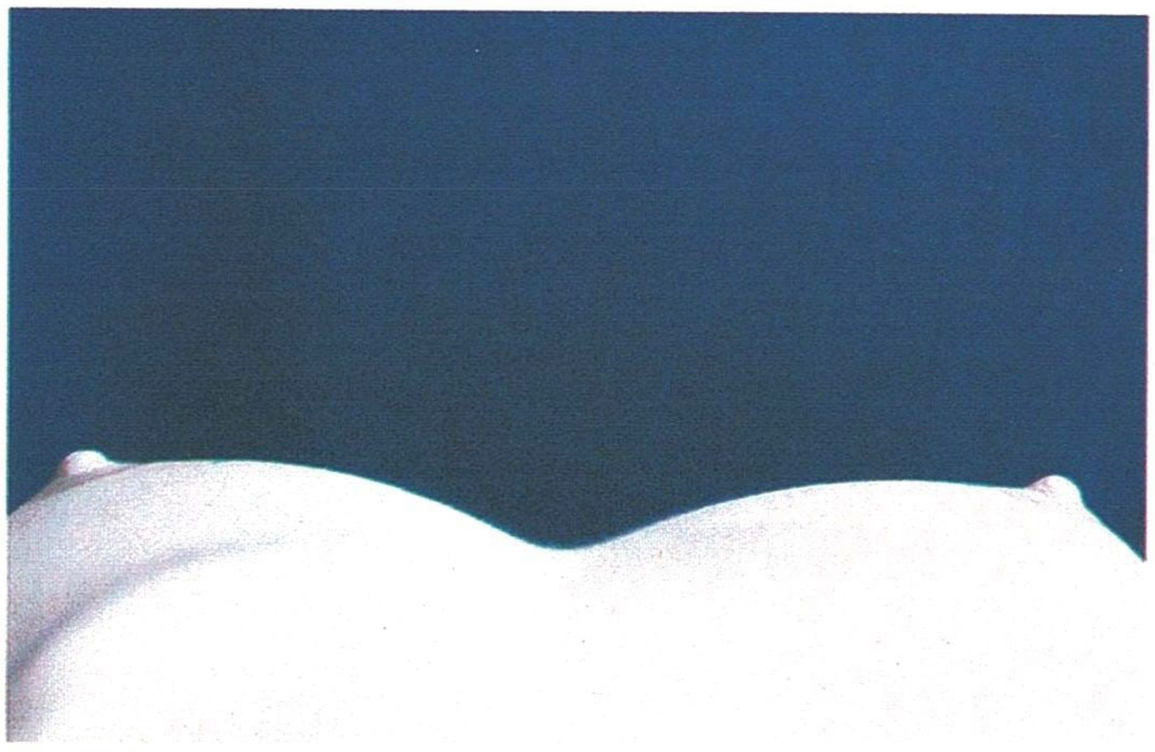
Gérard Fuss, Nantes, France

Patrick Fevrier, Troyes, France

Gianni Gulotta, Turin, Italy

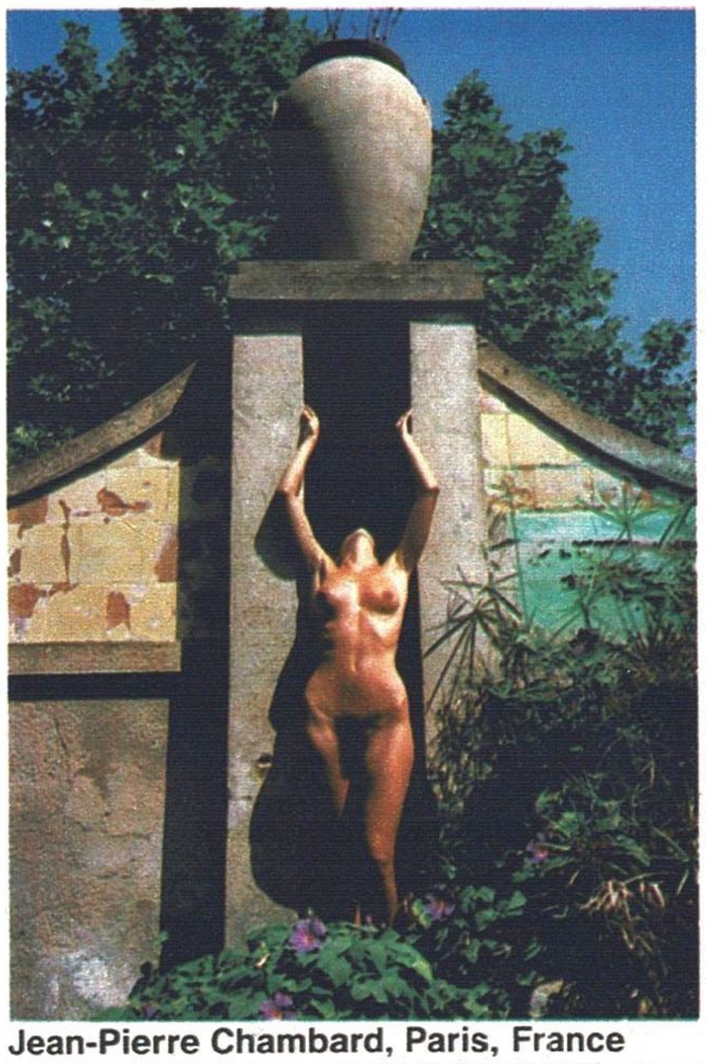
Thierry Lefebvre, Paris, France

Alan Newberg, Long Beach, California
Left: Robert Vanden Nest, Brussels, Belgium

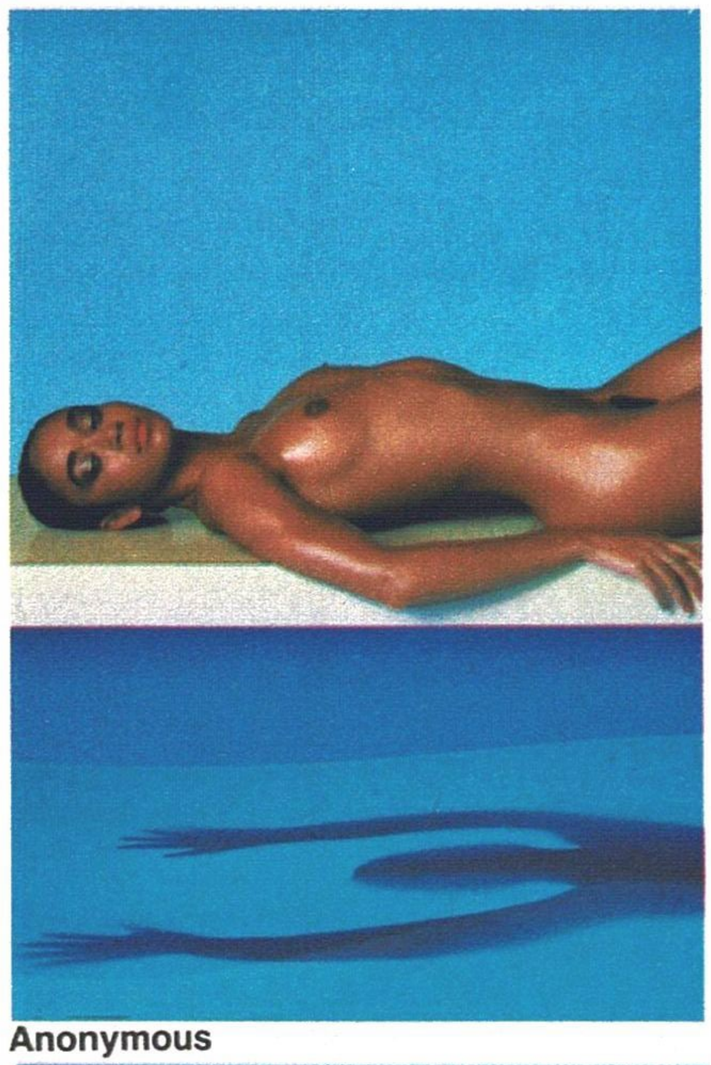


Karl Holderman, Poitiers, France

Each month *Newlook* brings its readers the most bizarre, the most unusual, the most exotic photographs seen in any magazine. These photographs are the work of the world's most respected professional photographers. At one time or other, however, every artist was an amateur. While the first photographs he takes may lack the technique of a veteran's, the images he captures with his camera are sometimes as striking or as unsettling as those of an experienced professional.

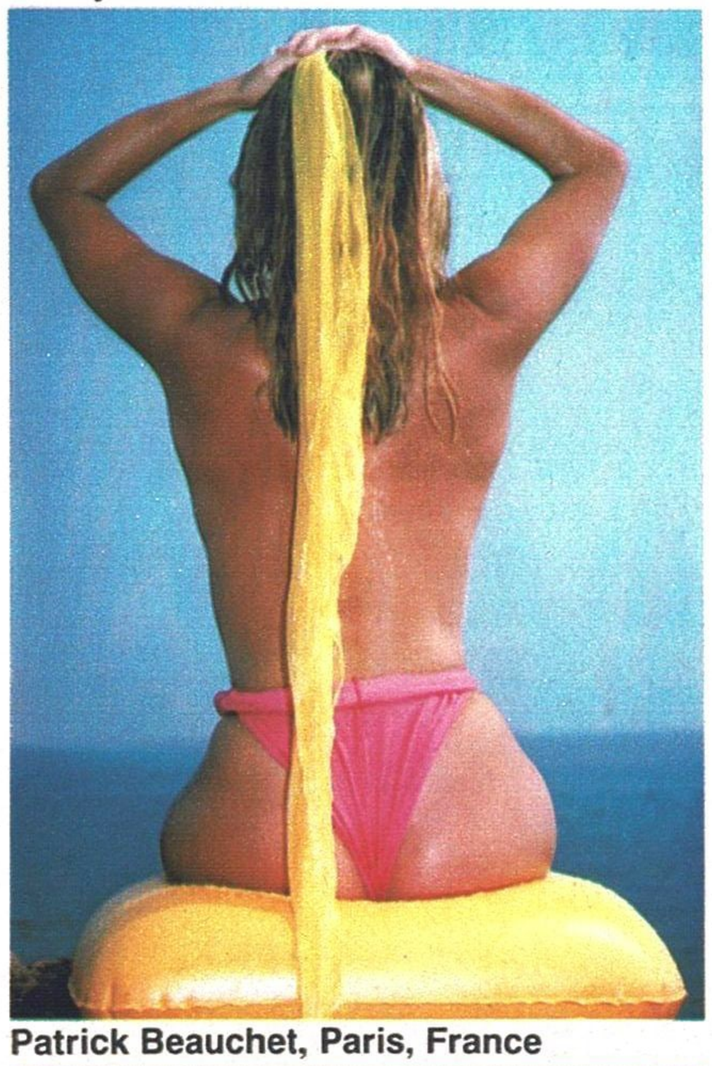


Jean-Pierre Chambard, Paris, France



Anonymous

Geneviève Pussieux, France



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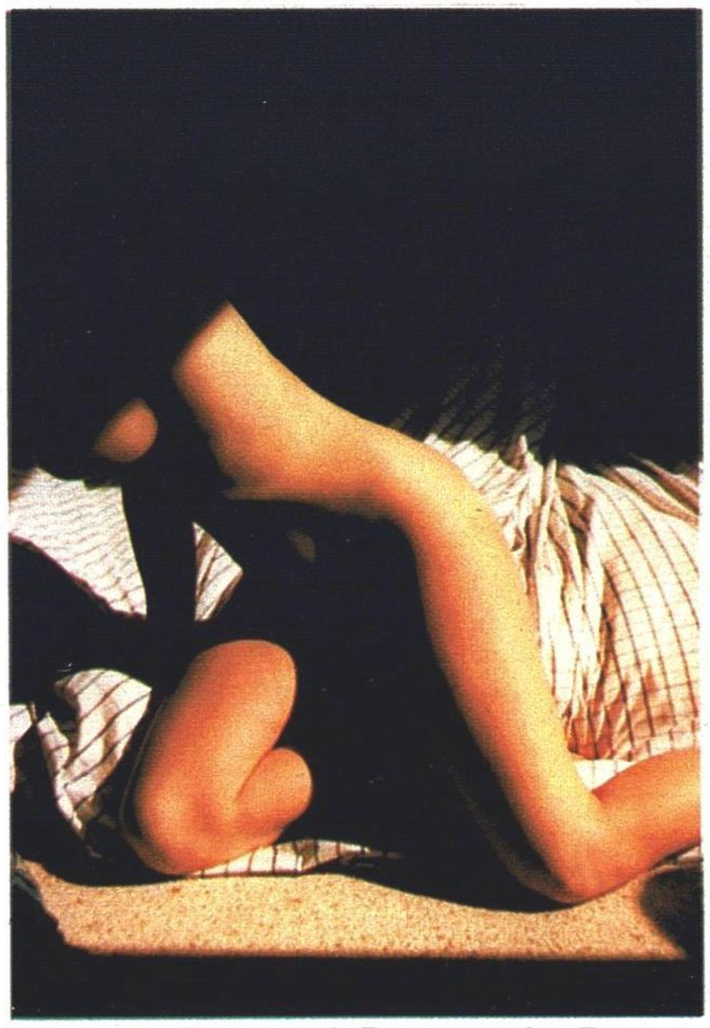
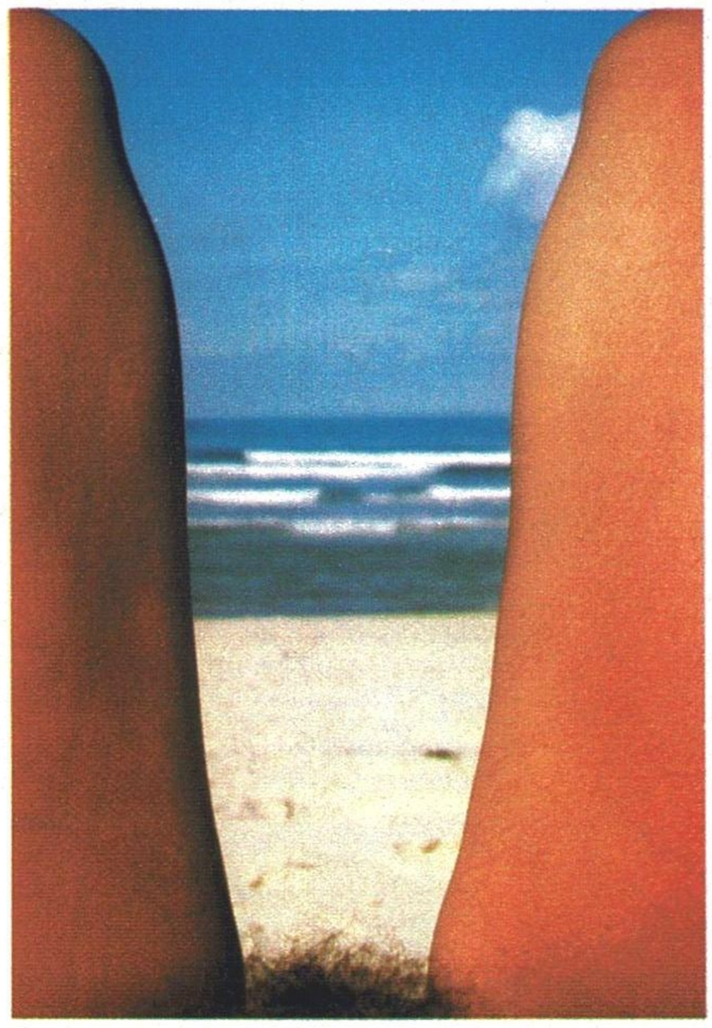
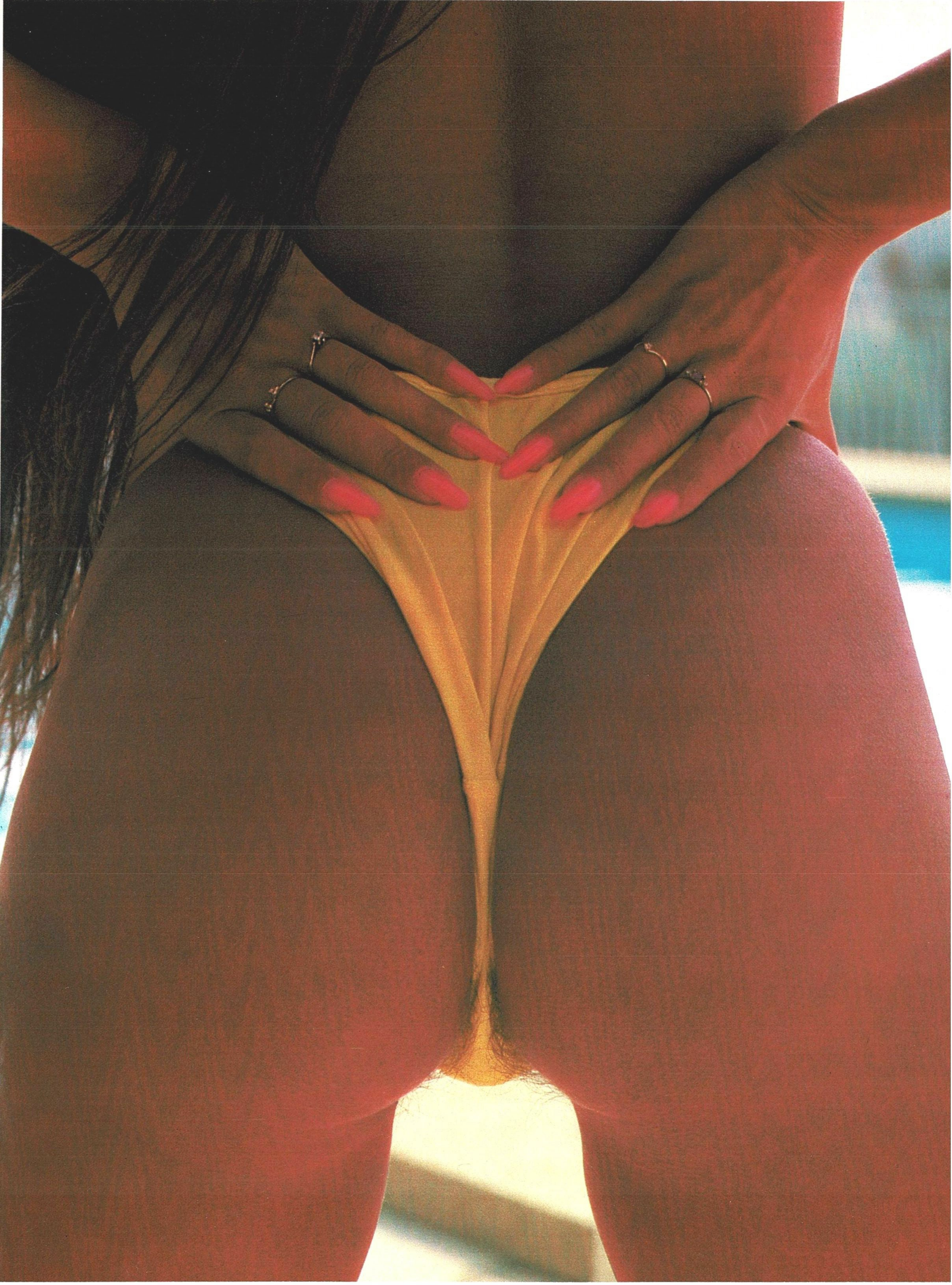


Stéphane Fauchard, Romorantin, France



E. Verduin, Rotterdam, Holland
Right: Steve Looker, France

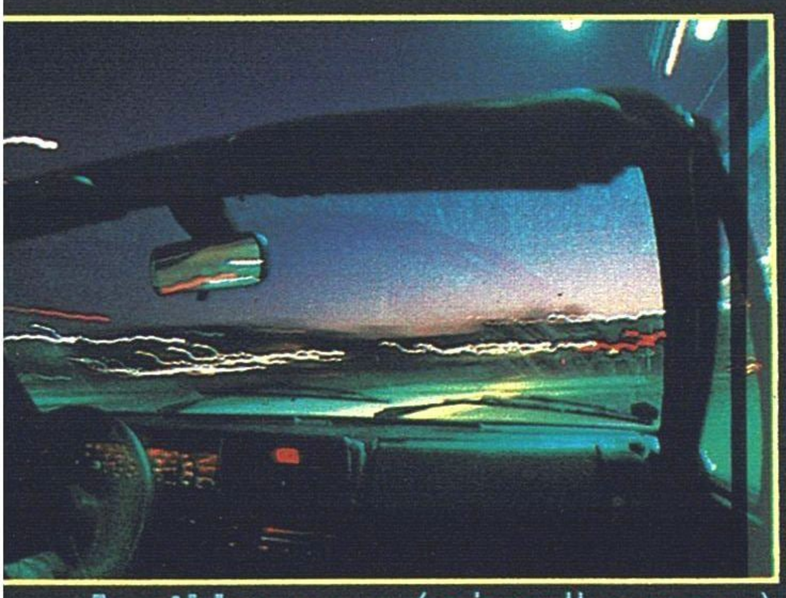
Above: J.-C. Maillard, Domats, France



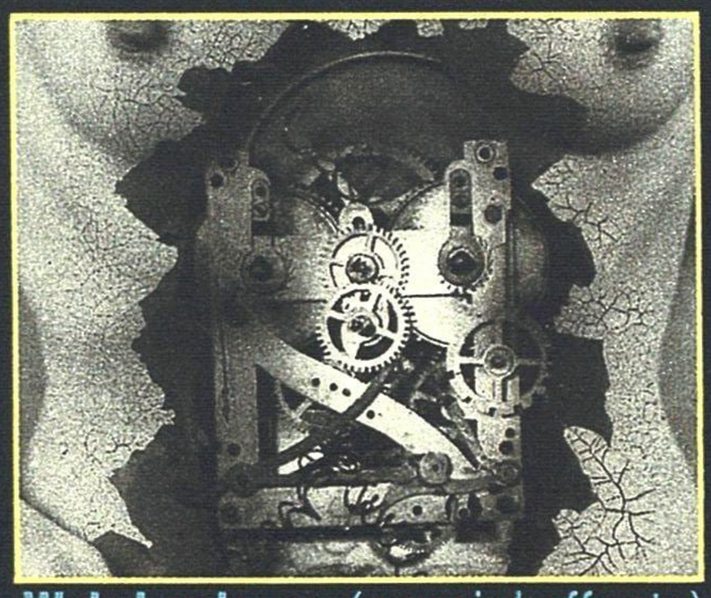
Joël Cordier

NEWLOOK PHOTO CONTEST CATEGORIES

Wildest life (animals)

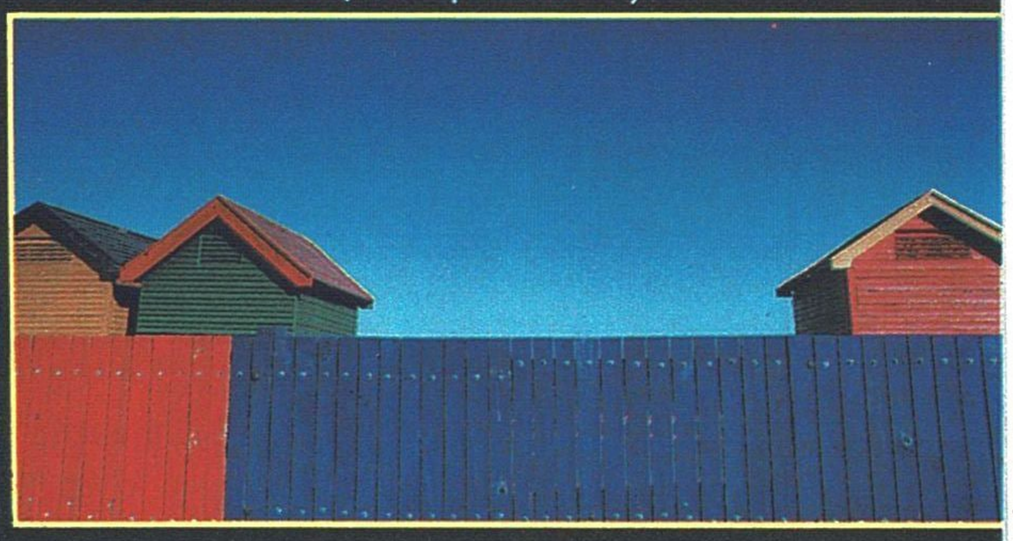


Anything goes (miscellaneous)



Weird science (special effects)

Photographics (composition)



Dressed to thrill (fashion)

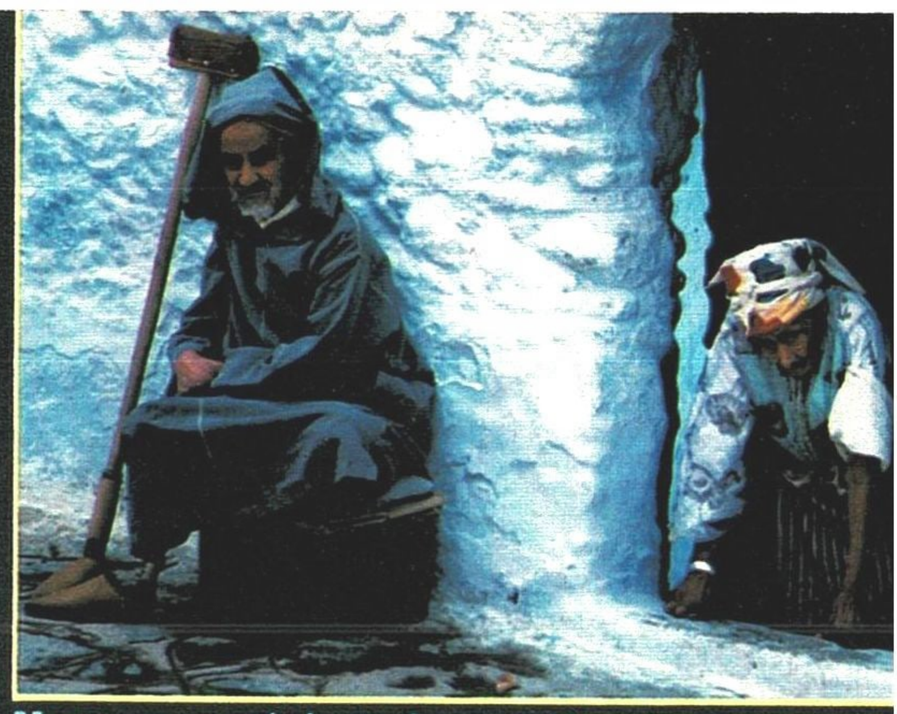
Unnatural phenomenon (nature)

Your work could be featured! Each contestant whose work appears in *Newlook*'s "Expect the Unexpected" photo contest will receive a $100 fee plus a year's subscription to the magazine. In addition, a Grand Prize winner will be chosen at the end of the year. This winner will receive an incredible 14-day/12-night vacation for two in Australia and New Zealand, offered by Direction Pacific. Leaving from Los Angeles International Airport, the tour will include round-trip airfare on Continental's Pacific Airline, hotel accommodations at the Hyatt Kingsgate Sydney and the Hyatt Kingsgate Auckland, and transportation to and from the airports and hotels in Australia and New Zealand, plus local taxes (meals and anything else not included). The estimated value of this tour package is $9,000!

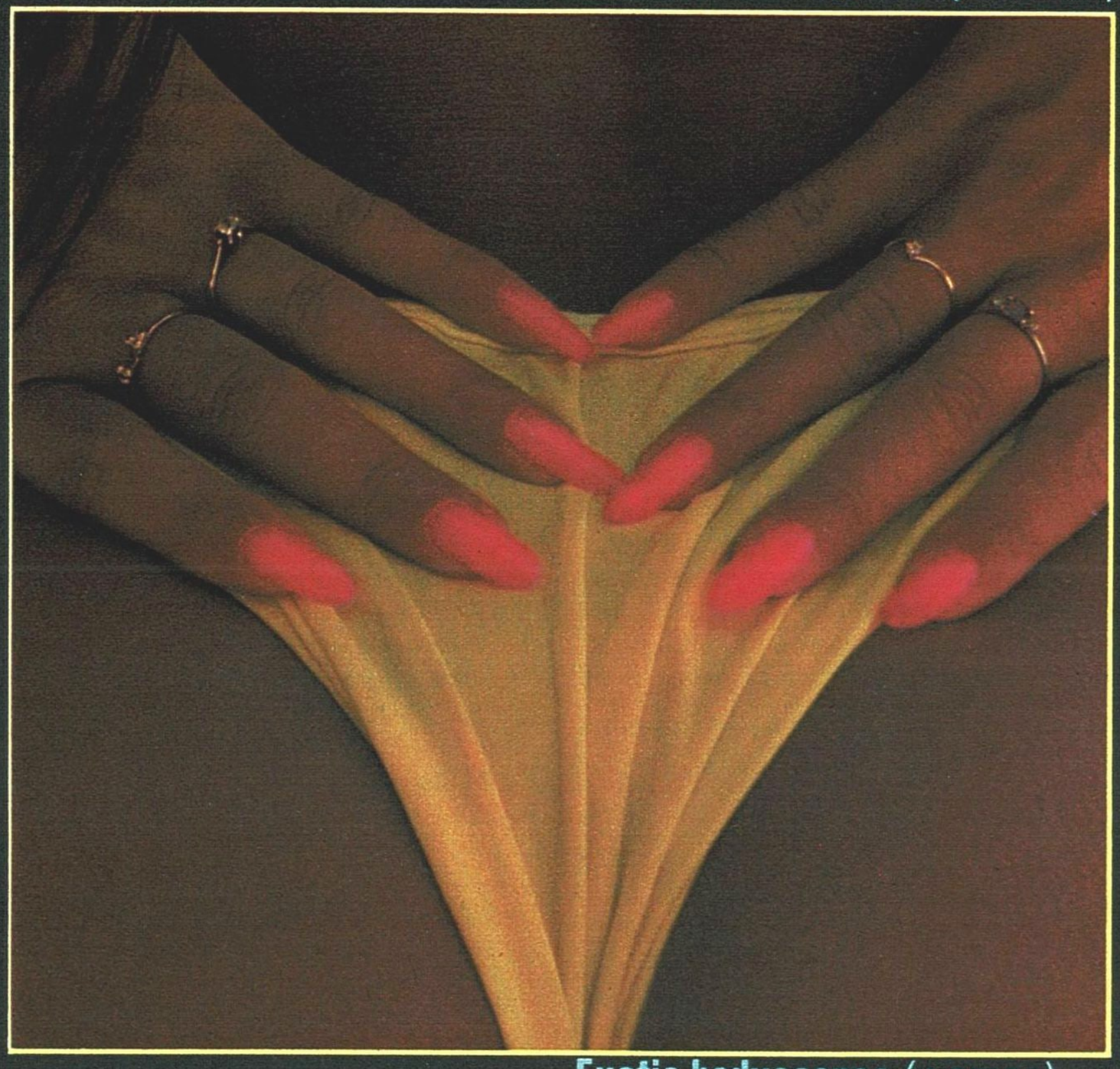
The Grand Prize winner of Direction Pacific's Australia/New Zealand vacation for two will be chosen from those amateur photographers whose work has appeared in the May 1986 through December 1986 issues of *Newlook,* and is, in the opinion of the magazine's editors and art directors, the best from the *Newlook* "Expect the Unexpected" photo contest.

Contestants should send their

Wild world of sports (athletics)



New news (photojournalism)



Exotic bodyscapes (women)

America the bizarre (behavior)

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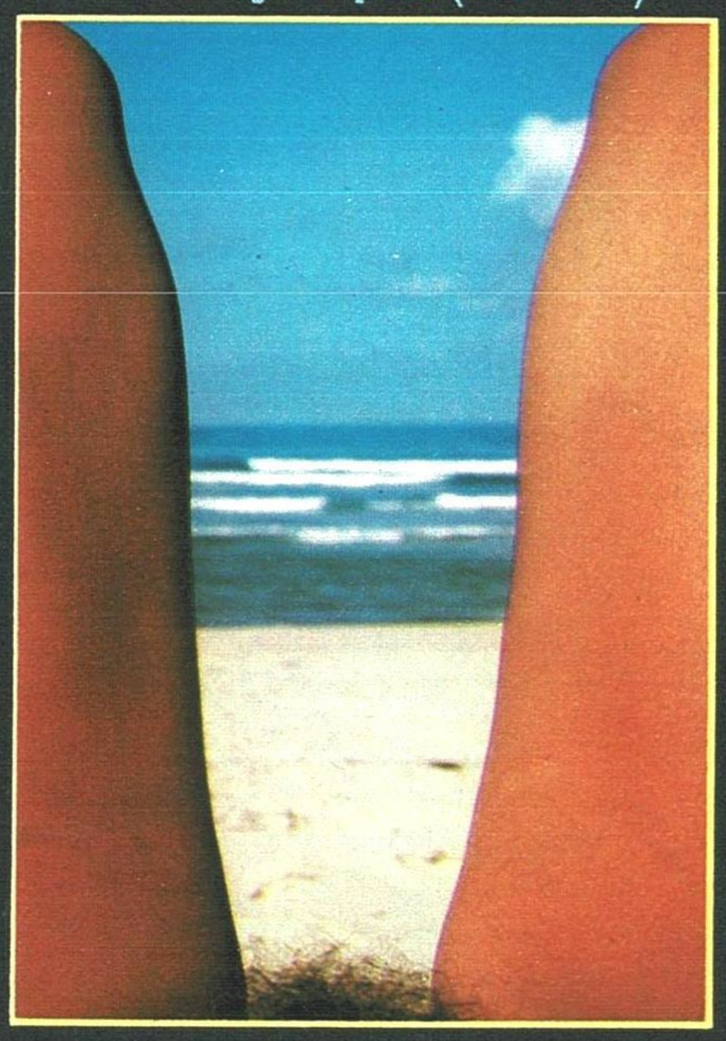

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DR. BURTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

niques to the NCI and Sloan-Kettering. The offer was rejected.

Early in 1967, the NCI dispatched another of its officials to visit the St. Vincent's team and see what he could learn about their methods and data. After spending two weeks with Burton and his associates, this official encouraged the team to apply for a $500,000 NCI grant—with the proviso that, in return, Burton and Friedman would reveal their extraction methods and data. In July 1967, Burton was told that the grant proposal had been approved and was requested to turn over the information sought by the NCI. By some clerical snafu, the NCI's hand was revealed: An NCI letter rejecting the proposal had been prematurely mailed and received. Burton did not send the NCI the information sought.

It was only after Burton and his team refused to be bought out for a song that aspersions were cast on their discoveries. Overnight, all their major funding was withdrawn, while efforts to buy their discoveries cheaply or to expropriate them by any means continued. From that time forward, the big-time scientific publications refused to publish their papers and findings. Forums that had previously welcomed them now turned them away. In short, Burton and his colleagues found themselves frozen out.

When any governmental agency—or its sub-rosa spokesman—accuses Dr. Burton of secrecy, lacking scientific expertise with regard to cancer, or seeking to foist his therapy on a gullible public, it is nothing more than a smoke screen. The fact is that for more than 20 years Dr. Burton and his colleagues have tried to share the results of their research with the cancer establishment on a fair basis.

On July 29, 1974, *New York* magazine published a story on Burton and Friedman entitled, "Why Won't the Medical Establishment Pay Attention to These Two Men?" Afterward, U.S. Senator Howard Metzenbaum, whose wife had died of cancer, attempted to draw the attention of the NCI to the therapy which the article had described. When the NCI replied, dismissing the article out of hand, the senator pressed the federal superagency to investigate the therapy. The NCI dispatched its associate director of immunology programs, Dr. William D. Terry, to visit Burton and Friedman. Reportedly, Terry offered to secure the NCI funding in return for NCI access to their methods. Terry denies that any such offer was made. In any event, contact between the NCI and Burton was broken off in an atmosphere of mutual hostility.

In 1975, Burton and Friedman filed for three patents covering their tumor complement, de-blocking protein, and blocking protein fractions, and the methods of extracting them. These patents, and two other related ones, were granted, but when the Food and Drug Administration denied Burton and Friedman permission to conduct clinical trials of their serum on cancer patients, Friedman threw in the towel.

In July 1975, the Bahamian government, over the objections of the NCI and the PAHO, granted Dr. Burton permission to open a treatment clinic for cancer patients. The clinic opened in Freeport the following year.

Continued attempts by the NCI and the PAHO to reverse the Bahamian government's decision met with failure. It looked like Burton's clinic, the Immunology Research Centre, was in Freeport to stay—until last summer.

THE AIDS SCARE

Some 20,000 cases of hepatitis are transmitted each year in the United States through contaminated blood supplies. A growing number of AIDS cases have also been attributed to contaminated blood furnished in hospital transfusions. One resident of Tacoma died of AIDS two years after receiving an AIDS-contaminated blood transfusion at St. Joseph Hospital. None of the medical facilities using or furnishing blood contaminated with such infectious agents have been closed down or quarantined. The indicated preventative course in such cases would be to prescreen for suspicious substances and to discard contaminated units. Screening apparatus for detecting HTLV-III antibodies in blood specimens has been available only since the spring of last year; previously, screening was accomplished by interviewing the donor.

Yet Burton's clinic was closed with practically no explanation. *Penthouse* was refused an interview with Dr. Norman Gay, the Bahamian minister of health, and repeated phone calls to the Bahamian consulate in New York were not returned. At the request of the Bahamian government, the PAHO will not release the report on its investigation of the clinic. PAHO spokesman Dan Epstein explained to *Penthouse* that the Bahamian government requested the examination of the clinic after the Tacoma doctors' discovery of hepatitis and AIDS antibodies in serum issued at the clinic. The PAHO report stated that the investigators had found a lack of rudimentary safety precautions in the handling of blood and blood products, a poorly trained staff, and unhealthy working conditions. But according to *Penthouse* sources, the PAHO report does not contain any specific information to back up its charges of mismanagement.

A ground-floor apartment in an aging motel in Freeport had been turned into a makeshift office. Newspapers, clippings, crumpled balls of paper, and pairs of scissors were strewn across the floor. This

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

BIG SAVINGS

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PENTHOUSE

A TREMENDOUS OPPORTUNITY

Reagan's former budget director
managed to escape alive
from the Washington, D.C., Temple of
Doom. But for the taxpayers,
his adventure has no happy ending.

STOCKMAN'S PARTING SHOTS

BY DONALD LAMBRO

"We've had a four-year shot at going after all these little mothers, and nobody around here will do it," remarked a bitter David Stockman as he reflected one afternoon on his bruising, controversy-plagued tenure as Ronald Reagan's budget director. "But the point is, when you go through these things over and over, and you see how embedded the resistance is—and it's not just big-spending Democrats, it's the Republican party when it comes down to parochial interests—then you realize how insuperable the task is."

This was a very different David Stockman from the superconfident 34-year-old Republican whiz kid and former Michigan congressman who charged into the White House Office of Management and Budget (OMB) in 1981 as Ronald Reagan's budget-cutting spear-carrier, promising to slash federal spending and balance the budget in four years.

A dark-horse appointment to the administration who beat out closer Reagan advisers for the powerful OMB job, Stockman was the President's youngest Cabinet member, and in many ways his most promising. He had wowed Reagan's inner circle of advisers with his breathtaking grasp of budgetary issues when, to help Reagan prepare for the pivotal 1980 campaign debate, he played the role of Jimmy Carter in a rehearsal. But his reputation had preceded him. He had made a name for himself among GOP warriors in Congress for his brilliant, computerlike knowledge of federal programs, and his spirited and often gutsy advocacy of budget cuts and free-market economics. He was the only member of the Michigan delegation to vote against the Chrysler bailout.

Yet it wasn't long before he succeeded in angering virtually every special-interest group in Washington as the administration's central figure in reconciling and implementing the Reagan Revolution's three major tenets: balancing the budget, cutting taxes, and forging the military buildup. Independent candidate John Anderson, for whom Stockman once worked, said the three couldn't be done, except with "blue smoke and mirrors." In 1981, though, Stockman didn't have the slightest doubt that he could do it. "Actually, it isn't all that hard to do," he said.

By the fall of 1981, however, Stockman's meteoric rise to power was suddenly in danger of being toppled with the

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publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* of "The Education of David Stockman," by then–*Washington Post* reporter William Greider. The lengthy article, based on a series of shockingly candid interviews with Stockman over several months—which triggered a storm of controversy and earned Stockman a well-publicized "trip to the woodshed" with the President—revealed Stockman as frustrated and angry even then. Among other things, he confessed that "none of us really understands what's going on with all these numbers." He said he was keeping the deficit figures down through the "magic asterisk," which represented future budget cuts that had not yet been, and in fact never would be, proposed. He confessed that he had little confidence in the supply-side theory upon which the administration's economic plan was based, saying, "I've never believed that just cutting taxes alone will cause output and employment to expand." He called the across-the-board tax cuts a "Trojan horse" to bring down the top tax brackets for the wealthy, and fumed over the efforts of Republicans in Congress—"piranhas," he called them—to lard their favorite programs. "There are no real conservatives in Congress," he said.

Yet, in an Oval Office interview about a week after Stockman's confessional appeared, Reagan told me, "I still believe that he believes in our program." In fact, Reagan blamed Greider, not Stockman, insisting that "the real cynicism and doubts of the plan were written by the author and [were] his interpretation."

On the day I interviewed Stockman, he had not yet left office for his big-paying job on Wall Street. His proficiency with numbers was later to earn him a lucrative position as managing director at Salomon Brothers, and his four years on the firing line in the administration's budget wars would get him a reputed $2.4-million book contract with Harper & Row.

The book, to be published in April, has created waves even before its appearance. Last fall, White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan reportedly warned Stockman not to tell too much. Indeed, politicians all over Washington are looking for cover in anticipation of Stockman's sizzling exposure of their self-serving backroom dealings in dividing up Uncle Sam's trillion dollars' worth of spoils. But Stockman is expected to spare no one.

All of this, however, lay far into the future on the afternoon we met. His OMB desk was strewn with briefing books and budget papers that documented the case against Uncle Sam's continuing spending binge. Yet all the evidence of waste, fraud, and abuse he had amassed and exposed over four long years, together with his machine-gun knowledge of budget programs and figures, had not been enough to wound, let alone slay, the federal behemoth. The deficits were running over $200 billion a year; in the last fiscal year of his tenure, they finished at $212 billion in the red. Between 1984 and 1985 the federal budget had ballooned by an additional $100 billion. Maybe that was why on this particular day Stockman sounded like a beaten, frustrated man, someone who was almost ready to throw in the towel and call it quits.

Significantly, the subject of the interview came about at his suggestion. Originally, I had wanted to discuss the administration's forthcoming fiscal 1986 budget for a column about what Reagan would propose cutting in the first year of his second term. But Stockman, through his press secretary, Ed Dale, indicated that he wanted to talk about something very different: the people who had blocked his every attempt to cut spending and rein in a runaway budget. He had read a lengthy piece I had just written for *The Washingtonian* about where the budget could be cut "without gutting defense or savaging the poor," and he agreed with most of my recommendations. But he had been down this road for four straight years now, and he wanted to explain what had happened to many of the cuts he had proposed in the inner sanctum of the President's Cabinet meetings and in the cloakrooms of Capitol Hill. He wanted to explain how he had fought valiantly for the cuts I had recommended, but also how he had repeatedly run into immovable obstacles—Republican obstacles. It was time, he felt, "for someone to write about this side" of the continuing Battle of the Budget—about the forces who hypocritically decry the deficit but then fiercely fight to preserve every federal program on the books.

> After four years, I am convinced that a large share of the problem is us. By that, I mean Republicans.

He was working in shirt sleeves when we met in his expansive OMB office in the Old Executive Office Building next door to the White House. He had my article in front of him, with numerous notations scribbled in the margins. He was at first in a characteristically calm, methodical mood, talking much as a teacher would, explaining how the budget got from A to B. "This proves that on paper you can cumulate the list, you can look at the individual items, and say, 'Yes, philosophically you can justify this, that if all these things could be done, the country would be immensely better off.' " But as he talked, I sensed that just beneath the surface he was an angry man. Though he had not yet signed his contract with Harper & Row, he was articulating deeply rooted complaints that are certain to be major salvos in his forthcoming book. He lashed out at members of Congress as well as at White House and administration officials who had fought him. Significantly, though, it was his nominal Republican allies upon whom he heaped the most scorn.

Aware of how close he came to being fired for his burst of candor in 1981, Stockman, while urging me to unmask the Republican big spenders, refused to let me quote him while he was in office. "I can't have this stuff attributed to me as long as I'm in my present position," he told me. But now he is out, preparing his own official blast at the people responsible for our nearly $2-trillion debt. So the following, an edited version of our interview, is really a sneak preview of what Stockman is likely to say in his book.

Republicans: "After four years, I am convinced that a large share of the problem is us. By that, I mean Republicans. We talk about big government in the abstract, and runaway budgets, and reducing the growth rate in spending. . . . If you ask Republicans, 'Would you cut the government ten percent?' they'd say yes. But for each piece that you have to start cutting, there is an enormously powerful cadre of people who protect it—on our side!"

For example, he said, "Every year we've tried to cut out half the Postal Service subsidies. It's about $800 million a year. We've tried to cut it down to $400 million. But we just get killed by the Republicans, to say nothing of the Democrats."

President Reagan: "The problem is that on a lot of these [programs] the President isn't against them." For example, Stockman pointed to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration budget, which he said is "just going out of sight with this space station they're building now." It will cost $8 billion by the time it's completed. "I fought the space station for three years and lost." Why? "Frankly, President Reagan likes the idea, and he says we have to do this."

Revenue-sharing grants: "I tried to cut that out in 1981. I was fought internally by Rich Williamson," then Reagan's top assistant for intergovernmental relations, "and some others who thought that this would be unfair to the states and localities that depend on it. They mobilized governors and the National Association of Counties and so forth. We had a big fight in the Cabinet room in front of the President, and the President decided we had to keep revenue sharing." The $4.6-billion-a-year program gives away grants to every locality in the country, regardless of need, pouring money into thousands of comfortably middle-class and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

The Norwegians are perfectly clear about their vodka.

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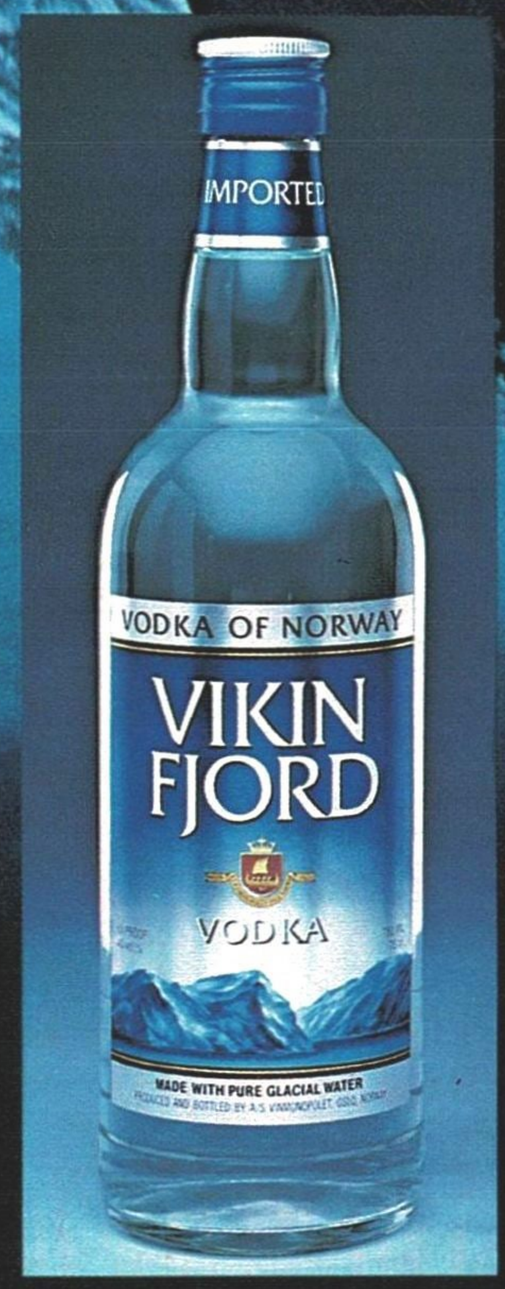
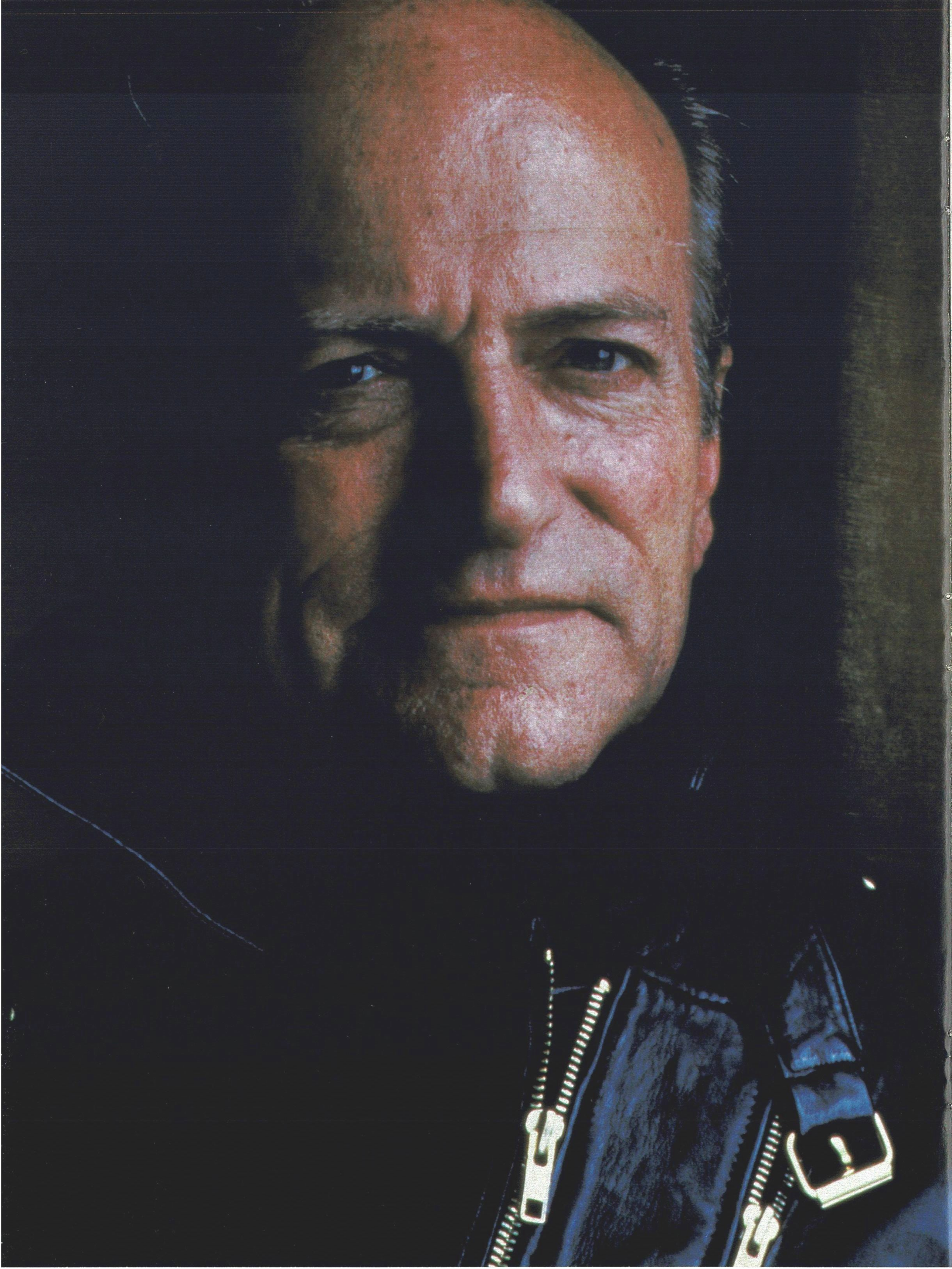


Introducing Vikin Fjord Vodka.

Lake Loen, Nordfjord, Norway. Photo: Eric Meola.

Imported from Norway by Vikin Fjord Importers, White Plains, NY. 80 proof, distilled from potatoes. © 1985



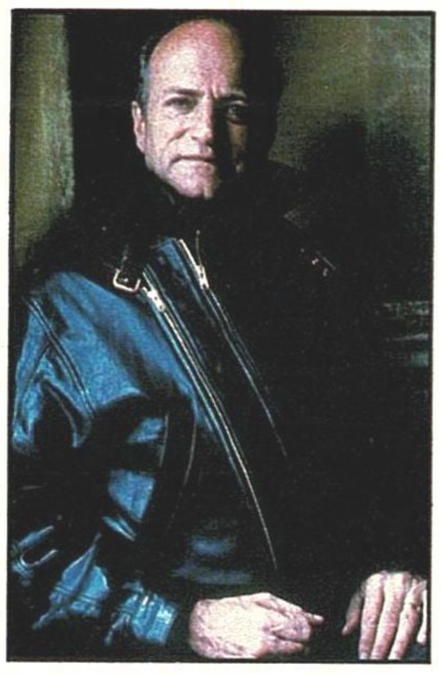
Claus von Bulow's retrial was one of the most sensational of the century. Here, in an excerpt from his new book, von Bulow's lawyer reveals why his client didn't testify in his own defense.

REVERSAL OF FORTUNE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

To testify, or not to testify? That is the question over which criminal defendants, and their lawyers, have agonized in some of the most celebrated and dramatic criminal trials throughout history. I know a lawyer who charges $50,000 for trying a criminal case. He says $5,000 of that is for his preparation and trial work; the remaining $45,000 is for his expertise in advising the defendant whether to take the stand.

In Claus von Bulow's second trial for attempting to kill his heiress wife, Sunny, the decision was even more difficult than usual. His lawyers at the first trial had advised him not to testify. Claus had taken that advice and lost. I had been hired to argue the appeal and secure a retrial, and after I accomplished that,



Claus turned to me for advice on whether or not he should take the stand.

From the moment he lost the first trial, Claus regretted not testifying. He repeatedly stated that he wanted to testify if he was granted a retrial. He told the press: "I am convinced it was a mistake that I didn't [take the stand at the first trial]. My counsel felt that there wasn't a case to answer. I probably didn't exercise sufficient judgment to recognize that I should have my way."

The moving forces behind the prosecution—Sunny's children from her first marriage, Prince Alexander and Princess Ala von Auersperg—were publicly goading Claus to testify. They hired a public relations firm to handle the media for them, and appeared on "60 Minutes" and other TV shows, as well as in *People* magazine. One headline challenged: "CLAUS IS A 'LIAR': STEPKIDS: 'IF HE HAD THE GUTS, HE WOULD TESTIFY HIMSELF.' "

Claus wanted very much to testify at his second trial. His constant companion, Andrea Reynolds, also wanted him to take the stand. They repeatedly called me for advice on that crucial decision.

Lawyers who are not

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HELMUT NEWTON

privy to the deep dark secrets of the defendant's life are generally not in a very good position to evaluate the question of whether or not to testify. But that doesn't prevent them from offering advice. Numerous defense attorneys were interviewed by the press about what they would do in the von Bulow case.

"If the guy's guilty, you don't put him on," said Melvin Belli, describing his "cardinal rule." But, "if he's not guilty, generally you put him on." F. Lee Bailey said he would prefer to try the von Bulow case without putting the defendant on the stand, but speculated that the damaging testimony of his former lover, Alexandra Isles, "may force him to the stand to deny it." (Alexandra testified that Claus had told her that he had seen Sunny take Seconal and drink a lot of eggnog before becoming unconscious the first time; then he watched her and did nothing, knowing she was in a bad way; and finally he called the doctor only when Sunny was at the point of dying, because "he couldn't go through with it.") Grant Cooper agreed that unless Claus explained Alexandra's statement, "he's sunk." William Kunstler said that although he thought von Bulow might seem "too smart for his own good," he would probably have him testify. Barry Slotnick, the excellent lawyer who represented subway vigilante Bernhard Goetz, surmised: "I think he'll probably have to take the witness stand," especially to rebut the damaging testimony of Alexandra Isles. "I think the jury needs to hear it from his own mouth."

Many defense lawyers operate by standard rules. One prominent attorney says that he always puts his defendant on the stand unless he has a prior criminal record. Another says he never does, unless the jury looks like it's "tying the knot in the hangman's rope."

My own view is that any "standard rule" is wrong. Every case must be decided individually, by reference to the strengths and nature of both the prosecution and the defense presentations. The decision, at least preliminarily, should be made at the very beginning of the case, even before the trial begins. Every action taken from the very first moment the lawyer enters the case should be considered with a view toward whether the defendant will take the stand.

If the defendant does take the stand, he waives a considerable number of his rights. For example, evidence seized illegally cannot be used against a defendant who does not take the stand. But that same evidence can be used if he does testify. The rule is similar for confessions or admissions secured in violation of the *Miranda* rules. Records of a defendant's prior convictions cannot generally be introduced if he doesn't testify, but this information can be used if he does. And in testifying he may open the door to issues on which the judge had previously slammed the door shut.

On the other hand, a defendant who exercises his right *not* to testify risks a great deal. Despite the constitutional presumption of innocence and the privilege against self-incrimination, most jurors believe that if a defendant doesn't take the witness stand, he must be hiding something. And they are absolutely right about that. The question is, *What* is he hiding? Often it is guilt, but sometimes it is something equally sinister but less relevant to the trial: a prior conviction, a fraudulent business transaction, a sordid sexual experience, or a questionable background of some other nature.

Defendants who *don't* take the stand rarely win. But that's because defendants as a whole rarely win. If it is true that defendants who take the stand win more often than defendants who don't, that may be largely because the former includes a "better class" of defendants than the latter—more articulate individuals with more savory backgrounds.

When you win a case, you think you made the right decision, and when you lose, you suspect you may have made the wrong one. That is not necessarily so. A losing lawyer who put his witness on the stand may have strengthened his case, but not enough to have overcome other problems. The winning lawyer may have weakened his case, but not enough to have undercut his other strengths. Even after the most thoughtful calculus, the decision whether to call your defendant to the stand is an extremely subjective one, and one which can always be second-guessed on Saturday morning.

> If the jurors focused on the "people" part of the case—the maid, the mistress, and the son—there would be lots of questions only Claus could answer.

The decision at the von Bulow retrial was one that I thought about from the day I entered the case, first to secure a retrial, and then to act as strategist. It was one of the issues we had discussed at our first meeting. Our entire strategy was geared toward the *possibility* of calling Claus as a witness at any retrial. That was certainly the correct strategy in *trying to obtain* a retrial, since we wanted to present only "innocent man" arguments. An innocent man is supposed to want to take the stand in order to tell the truth and vindicate himself. So von Bulow certainly had nothing to lose by *saying* that he wanted to take the stand.

After we were granted a retrial, Claus continued insisting that he testify. He asked me to consider this in advising him on the selection of a new trial lawyer, as he did not want to pick one who would foreclose that possibility. Edward Bennett Williams—whom Claus first approached to retry the case—has a reputation for putting his clients on the stand, and he told Claus he should have testified at the first trial. Tom Puccio, whom he eventually hired as his trial lawyer, had an excellent reputation as a prosecutor for "putting on" a good, direct case and "preparing" his witnesses effectively. That boded well for Claus's wish to be put on as his own principal witness.

At Claus's first meeting with Puccio, Claus said, "Look, I didn't take the stand at the first trial, and I was convicted. I'm convinced I must take the stand at this trial, or I'm going to be convicted again."

But as our preparation for the trial progressed, it was becoming clearer and clearer that our best defense would be a medical one. If Claus had not injected his wife with insulin, he would have no particularly useful information as to the causes of her comas.

He could, of course, testify as to what he had *not* done. He could dispute the damning testimony of Sunny's maid, Maria Schrallhammer, and her son, Alexander, and deny that he had placed insulin, the alleged murder weapon, in the black bag or in the needle. The necessity for him to do so would depend, we said, on how strong the state's emotional—or, as we called it, "soap opera"—portion of their case turned out to be.

We approached the trial with Claus ready to testify if he had to, but hoping that he would not have to expose himself to the risky shoals of cross-examination. As the time came for him to make the decision, Claus and Andrea called me daily for my opinion. Finally, on the weekend before the final decision had to be made, he asked me to come down to Providence for a "summit meeting."

I drove down to Rhode Island with my older son, Elon, who always advises me on my tough cases. He is a professional magician and entertainer and has excellent insights into audience reaction. "You and I both do the same thing," he would chide me, "sleight of hand—making things appear to be what they're not."

Early on in the case, I brought Claus to watch Elon perform at a local restaurant. As Elon was making coins, silks, and cards disappear, Claus bellowed in a loud voice that brought looks and laughs from our neighbors: "Do you think you could make a little black bag disappear?"

I asked Elon for his "audience reaction" to Claus's not taking the witness stand. He told me why he thought Claus would make a much better "silent witness" than "talking witness." He said, "There's a certain haughty mystique about him. He seems impenetrable, unflappable. I

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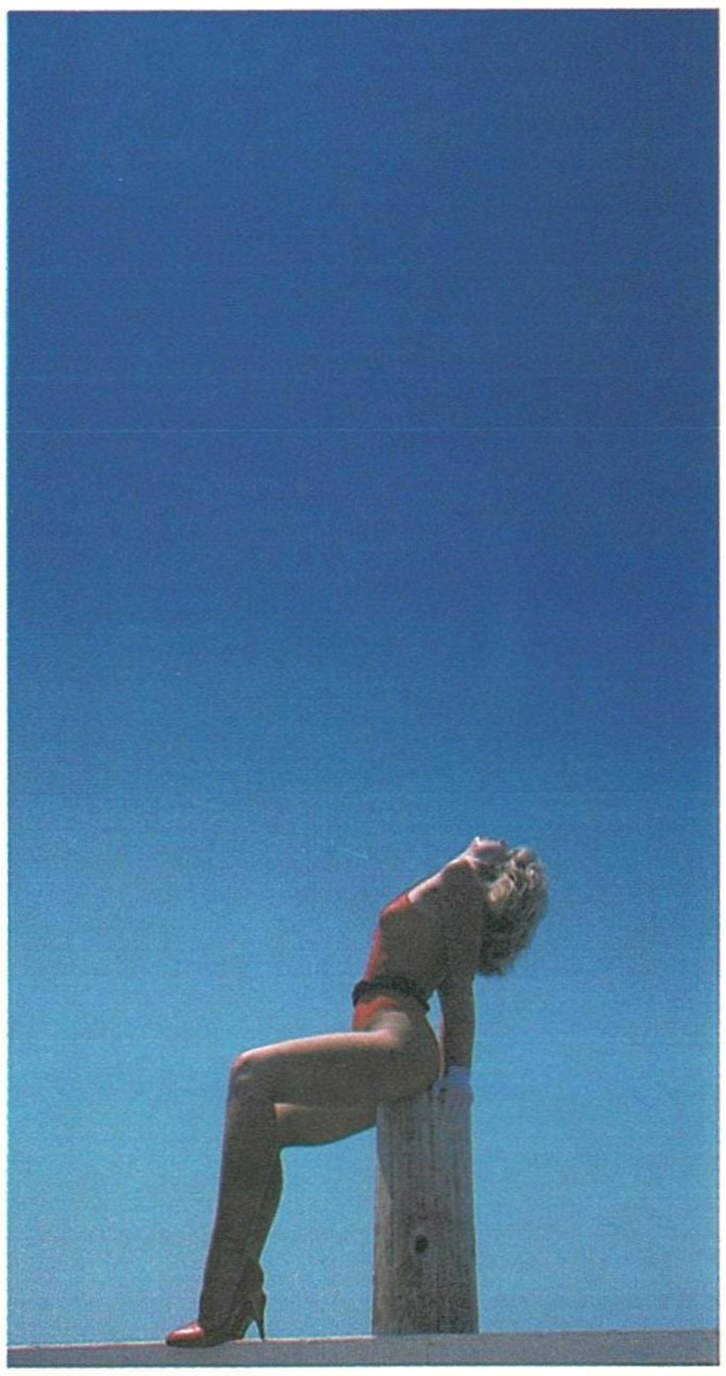
MICHELLE

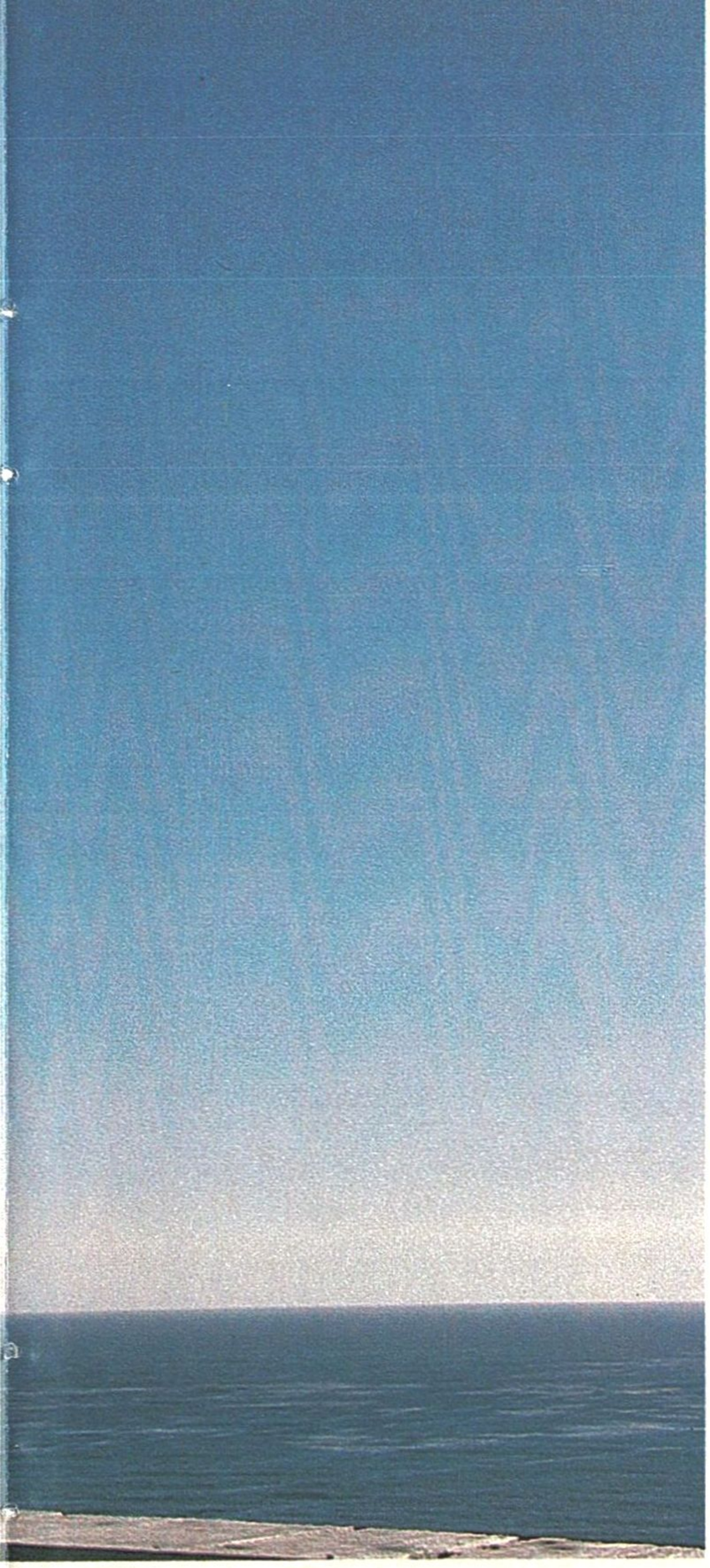
"I like sophisticated pleasures—silk, fine wines, diamonds—all the traditional aphrodisiacs. But I like my men simple, not simpleminded, of course, but with simple hearts."

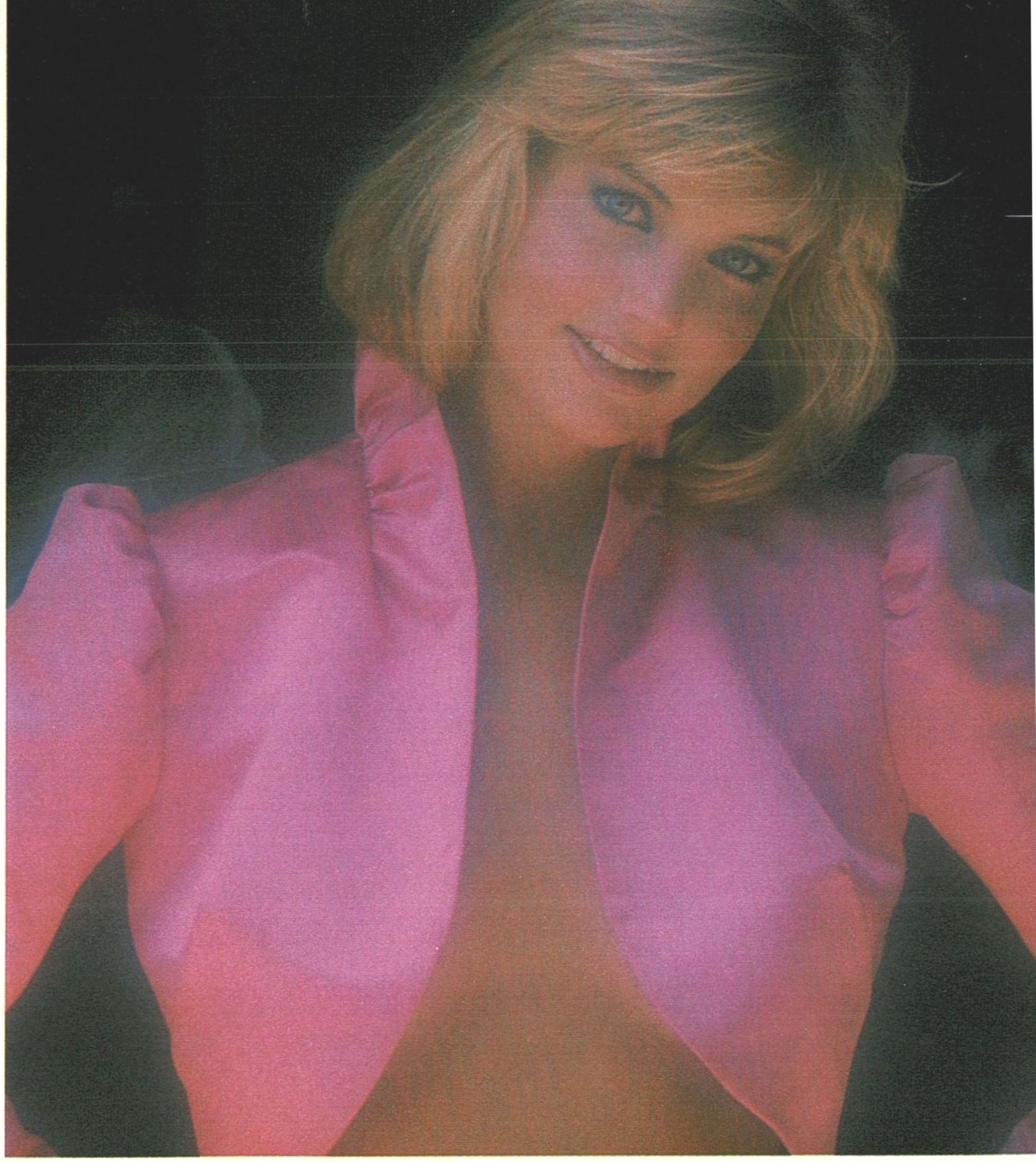


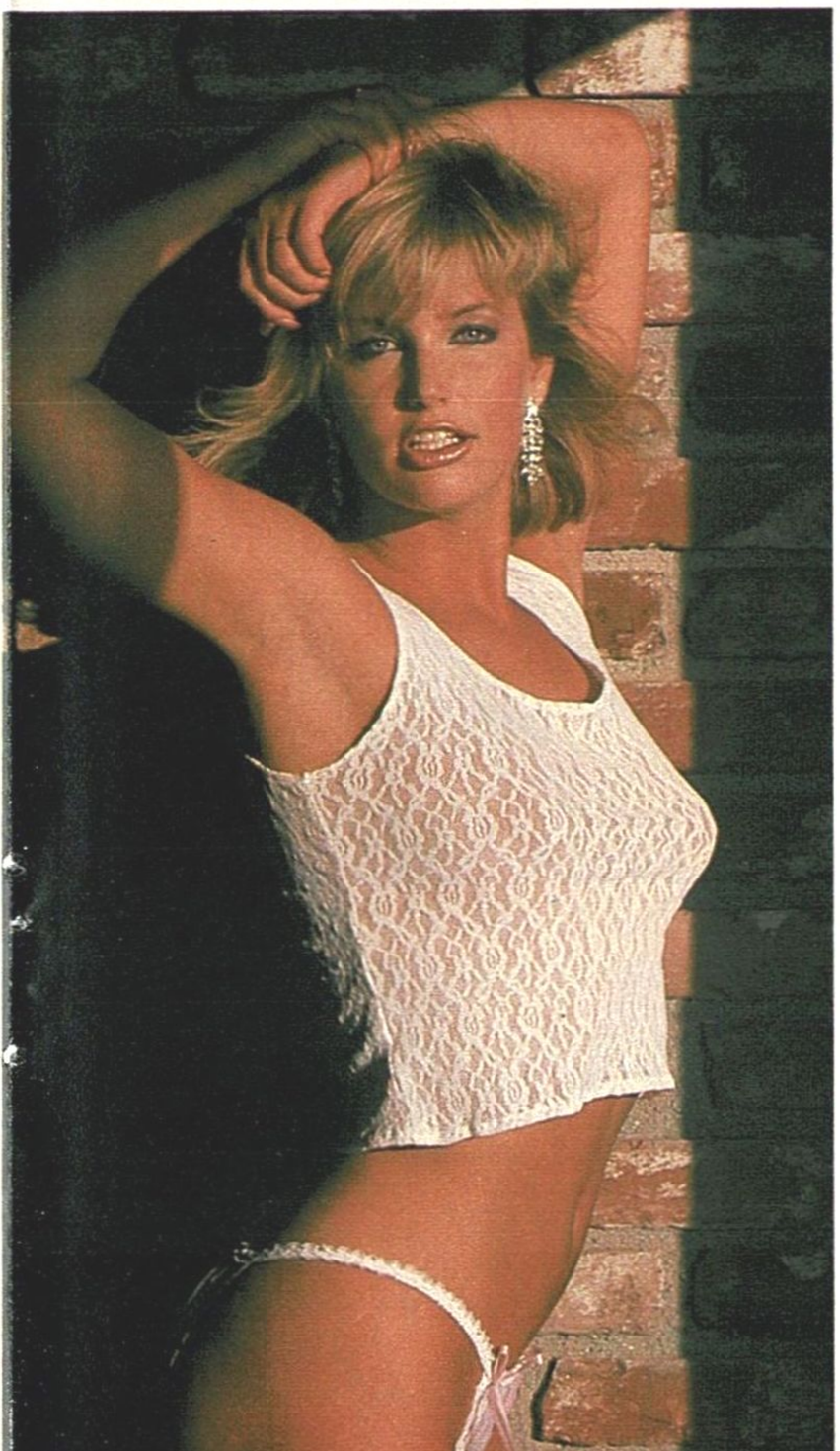
GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS

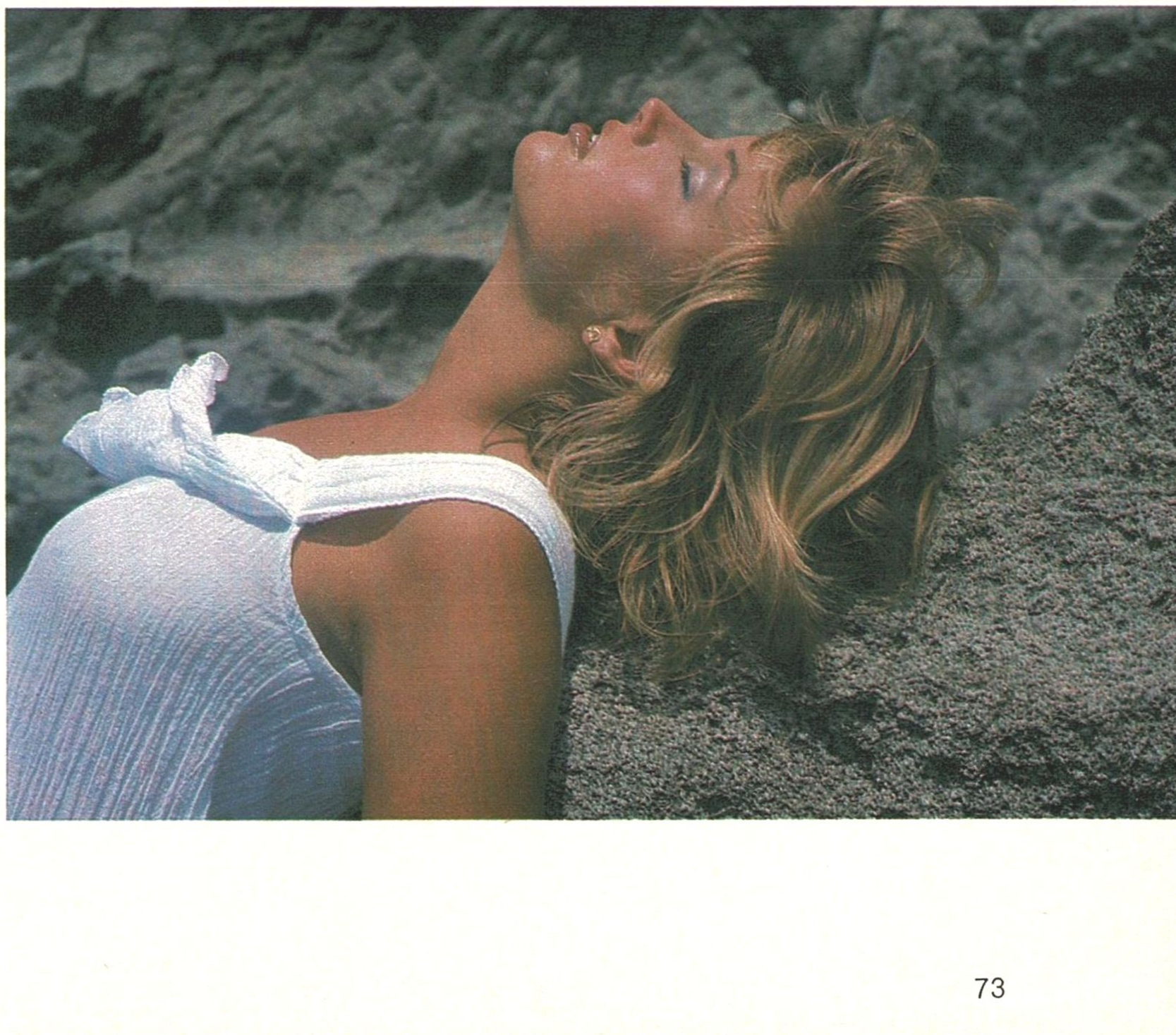
"There's this idea that the West Coast is drowsy and laid-back as far as business, sophistication, and the arts go," claims March Pet of the Month Michelle Walker. "I've lived in the East, too, and what may have been true once isn't anymore." The better part of this 20-year-old's East Coast experience came at a demanding upstate New York college, supplemented with occasional forays into Manhattan. To give you an idea of the fierce intellect behind her beauty, Michelle finished a four-year program in three years. "Then it was right back to California—fast!" Now in business school, she's preparing to guide one day the destiny of a major corporation. "I think there's a new age dawning out there . . . an age of power and elegance. We're seeing this century's gold rush, and I plan to establish myself early in the game."

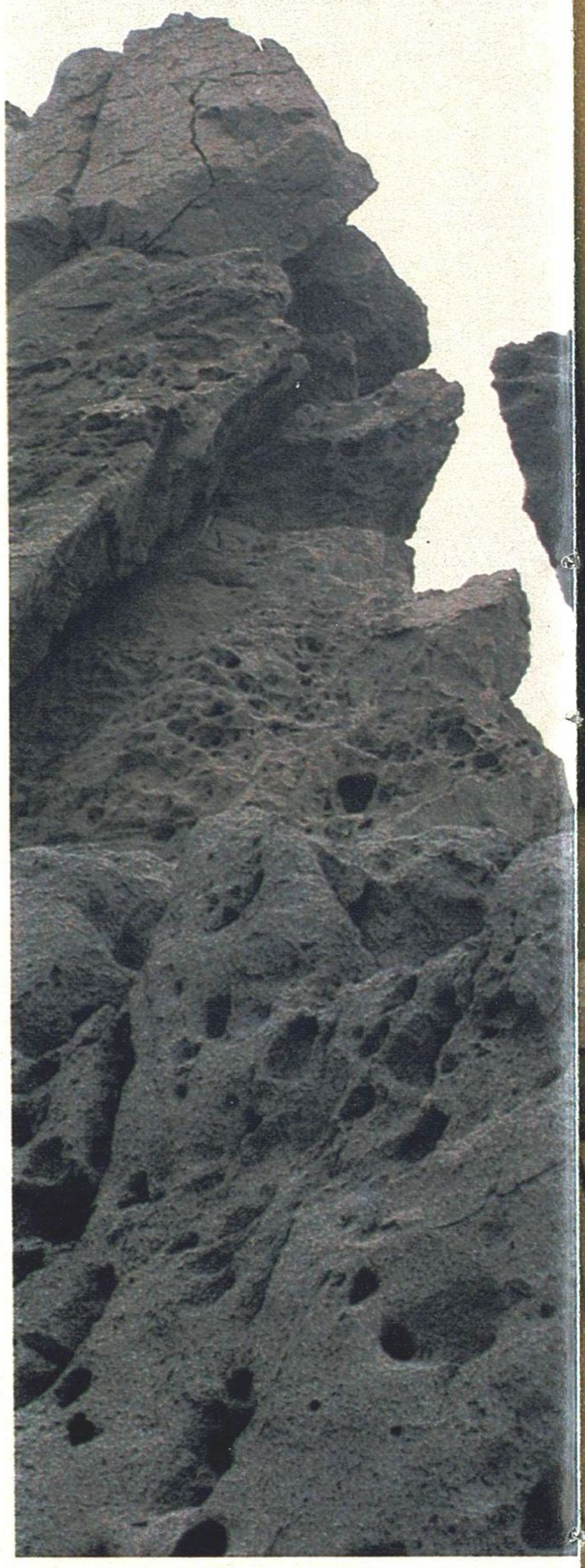
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

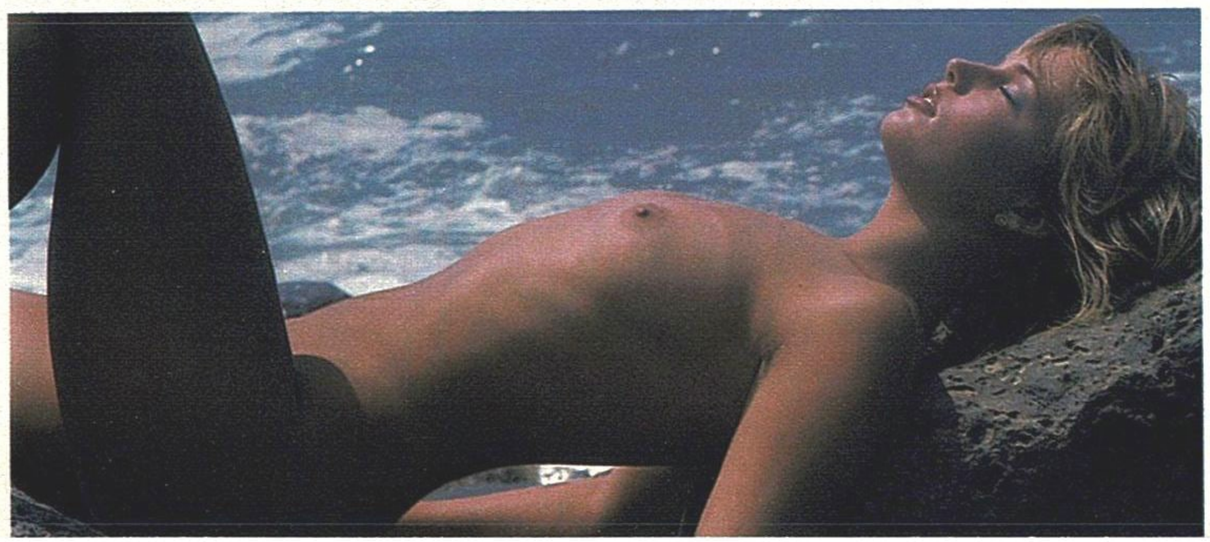


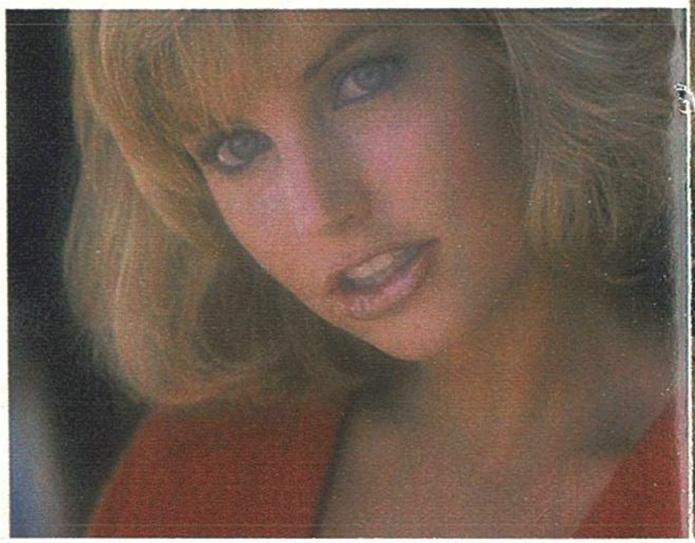






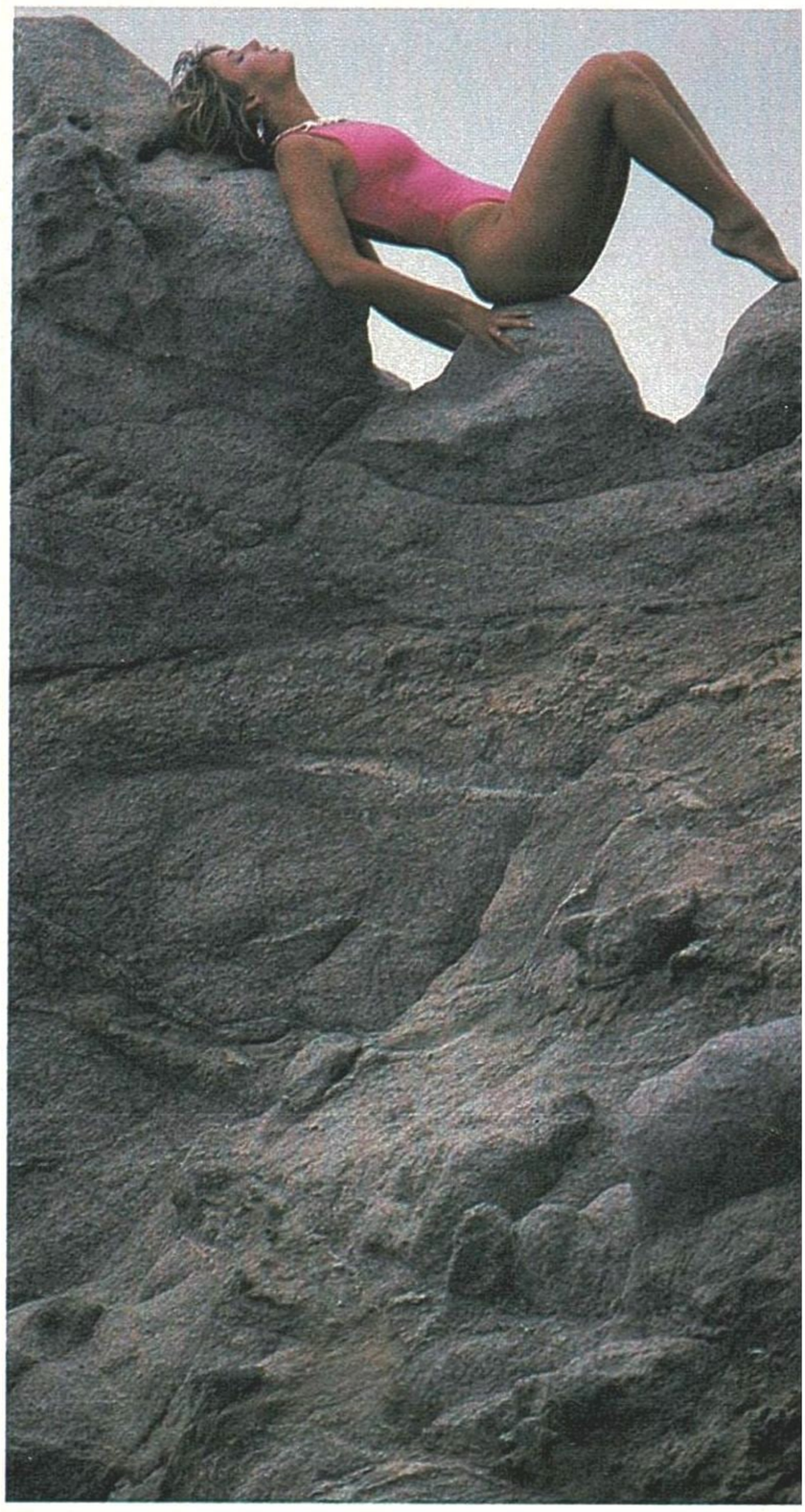




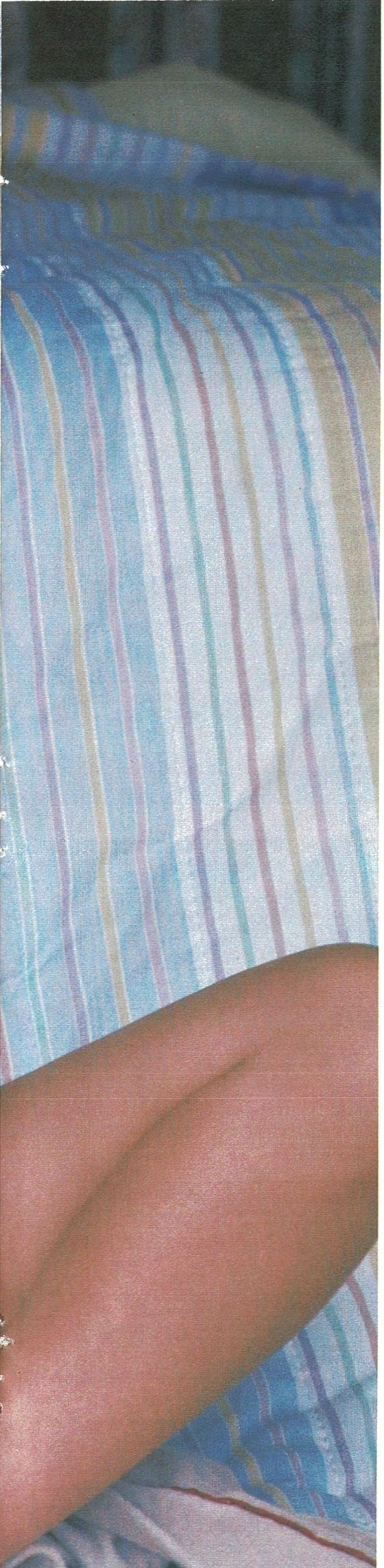


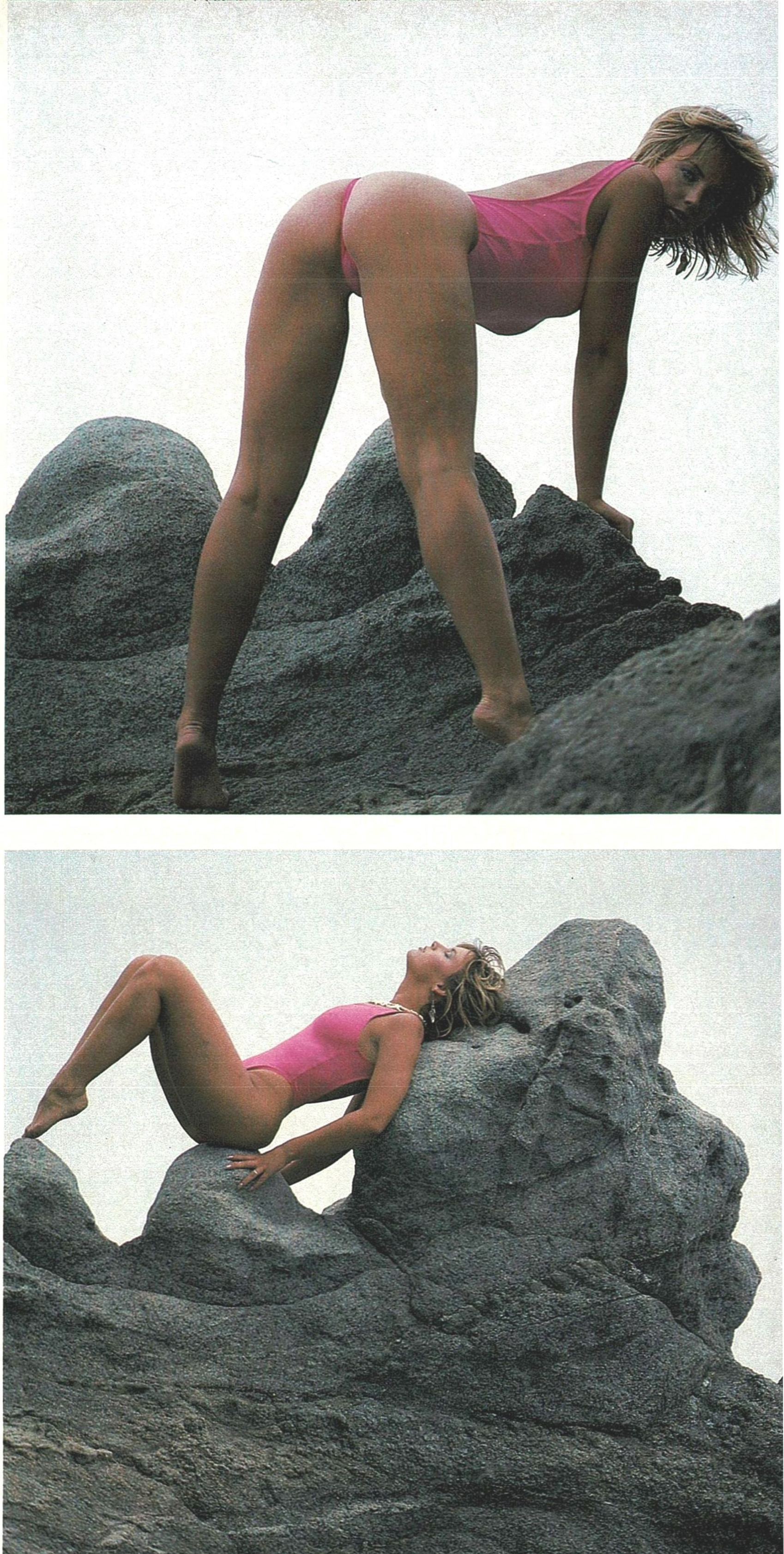
Bright, brash, *and* 34-23-34, Michelle has a natural store of confidence. Nor is there any of the shallowness for which the Yuppie generation is known. "How I hate that word!" Actually, she has very little of the conformist about her.

"I like sophisticated pleasures—silk, fine wines, diamonds—all the traditional aphrodisiacs. But I like my men simple, not simpleminded, of course, but with simple hearts."



But an ideal man? "A man who has a tux that doesn't smell like mothballs, who's not afraid to ruin it by walking along a beach at sunrise." And, most of all, a man who never loses sight of the bottom line.





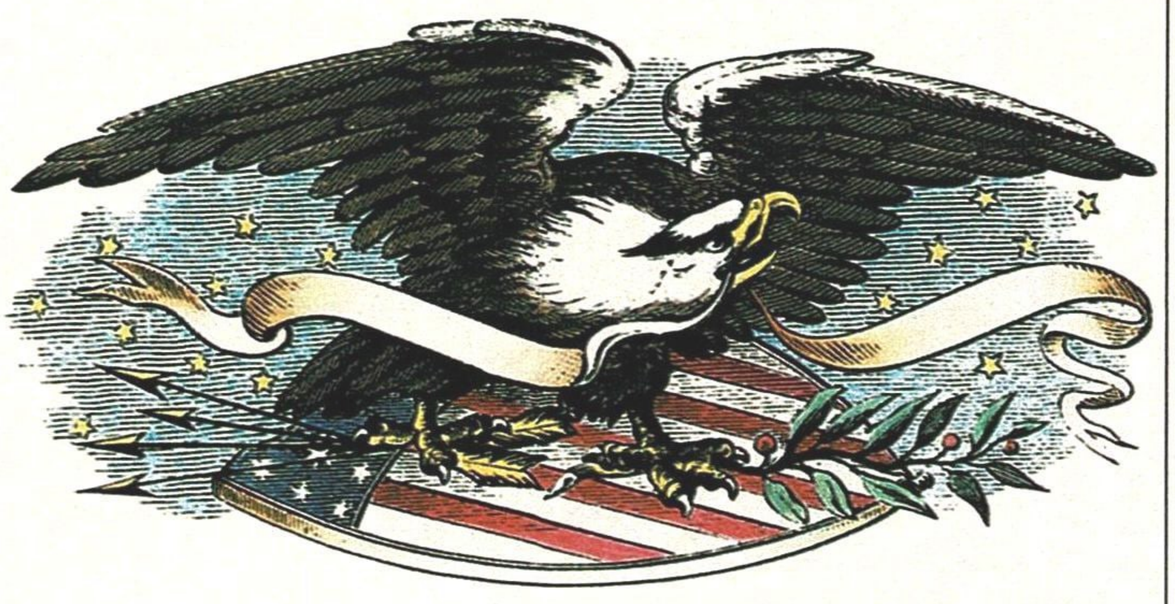
"He should know that sensuality is inexhaustible . . . that when you think you've reached the end of it, you really have whole worlds to go."

From evening dress, to boardroom, to skinny-dipping, Michelle embodies what some might label contradictions. "Not at all," she says, "my contradictions are just mysteries you haven't solved yet."

MISS MICHELLE WALKER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

"The bond of loyalty between an officer and his men was undermined by the Army's officer-rotation system in Vietnam."

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER



As loose talk on the Pentagon cocktail circuit has it, what America needs most right now is a manageable little war. More than 12 years have passed since the U.S. Army pulled out of Vietnam, and career officers whose mettle has never been tested under fire are now rising to the battalion-command level. Though the war talk is generally dismissed as the banter of professional soldiers, it underscores the absolute premium our army places on combat command. Many experts now blame that emphasis for the misguided policy of continually rotating officers in Vietnam, a leadership merry-go-round in which the only constant was an increasingly seasoned enemy.

The soldiers who may have paid the greatest price for this short-cycle substitution—which one battalion commander in Vietnam likened to being run through a mill—were the young infantrymen who were led into combat against veteran fighters by frequently raw and inexperienced officers. Because the six-month rotations extended from the company level all the way to the brigade-command level, the young field officers were themselves forced to make life-and-death decisions for men whose trust they had yet to earn, on orders from superiors they didn't really know.

"That kind of shuffling was absolutely the wrong thing to do. The officers were basically just punching tickets," says Colonel Harry C. Holloway, chairman of psychiatry at the Uniform Services University of Health Sciences. "I think the Army was using the industrial model, whereby you rotate people through all phases of a business so that the eventual leadership knows how the whole thing works. But the point in war is not to balance the books in regard to profit and loss. It's a much more deadly business."

Constantly shifting personalities in key leadership positions inevitably worked to undermine the American forces. After the war, North Vietnamese generals cited the short rotation cycles as one of our military's greatest weaknesses, stating that we never got to know our enemy. For officers who watched at every level of command as the fabric of troop cohesion was rent by the rapid-fire turnover, the implications were even more disturbing. We never really got to know ourselves.

General Bruce Palmer (ret.)—then a lieutenant colonel—witnessed the effects of rapid officer rotation while fighting in the Pacific during World War II. When his command took on a new crop of inexperienced lieutenants and noncommissioned officers, the increase in casualties and loss of effectiveness nearly wrecked the division. Not surprisingly, when the short officer-rotation cycle was introduced early in Vietnam, one of the staunchest critics was Palmer, a field-force commander with three stars and plenty of firsthand experience. "It was just as bad in Vietnam, and that constant change in leadership had a devastating effect on morale," he says. "There was not enough time to get to know your own people, to get to know the country, or to get to know the enemy. In the end we rotated so much that it was not as if we fought one ten-year war, but rather ten one-year wars."

If the short rotations resulted in the lack of a clear perspective and goals at the strategic level, the problems compounded themselves as orders worked their way down a command chain in a state of constant flux. One former battalion commander—now at the Pentagon—remembers that short rotation led, in some cases, to a more reckless leadership. "A battalion commander might come in looking for some glory and attention, and thus go out looking to get in a big fight. At least with a longer tour he'd have to be more careful about burning his men out, because he's stuck with them," he says.

For a young captain in charge of a rifle company, six months might be enough time to learn the names of his men and keep track of the flapping Rolodex of his superiors, but not enough to balance the two in that crucial equilibrium wherein casualties are minimized and missions accomplished. Certainly there is no time to remember an infantryman's 19th birthday or to ask him about his girl back home, the kind of details that form the bulwark of troop morale. Junior officers with no relationship with their commander also feel particularly vulnerable in questioning an order, even when they see it needlessly endangering their men.

For the young infantrymen, the clatter of rotation bells created a queasy anxiety not unlike what most teenagers their age were feeling during their first few weeks at a new school. Instead of a lenient teacher, however, they were praying for someone with enough command savvy to get them out alive. They followed their officer into booby-trapped jungles and occupied villages, and protected him once they got there. He held the crucial radio lifeline to evacuation and fire support. Yet implicit in that unspoken bond between an officer and his men was an expectation of loyalty, which was undermined by the constant comings and goings caused by the officer-rotation system.

Not surprisingly, a number of psychiatrists believe that the lack of a cohesive leadership led to many of the readjustment problems experienced by Vietnam veterans. "My patients frequently talk about the huge turnover of officers, and how many of the men felt that the inexperienced officers put them into needless danger. Those men have often had trouble since the war dealing with authority in civilian life," says Dr. Lawrence Kolb, a psychiatrist at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Albany, New York.

Today the Army requires that officers serve in a command for no less than two years, and only after qualifying for a special command list. It's another costly legacy of Vietnam: the realization that giving a lot of commanders a little bit of combat experience is not necessarily the same thing as training good commanders, and is certainly no way to fight a war.—*James Kitfield*

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"People have broken out of the fundamentalist fold after finding its yoke intolerable, only to discover that the nightmare doesn't end when they're out: chronic depression . . . loneliness and isolation . . . years spent in therapy . . . and, sometimes, suicidal tendencies."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY RICHARD YAO

The author, the founder and executive director of Fundamentalists Anonymous, is a lawyer with degrees from the Yale Divinity School and the New York University School of Law. He has worked in a major Wall Street law firm.

WHY WE MAKE JERRY FALWELL MAD

In less than a year, Fundamentalists Anonymous—a nonprofit support organization for people burned by the fundamentalist or charismatic experience—has come out of nowhere to become a national phenomenon.

In the past few months, thousands of people from across the country have called or written our office in New York City for help. The response has come from every state in the Union. It represents a cross section of American society. And it's coming mostly from people with "mainstream" fundamentalist or charismatic backgrounds. They are people who watch TV evangelists like Jerry Falwell, Jimmy Swaggart, and Pat Robertson. If there's anything these people are telling us, it is that the fundamentalist or charismatic experience can be a serious mental-health hazard.

It's the same basic story again and again. People have broken out of the fundamentalist fold after finding its yoke intolerable, only to discover that the nightmare doesn't end when they're out. This is supposed to happen only to those leaving religious cults, not to people leaving "mainstream" fundamentalism. But it's happening to them, too. Years of overwhelming fear, guilt, and anxiety. Chronic depression. Low self-esteem. Self-condemnation. Loneliness and isolation. Bitterness and anger. Oftentimes, years spent in therapy. And, sometimes, suicidal tendencies.

It's a damning story. A story of how the journey to the promised land degenerated into an endless trek of fear, guilt, and anxiety. A story of how the promise of the "abundant life" turned into a curse. A story of the painful and traumatic exodus from fundamentalism. It's a collective story that indicts fundamentalism and exposes the underbelly of the most powerful religiopolitical movement in America—and, perhaps, the world.

Doctrinally, fundamentalism is characterized by: the literal interpretation of the Bible; the notion of separatism, the belief that Christians should set themselves apart from the "ungodly" or "sinful" world; and aggressive proselytizing. But fundamentalism is more a mind-set than a set of doctrines. The doctrines are ultimately tools, excuses, or justification for this mind-set.

Fundamentalism is authoritarian, intolerant, and compulsive about imposing itself on the rest of society. It tends to see everything in black and white, as good or evil, right or wrong. It is an all-or-nothing mind-set, one that is acutely unable to compromise. Looked at this way, it shows much similarity to the mind-set of Islamic fundamentalists.

The fundamentalist mind-set can be seen as a diseased way of processing reality. The insistence on separation from the "sinful" world is really a massive attempt at denying a reality that doesn't coincide with the fundamentalist beliefs. People trapped in this mind-set live in a world of fantasy and make-believe. They want quick fixes—whether in marriage,

family, health, or sexuality. Many are embarked on a quest to attain an ever-increasing "spiritual" high.

Why hasn't this story been told before? There must be a number of reasons. But it can be partially explained by "rape victim syndrome." Just like rape victims, ex-fundamentalists have been silent, blaming themselves for their bad experience and accepting the derogatory term "backsliders" heaped on them by fundamentalists. Until now.

In addition to exposing the fact that fundamentalism can be a serious mental-health hazard, the thousands who have called or written us are revealing its social effects.

A third of our calls and letters come from people with loved ones caught up in fundamentalism. All over America, fundamentalism is breaking up families, marriages, and relationships. A typical story goes like this: One family member gets converted to fundamentalism and overnight undergoes drastic personality changes. The new convert tries to "save" the rest of the family. If this attempt is unsuccessful, the convert is often told to shun the family, since it is "unsaved" and even "demonic." Despite its claim to be profamily, fundamentalism is probably one of the biggest threats to the American family!

We are also hearing from many with Jewish or Catholic backgrounds who have been involved in fundamentalism. From this is emerging a picture of a very intense and well-financed effort to convert members of the Jewish and Catholic communities. Whatever happened to good old-fashioned respect for other people's religious beliefs?

The stories we're hearing also reveal a chilling reality. Fundamentalism is at the root of a creeping authoritarianism that is engulfing millions of people across the nation. They are being programmed to live lives of "submission," "obedience," and "total surrender." In theory, this "submission" or "total surrender" is to God. In practice, it is given to His self-anointed earthly surrogates.

Fundamentalism claims to be "prolife." But, ironically, thousands of people are telling us they left fundamentalism because they found it to be fundamentally antilife. If an activity is fun, enjoyable, or pleasurable, it must be evil. If it's human, it must be bad. Why should a teenager going through puberty feel guilty about sexual desires or thoughts? Isn't that what puberty is all about? Why should an 18-year-old be guilty and anxious about attending her senior prom with a handsome date and dancing to some pop music? (Her fundamentalist preacher had warned her there would be "Satanic" music and "lust" at the senior prom.) What's wrong with having good clean fun, dancing to pop music with someone you have a crush on? Isn't that part of growing up in America?

Perhaps the unpardonable sin of fundamentalism is its effort to make people suspicious and afraid of their own minds, their own logic and thinking process. Any thought that contradicts the fundamentalist dogmas is labeled "Satanic" or "demonic." If we cannot depend on our minds to process reality and make choices and decisions in life, then we are more likely to depend on fundamentalist preachers like Falwell or Swaggart. How can a democracy survive if all of us renounce reason, thinking, and logic?

Why does Fundamentalists Anonymous make Jerry Falwell mad? Because ex-fundamentalists are powerful spokespersons against fundamentalism for the same reason the survivors of the Holocaust are devastating spokespersons against fascism: We both speak from experience!

Fundamentalists like Falwell are already trying to discredit and muffle Fundamentalists Anonymous because they see its potential. Falwell has debated us on national TV. We have been attacked shrilly in a conservative syndicated column. Two of our contact persons have been subjected to economic boycott. Our national office has received threats from fundamentalists. This is an unusual amount of attention being lavished on a group that is barely a year old. One that can't afford to buy a copier or to pay any salary to its full-time staff—a group, in fact, that's almost broke!

Jerry Falwell understands the potential of Fundamentalists Anonymous. Will the concerned general public see what he sees in us? Why does Fundamentalists Anonymous make Jerry Falwell mad? Because our collective story provides a damning picture of what life under fundamentalism is like. Because the average person can understand our powerful stories much better than abstract concepts like First Amendment rights or separation of church and state. Yes, our stories are hitting home! As the Good Book says, you shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free.

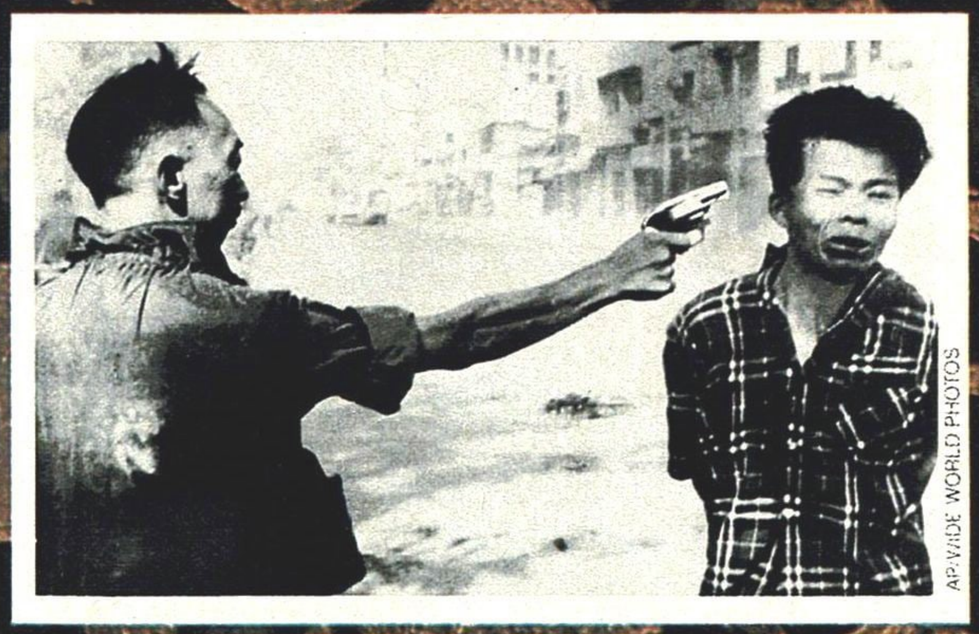
We urgently need your support for our nationwide "speak out" campaign to tell people about the nature of the fundamentalist mind-set and experience. Through the media and a blitz of major cities this year, we are getting the message out. Fundamentalists Anonymous is not just an organization; it is a movement. People are taking out ads in local papers for us. They are getting us listed in their local phone directories. They are organizing fund-raisers for us. Housewives and students are flying into our New York national office to help. With about $30,000, we have ignited a nationwide movement with more than 150 chapters forming across the country. With your support, we can do so much more! Call (212) 696-0420, or write Fundamentalists Anonymous, P.O. Box 20324, Greeley Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10001. Help us speak out! Our past must not become your future.

Why does Fundamentalists Anonymous make Jerry Falwell mad? Because he knows that by our speaking out, we will encourage all the decent and reasonable people in America to speak out, too!

Ten years after the close of a brutal war, Vietnam is now fighting poverty and isolation.

VIETNAM REVISITED

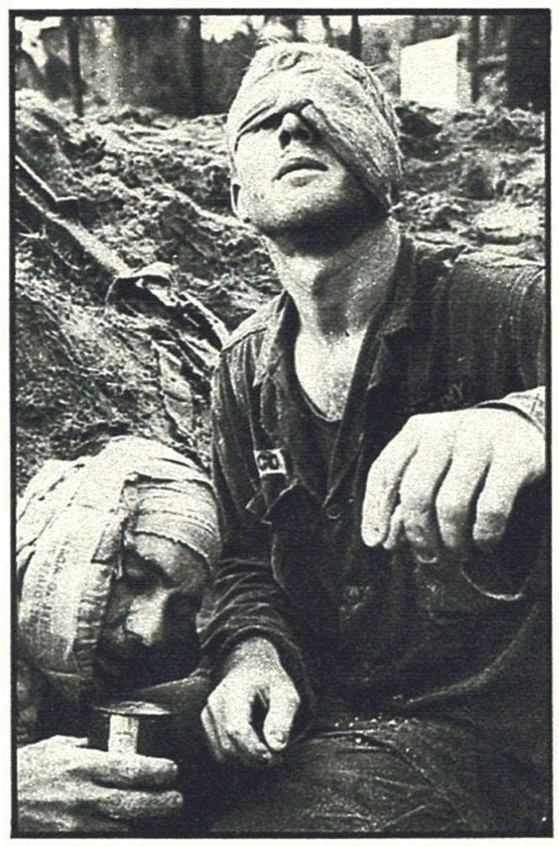
TEXT BY CLAUDIA VALENTINO



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER PILLITZ

"In northern Vietnam, people seem more militant and they really don't like to be photographed. In the South, everyone appears much more easygoing. . . ."

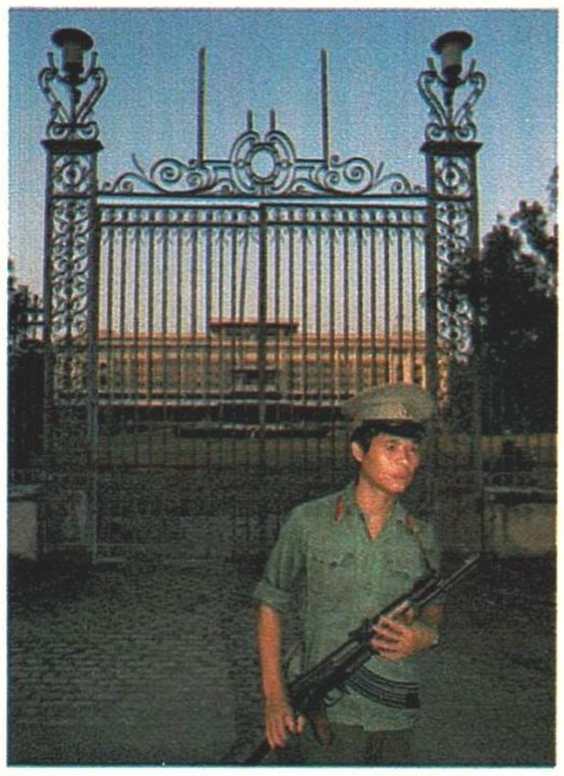


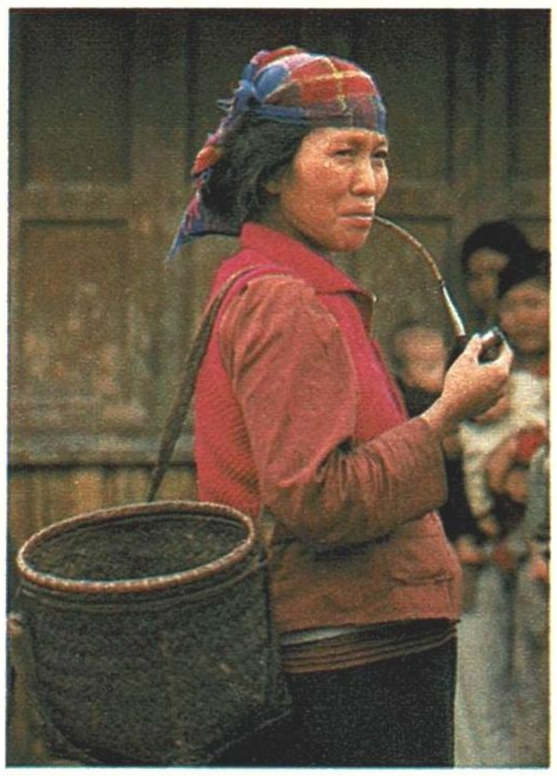
AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

In March of last year, Argentine-born photojournalist Christopher Pillitz traveled over 6,000 kilometers in one month—from the north tc the south of Vietnam—in order to discover what scars and remnants of the war he might find on the land and in the people of Vietnam. Pillitz, who is 27, recalls that he was only 17 when the war ended, but he always had, as he says, "a strange fascination with this war being fought so far away" yet claiming so much media attention in the West. Once the United States withdrew, news coverage of Vietnam became sporadic, but he resolved to visit as a professional photojournalist.

Pillitz's itinerary was, as a matter of course, approved by the Vietnamese Foreign Ministry. He was obliged to travel with a guide, and although he is certain that his visit was somewhat restricted, his photos capture conditions in what is now a thoroughly impoverished, but sometimes quite beautiful, country.

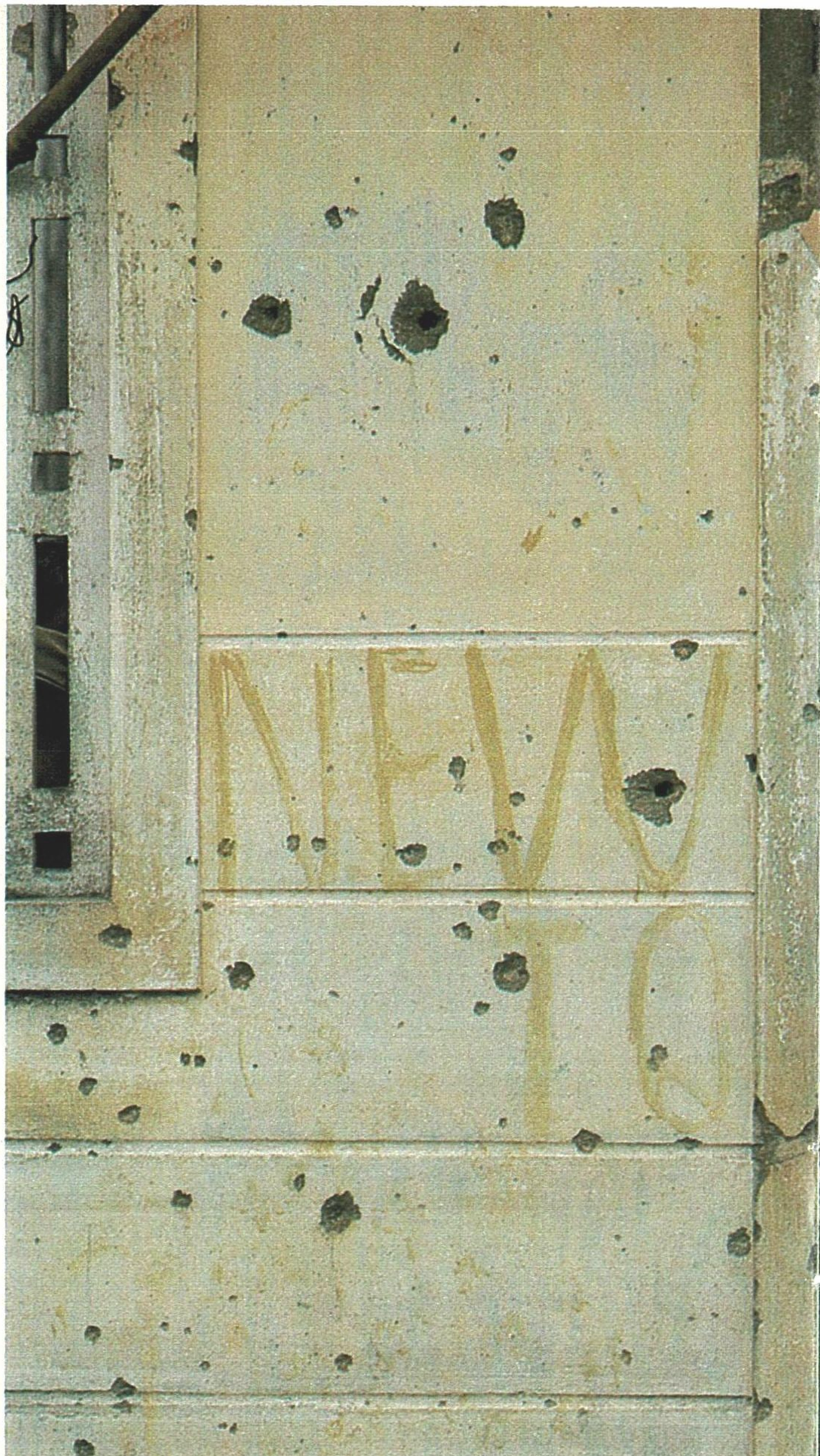
As a photographer, Pillitz prefers generally to let his pictures speak for themselves, and it's appropriate that he does since so many of our memories of the

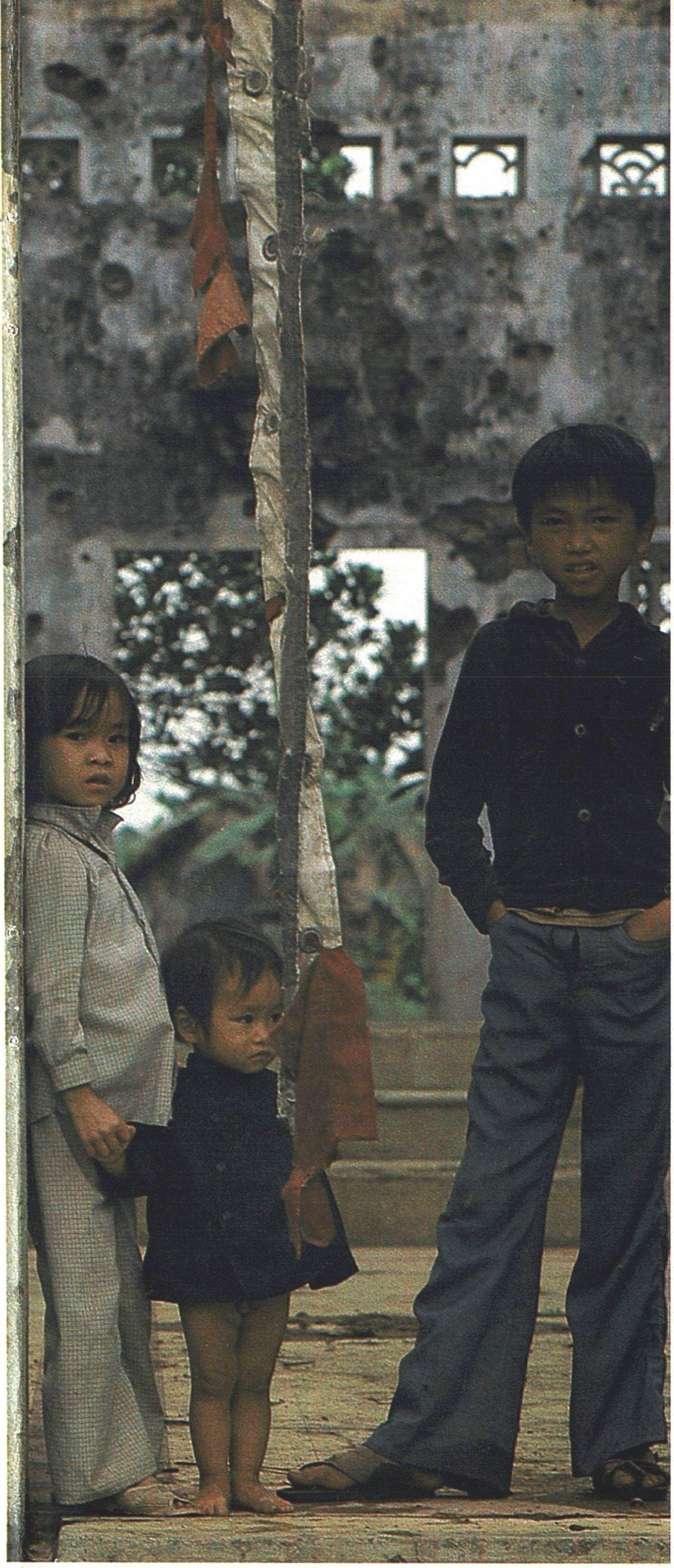


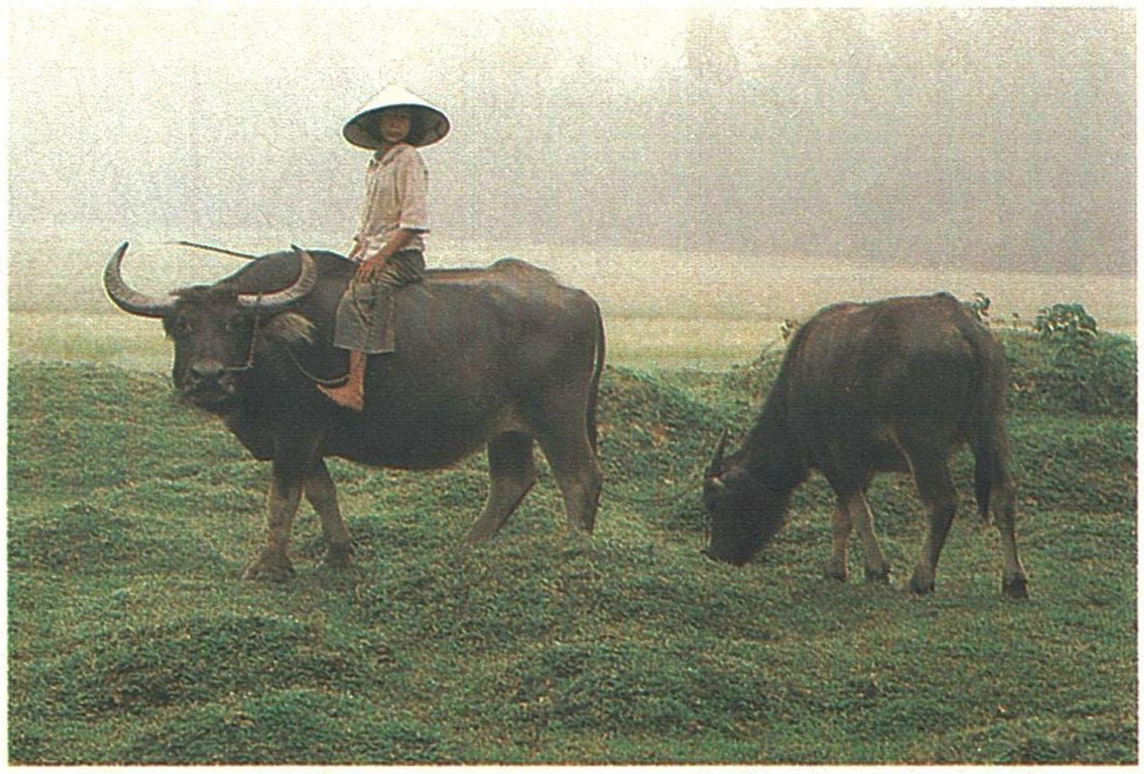


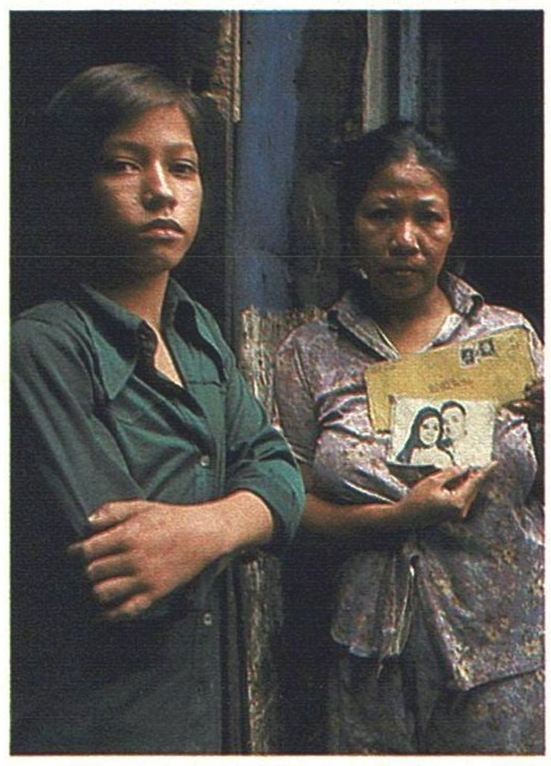
Vietnam War are visual. Our TV screens during those years were filled with violent and incomprehensible scenes of guerrilla warfare being fiercely waged against a committed and powerful high-tech opponent. Several of those unforgettable images are juxtaposed in these pages against Pillitz's more current ones: the now-famous street execution of a Vietcong officer; wounded GIs awaiting rescue in a sandy trench; a young Vietnamese girl fleeing, naked, after an accidental napalm strike. Now, the startling variety of Pillitz's view brings our memories of Vietnam up to date.

Our withdrawal from Vietnam and the fall of Saigon and other cities are proudly celebrated in Vietnam with military parades and visits to military museums, but physical reminders of the war are quickly being removed by the government. Pillitz sought out the remains of military hardware—shells, tanks, and planes—abandoned along the various highways in the country. In fact, he says, "some peasants live along the roadsides, eking out a living from the collection and sale of scrap metal." Pillitz's scenes of children standing among the ruins of an abandoned church indicate the extent of the war's destruction. The famous gate of the Presidential Palace in Saigon, though—through which the first Communists came in tanks—now stands repaired. And children can be seen riding water buffalo outside Hanoi, over









bomb craters now covered with vegetation.

Pillitz found many parts of Vietnam to be "quite beautiful. The countryside was very moving—green and lush. The rural people were lovely and shy."

The cities, though, seem to embody all of Vietnam's problems. People travel through the teeming streets in rickshas, as they always have. Montagnards, or Vietnamese mountain people, pass through, women and men alike smoking pipes. Motorbikes and bicycles, too, are as ubiquitous as ever. Peasants squat on curbsides or on the river banks, selling vegetables and meat.

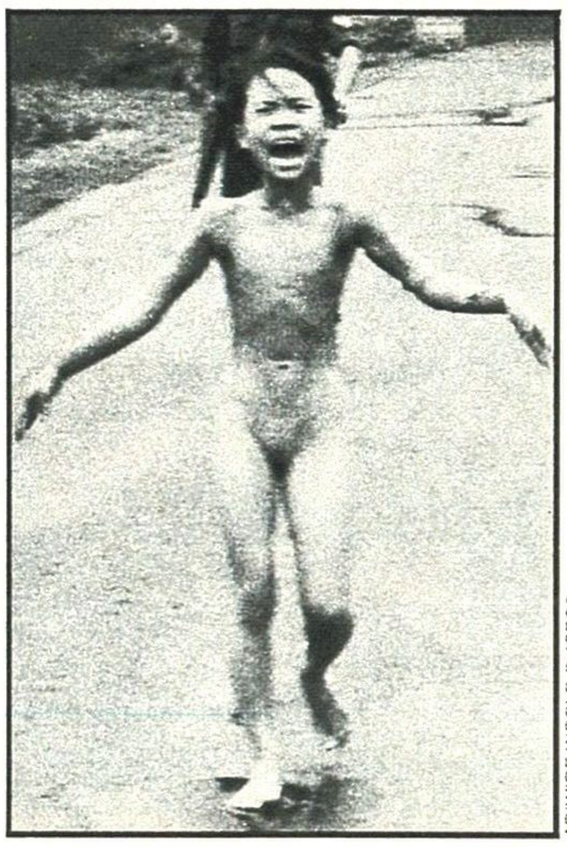
Yet in the midst of all this activity, Pillitz says, it is unmistakable that "Vietnam is in a very poor state of affairs. Morally and economically, the nation is very downhearted."

The Vietnamese economy is of great concern to the country's leadership. After dropping by 20 percent in 1975, per capita income has continued to decrease by two to three percent annually. None of the old infrastructure originally installed by France and the United States has been replaced.

Wages for the Vietnamese are shockingly low. It can take a woman employed in a carpet-manufacturing company one month to earn between 300 and 500 dongs, or the equivalent of one U.S. dollar on the black market. Arbitrary currency devaluations by the government steer people toward clandes-

"In Vietnam, Amerasians are a very sore point. People dissociate themselves from the problem. Many Amerasians don't go to school. They can't find legitimate employment, nor do they receive the state-provided food-ration coupons. They are simply street-wise, scrounging a living as best they can."

"Within several years it will be impossible to find any trace of the war with the U.S. The government has made every effort to remove the scars of the war."



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

tine economic activity and strengthen the black market, which has always been a feature of Vietnamese life. The government, in fact, recently resorted to taxing black-market revenues by 60 to 70 percent.

Pillitz reports that "people are desperate to get out of Vietnam. Families are split in half in order for some to emigrate to the U.S. For the 'chosen few,' it can take many months, if not years, to get out of Vietnam. Heavy bribes are involved, and those leaving can only take a few valuables out of the country." In 1985, the United States accepted only 13,000 refugees. Competition is fierce, particularly between Vietnamese and Amerasians, for seats on the one monthly flight.

For Americans, of course, the issue of Amerasians in Vietnam may be the most pointed. Of these offspring of American fighting men and Vietnamese

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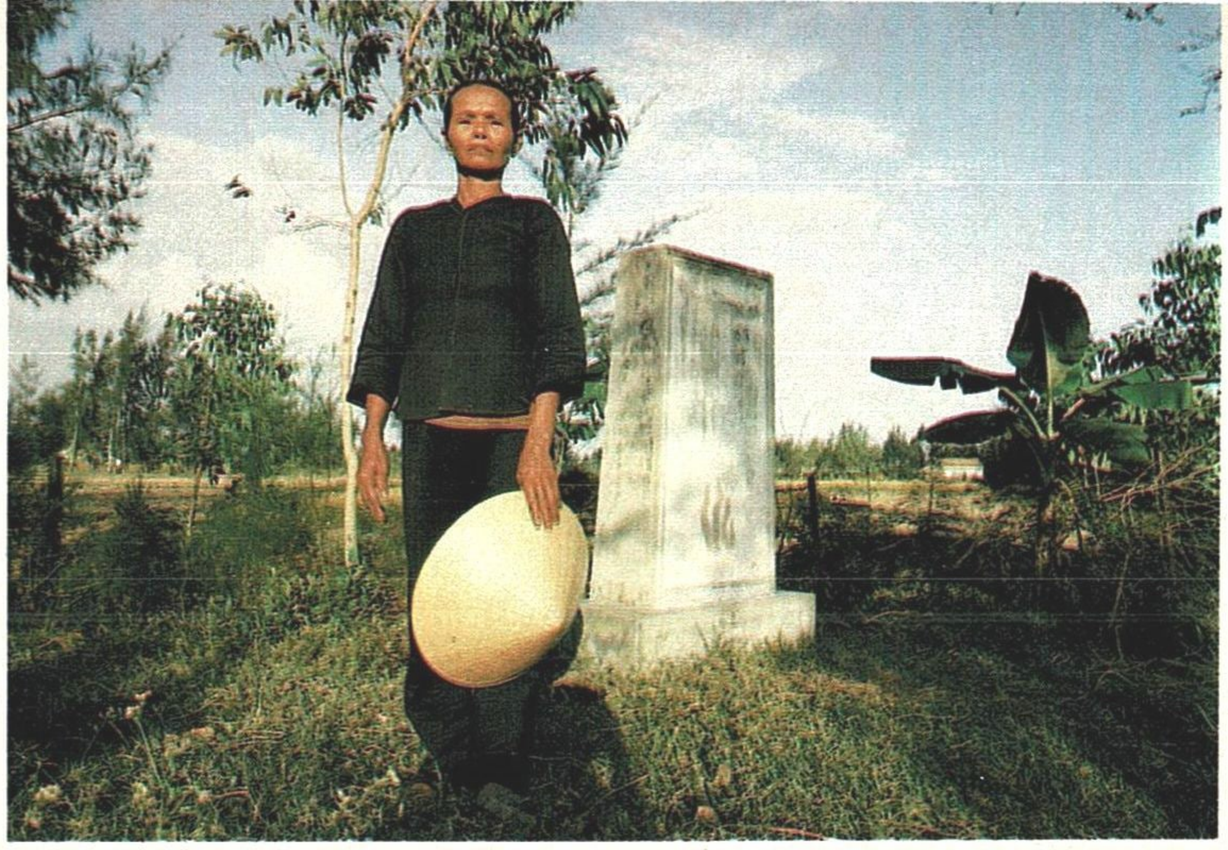

The war's horrors are still vivid for Phan Thi Thuan, one of only four survivors of the My Lai massacre (top right) and for visitors to the military museum in Hanoi (right), while others go about rebuilding their land.

REVERSAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

think he's made a relatively good impression on the jury just sitting there, reacting. Once he testifies, the mystery's gone, and everyone loves a mystery. His not testifying confirms all the doubt swirling around this case. It emphasizes the uncertainties. If he were to take the stand, everything that came before his testimony would be relegated to an 'opening act,' and who ever remembers the act that opens for Bruce Springsteen? If you want this to become focused completely on Claus, let him testify. If you want to focus the jury's attention away from him, you have to use the kinds of illusions and misdirections I try to use in my magic act. Let the jury think they know what he would say. But don't give it to them directly." It was excellent advice.

When we arrived in Providence, Claus, Andrea, Claus's daughter Cosima, my son, and I all went to dinner. As a gesture of defiance, Claus insisted that we go to one of the "banned" restaurants on "Arlene's hit list." The reference was to a list of restaurants that Attorney General Arlene Violet had prohibited her staff from patronizing because they were allegedly under Mafia control or frequented by members of organized crime. It had been alleged that several judges and prominent public officials—including the Rhode Island chief justice, who was then under investigation—could also be seen at these restaurants. As soon as the list was made public, it immediately became a kind of informal gourmet guide to downtown Providence, with everyone clamoring for a reservation. "Those guys really know how to eat," was a common refrain. It did almost as much for the restaurateurs on the list as a "Banned in Boston" label used to do for racy films.

We had an informal and pleasant dinner with little discussion of the case. My one job over dessert was to report to Claus my conclusions after listening to tapes of conversations between Claus, Andrea, and a young man named David Marriott, who recorded the talks surreptitiously. Marriott had come forward after the first trial with information that, if true, would help prove that Sunny's comas had been self-induced. But prior to the second trial, Marriott had completely changed his public posture. After demanding $35,000 for photographs he had taken from Claus's apartment—of Claus and Cosima in their "underwear," though it turned out they were wearing bathing suits—Marriott threatened to sell his story to the highest bidder. We refused to enter into the bidding. Marriott then offered his photographs, surreptitious tapes, and "memory" to the Rhode Island prosecutor, *People* magazine, "60 Minutes," and others. The only apparent taker was the Rhode Island attorney general's office, which "paid" Marriott by granting him immunity from prosecution for perjury in exchange for his tapes, his testimony, and his promise not to hold any press conferences. The district attorney of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, refused, however, to grant him immunity for the crime of secretly recording the conversations. Nevertheless, Marriott decided to become a witness for the prosecution.

Prior to the trial, we demanded and received copies of all tapes Marriott had made of conversations with Claus. It was crucial for us to know what was on them *before* we could advise Claus whether or not to testify, since the tapes could be used by the prosecution to cross-examine him. We had to be sure Claus had not said anything to Marriott that could come back to haunt him if he took the stand. I had not been so bored since the time I had to sit through the screening of six dirty films in a row for a case.

The tapes droned on hour after hour. I began to hate the sound of both Marriott's and von Bulow's voices. Marriott was constantly trying to impress Claus with his contacts in and knowledge of the drug community. Claus was at his most pompous, regaling Marriott with tales of European royalty, architecture, and culinary delights. Neither seemed to understand—or pay much attention to—the other. It was a meeting of mutual convenience between two different worlds.

> Andrea glared angrily. If she had her way, Claus von Bulow would be testifying. But the decision had been made: The jury would never hear his story.

But the tapes were important for one reason. Marriott's latest machination involved his public claims, made after his financial demands were repeatedly turned down, that he had known Claus for nine years, that he had actually delivered drugs to Claus, and that Claus, he, and Father Phillip Magaldi, a local priest, had concocted the story about drug deliveries to Alexander and Sunny.

The tapes proved unequivocally that these latest claims were utterly false. Had any of it been true, it would have been easy for Marriott, while secretly taping the conversation, to mention something consistent with his allegations, like, "Hey, Claus, remember the time . . ." Not only is there no such reference in any of the tapes, which ranged over numerous subjects and time frames, but all the tapes, every word, are consistent with his *original* story: that is, that they met in April 1982 and that Marriott said he could prove that he had delivered drugs to Alexander and Sunny.

This was important information in considering whether Claus should take the stand. We now knew that he was in no danger of being blindsided by the Marriott tapes. Marriott was becoming more and more of a noisy irrelevancy to the case as each day passed.

I told Claus that I had listened to the tapes, "and you are at your absolute worst." He gave me a quick, troubled glance, as if to ask, "What do you mean?" But I quickly went on, "You're an insufferable bore on the tapes, droning on and on about castles, barons, and Bordeaux wines. You helped put me to sleep on at least three occasions." I asked him to remind me "to bring a pillow the next time we have a long talk about anything but law." My description brought laughs from everyone at the table, especially Andrea and Cosima, who knew exactly what I meant. "Now you see what we have to go through at dinner parties and long evenings at home," Andrea quipped. "Those damn castles. That's all he ever talks about." Claus, looking a bit sheepish, promised to begin a moratorium on "castle talk," at least until the trial was over.

After dinner, we had our "summit meeting." Tom Puccio argued forcefully against Claus's taking the stand. "Would you be kind enough to play the devil's advocate," Claus asked me, "and argue in favor of my taking the stand?" Since I was somewhat more open to that possibility than Tom was, I agreed. But by that time, I had pretty much decided what my real advice would be. "Look," Tom said, "this is a medical case. No insulin in the needle. No insulin in the blood. No insulin in the bag. No insulin, period. The comas were caused by drugs, booze, sweets, and vomit. That's all there is to it. What does Claus have to add? Is he some kind of doctor or expert on insulin? I sure hope not," he added cynically.

I was reminded of the time we had had dinner together in a somewhat pretentious Italian restaurant where the maître d' gave every guest a title. "Professor," he said, motioning to me. "Countess," he pointed to Andrea. "Dr. von Bulow," he said deferentially, after which Claus responded, "They accuse me of giving two injections, and already I've become a doctor!"

When my turn came, I argued that Tom's advice would be right only if the jury didn't focus on the soap-opera testimony. I explained that my fear was that all this medical stuff was so complicated and boring that the jurors might say, "Look, what do we know about blood sugar and insulin levels? What we're experts on is life, love, and the motives people act on." If they focused on the "people" part of the case—the maid, the

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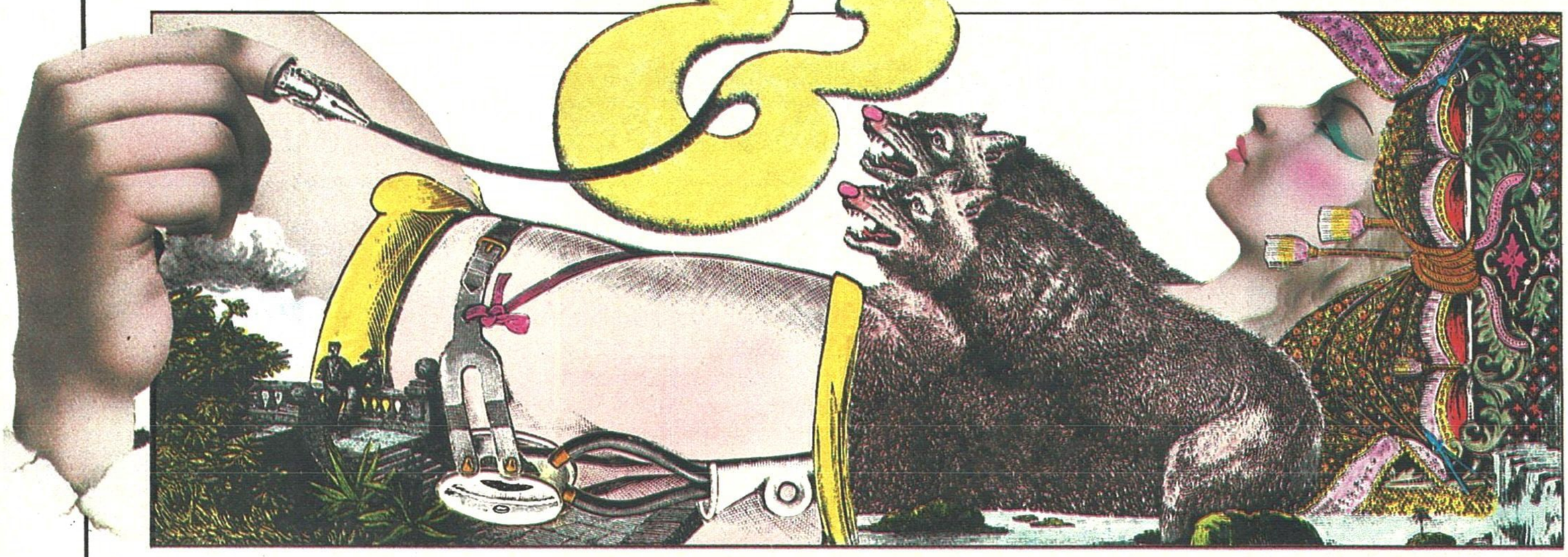
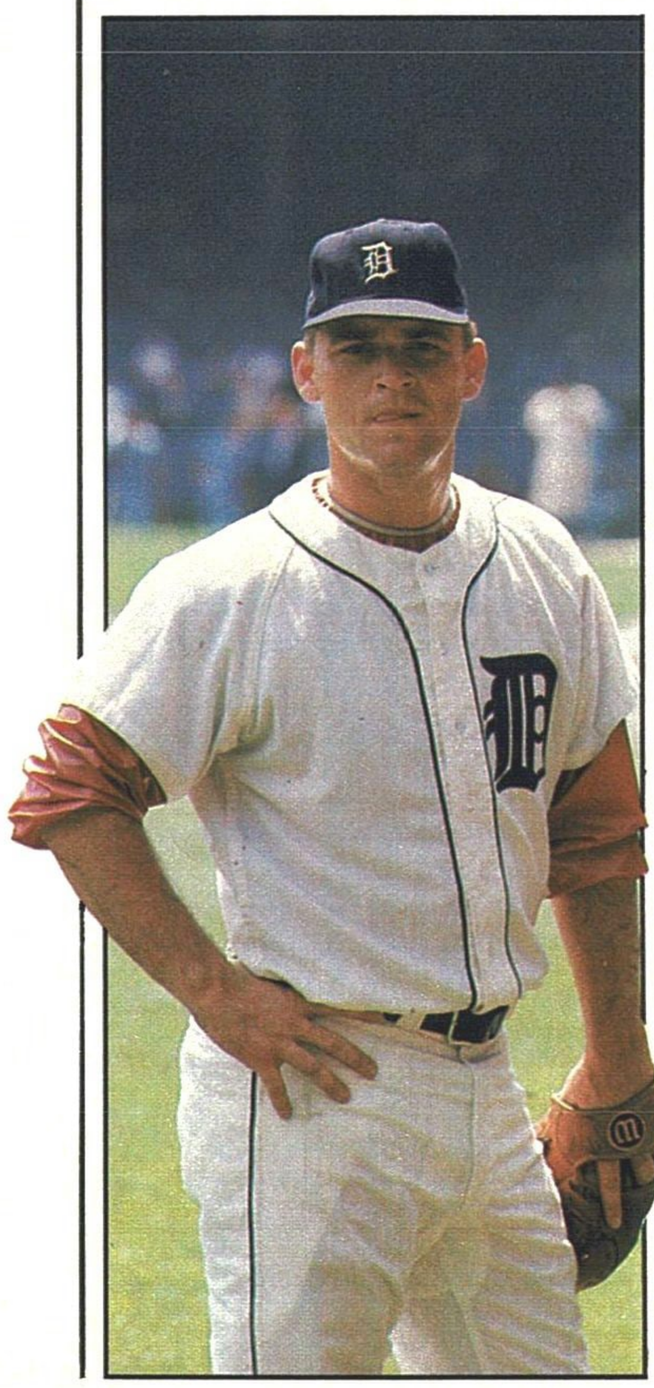
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



SPORTING AMERICA

Former Detroit Tiger pitching star Denny McLain, testifying in his trial on narcotics-peddling and racketeering charges, said he was so despondent about the allegations that he considered committing suicide. Asked why he had not done so, McLain replied, "I could not find the bullets."



HEADLINERS

Singer José Feliciano, discussing his idea of a TV special starring himself, Ray Charles, and Stevie Wonder, called it an "out-of-sight special."

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"I wish I had AIDS so I could shoot you. I wouldn't do it fast, but slow, from the toes up."

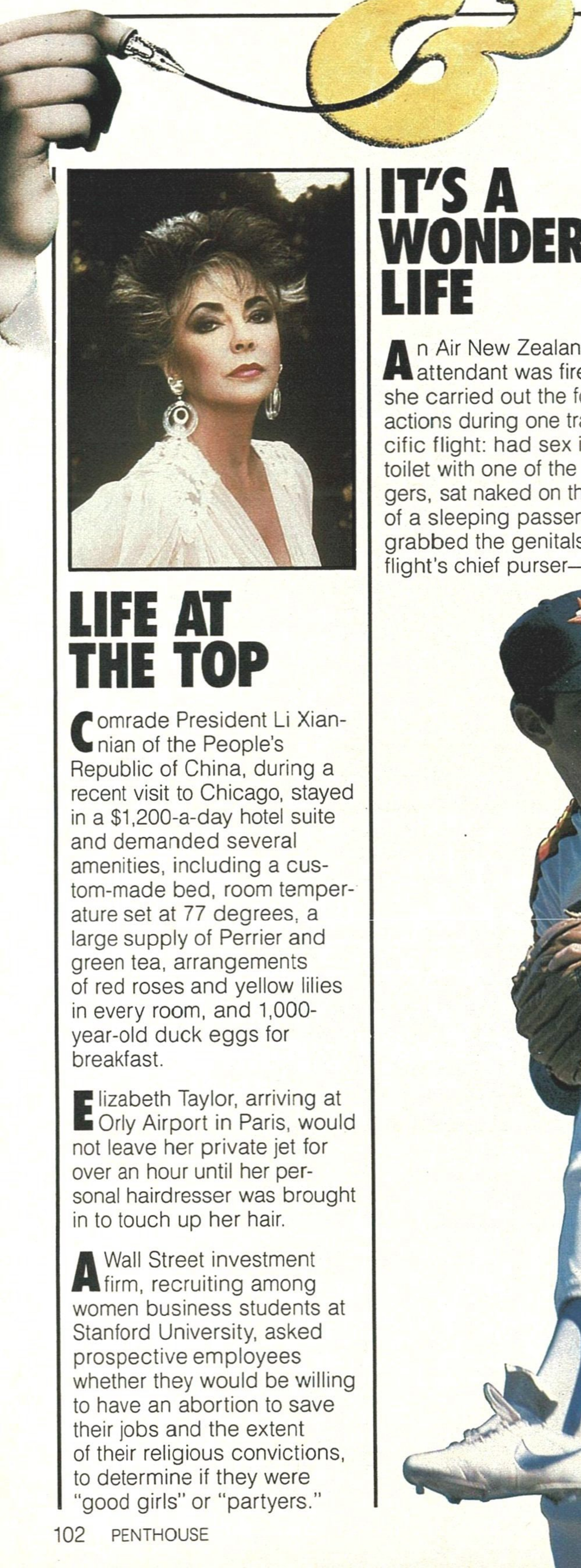
—Actor Sean Penn, to a journalist attempting to interview him

THE VANESSA WILLIAMS MEMORIAL FILE

Copies of the September 1984 issue of *Penthouse* magazine, which contains nude photos of Vanessa Williams, now sell for $35 each as collector's items.

Miss America of 1985, the granddaughter of a KKK member who was acquitted of conspiracy charges in the deaths of three civil-rights workers, admitted that she glued her bathing suit to her buttocks and put Vaseline on her teeth as "winning techniques" during the pageant.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



LIFE AT THE TOP

Comrade President Li Xiannian of the People's Republic of China, during a recent visit to Chicago, stayed in a $1,200-a-day hotel suite and demanded several amenities, including a custom-made bed, room temperature set at 77 degrees, a large supply of Perrier and green tea, arrangements of red roses and yellow lilies in every room, and 1,000-year-old duck eggs for breakfast.

Elizabeth Taylor, arriving at Orly Airport in Paris, would not leave her private jet for over an hour until her personal hairdresser was brought in to touch up her hair.

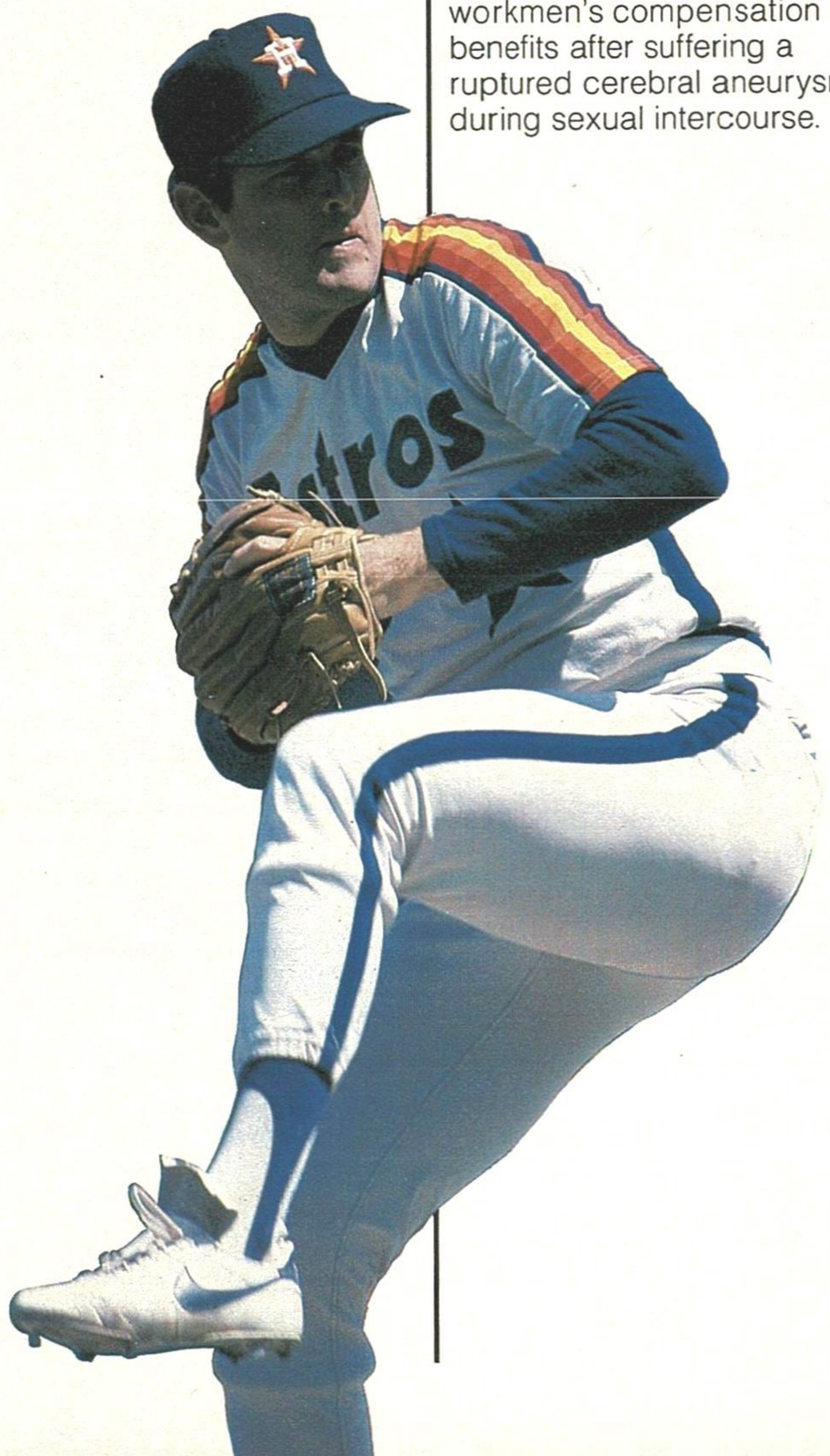
A Wall Street investment firm, recruiting among women business students at Stanford University, asked prospective employees whether they would be willing to have an abortion to save their jobs and the extent of their religious convictions, to determine if they were "good girls" or "partyers."

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

An Air New Zealand flight attendant was fired after she carried out the following actions during one transpacific flight: had sex in a rear toilet with one of the passengers, sat naked on the face of a sleeping passenger, grabbed the genitals of the flight's chief purser—demanding that he have sex with her—and stripped naked in the first-class section. The attendant blamed her actions on a combination of sleeping tablets and champagne. (From Ray E. Beiersdorfer, Victoria, Australia)

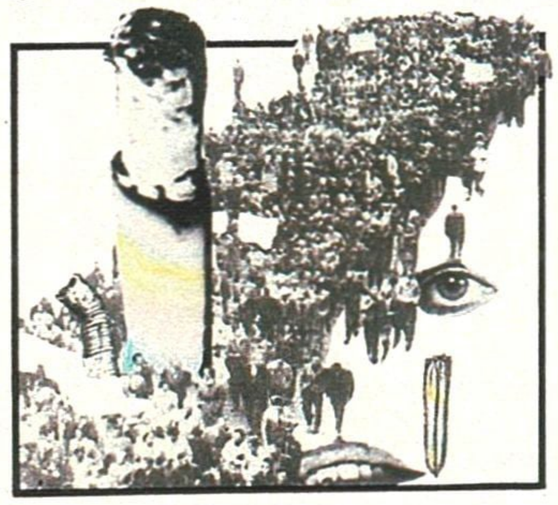
The attorney for a stripper with a 60-inch bust who was charged with hurtling over the railing onto the field at the Houston Astrodome, where she embraced pitcher Nolan Ryan, claimed that she did so because of an imbalance created by the force of gravity.

An Oregon transit-union official was awarded workmen's compensation benefits after suffering a ruptured cerebral aneurysm during sexual intercourse.



REEFER MADNESS

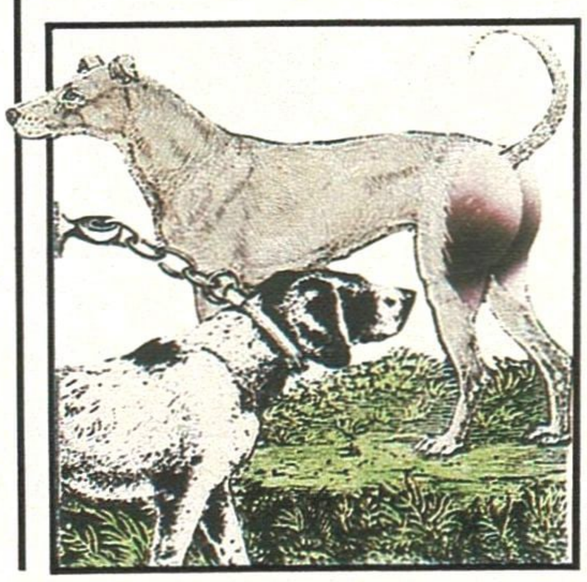
Frances Warner was fired from her job as a drug-abuse counselor to children in North Dakota after she admitted using peyote, a powerful hallucinogen, in what she described as "religious ceremonies."



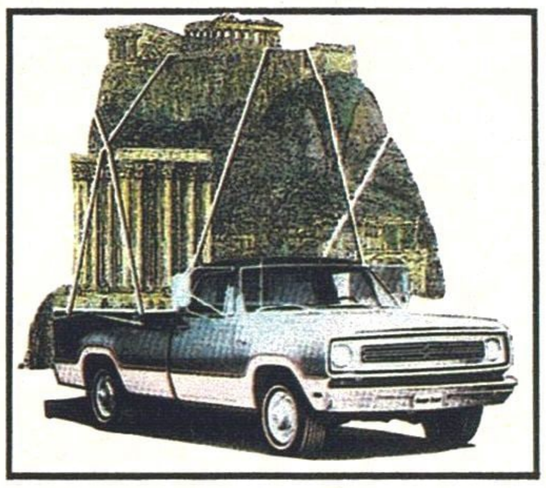
DOG DAY AFTERNOON

An Oklahoma man, acting as his own lawyer during his trial on armed-robbery charges, was questioning a store manager who testified that she had identified him as the robber. "I should have blown your fucking head off," the defendant said, but then hastily added, "If I'd been the one that was there."

Inmates in the Wisconsin State Penitentiary's work program produce bumper stickers that read, "Escape to Wisconsin."



WRETCHED EXCESSES

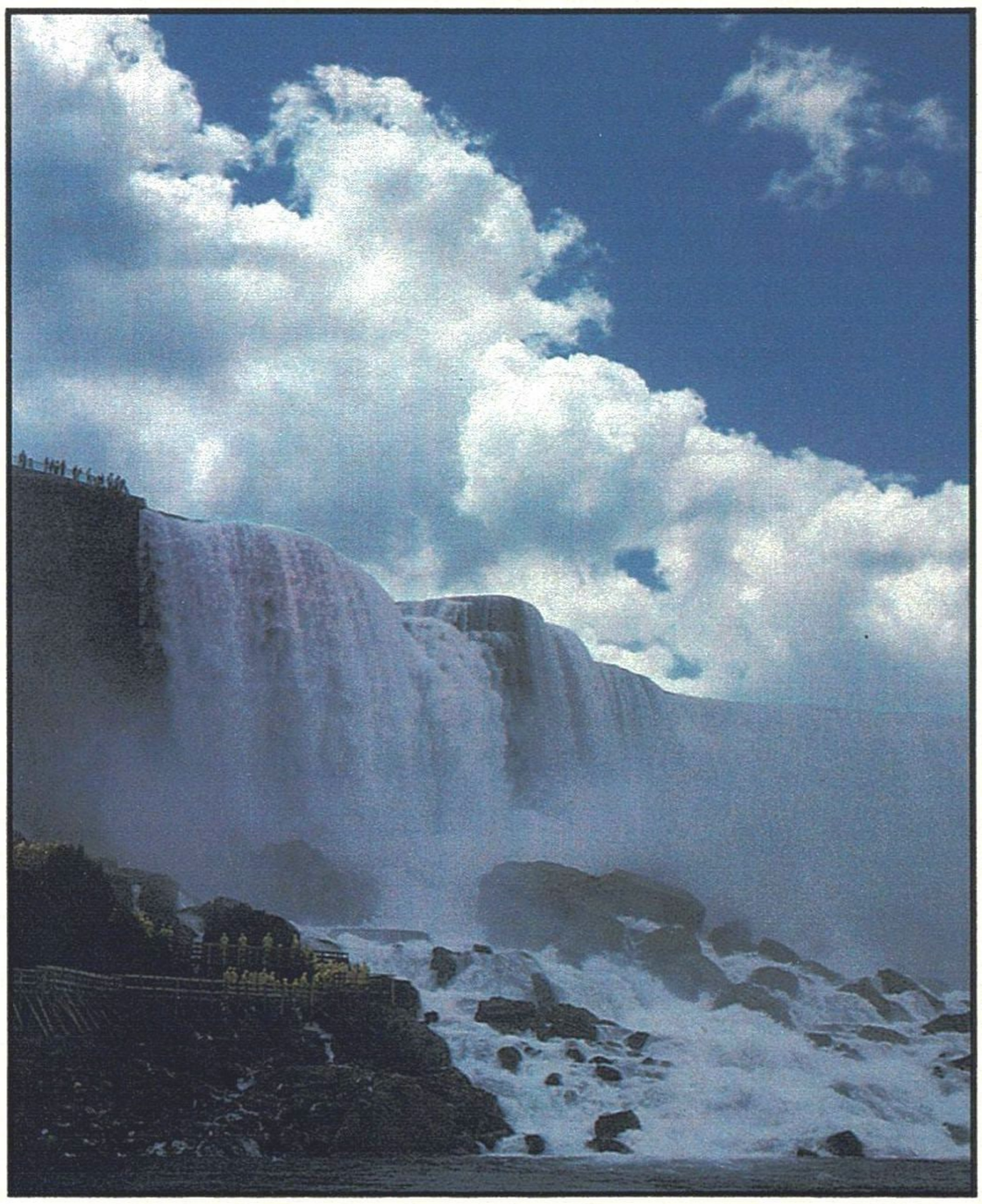


A Brooklyn, New York, storeowner wounded a teenager with a shotgun blast after the youngster complained that the man's potato chips were stale.

A Buffalo honor student murdered his mother, father, and brother after his parents told him they could not afford to send him to Harvard or Yale.

I WAS ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS

Seven former followers of guru Maharishi Mahesh Yogi sued the leader of the transcendental-meditation movement, claiming that he fraudulently told them he could teach them how to fly. In fact, they charged in the suit, the Maharishi's flying instructions "constituted hopping with the legs folded in the lotus position."



RAMPANT ACHIEVERS

A waiter in Rome, Italy, was arrested for including nude photos of himself in menus handed to patrons. (From Jerry Young, Pompey, N.Y.)

A 12-year-old Winnipeg, Manitoba, boy, who earned $250 collecting returnable beer bottles, filled out an American Express Card application and three weeks later was sent a card. (From Daniel P. Lesperance, Quebec, Quebec)

A Toronto bank teller embezzled $10 million, which he then lost in one day of gambling at an Atlantic City casino.

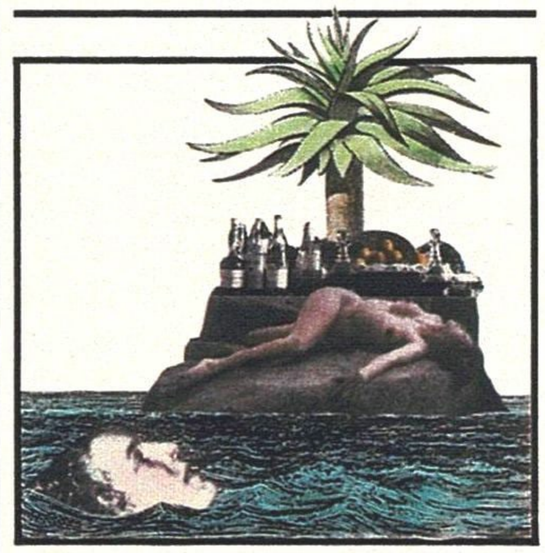
To cure his morbid fear of water, a Canadian trucker sealed himself in a barrel and rode over Niagra Falls.

FAT CHANCE DEPT.

In an attempt to help stabilize that nation's faltering economy, an Israeli judge ruled that burglars must henceforth declare their gains on their income-tax returns.

BAD KARMA

Richard Cox, who claimed to have proof that human health could be dramatically improved by drinking large amounts of water, died in London of what an autopsy called "water intoxication."



KNOCK ON WOOD

Health officials in Manhattan proposed giving sterilized needles to drug addicts in an effort to prevent the spread of AIDS.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

time I got it out, and I eased it right into her. Her climax was violent, loud, and almost immediate.

Later that night, my wife went over to her mother's. I noticed that my neighbor's son was not there because his car was gone. So I went over to her place by the back door. As soon as I got there, she became flushed and her breathing deepened.

My cock was already hard, so I opened my fly and pulled it out in plain view. Her mouth started to work as if to speak, but she lost control of her bladder instead and pissed all over the place. I took her by the arm and turned her around and bent her over the kitchen table. I lifted her skirt and inserted my cock. She held nothing back this time and screamed like a banshee as she climaxed.

I pulled my cock out of her and sat her down on a kitchen chair. When she settled down a bit, I started to rub my cock around her face and across her lips. After a few passes I got her to open her mouth and take my cock into it, still wet with her pussy juice. I could tell that she had never sucked a cock before, but with coaxing I had one of her hands around the base of my cock while she fondled my balls with the other. After a short time she was doing a good job rolling her tongue around it and sucking at the same time. I kept one hand clamped behind her head and soon shot my wad down her throat. She seemed a little surprised but kept on sucking until I was empty. I let go of the back of her head, but she kept on going as if she had no intention of quitting—and instead of my cock going soft, it just stayed hard as she kept working on it. After about five minutes of this she got up and, placing one foot up on the chair she had been sitting on, bent over the table again and said, "Put it in me, please!"

This time it took longer for her to get off, but when she did it was more violent than ever and it took her longer to recover.

We have since spent one whole night in a motel, which was fantastic. Our quick, rear-entry fucks still occur frequently when no one is around. But I feel that it takes her too long to recover from her orgasms. Some of her reactions are almost convulsive, and other times she will lose control of her bladder. Neither one of us has ever said anything about it, but I'm wondering if I could be causing her some damage—if not physically, then possibly emotionally.

She tells me that at least once a day she gets off while sitting at her desk just by thinking about what we are doing and lightly stroking her clit a few times with her finger. She says that when we can't get together she masturbates herself to sleep. Between everything, she must be coming about 20 to 25 times a week.

Xaviera, I guess you'll tell me that you can see nothing ahead but disaster, and I guess I know that it's the only way an affair like this can end. But maybe you can offer me some more optimistic advice.—E. G.

In all of your long letter, you barely mention your wife. Reading between the lines, I deduce that you have been married for 15 years and have a secure and happy relationship with her. Your problem (if it is a problem) is that you think the grass on the other side of the fence is always greener. But as long as you don't neglect your wife, I see nothing wrong in what you are doing.

Let's face it, neither you nor your neighbor is exactly a spring chicken, and you are bringing a great deal of happiness into her life. It sounds as if she has been missing out on the pleasure side up till now, so if you have horniness to spare, spread it around where it will do the most good.

> Several times our journey was interrupted as a sweet sexiness spread through my body, so we made a lot of stops to enjoy ourselves.

I wouldn't worry too much about the physical aspect. Except in the case of a male ailment known as priapism (permanent and painful erection), it is basically impossible for a man to OD on sex. The penis just doesn't get hard if it doesn't want to—your body tells you when you've had enough. In your girlfriend's case, I'm sure anything you can stand, she can stand.

Her lack of bladder control and her recovery time may be due to overexertion, age, or simply the excitement of enjoying something she has missed all her life. I have a little dog who, when I leave him alone for any period, is always so excited to see me again that he becomes almost hysterical with joy and pisses over everything in sight. I see no harm in discussing this problem with her. If there is any doubt about her physical health, persuade her to visit a urologist or gynecologist. You can offer to pay for it, as an incentive.

I would think that at age 60, your sexy neighbor would be sufficiently adult to accept the situation for what it is without trying to complicate it. So if you are circumspect in your behavior, and keep your mouth shut, there is no reason for your wife to find out what you are up to or for you to upset yourself.

Hopefully, this letter dispels the myth that women past menopause cannot enjoy sex and achieve multiple orgasms.

DOOR OPENER

My problem really isn't sexual, but it does concern me, since I loused up several relationships because of it. You see, I was brought up to believe that a man should open a door for a lady or pull out a chair for her when she sits down at a table. Several women have objected to this treatment and snap at me, saying they are perfectly capable of doing these things themselves. Yet other women adore this attention.

These days, I don't know what to do when the woman I'm with and I come to a door. Usually I just stand there and wait to see if she reaches for it. If she doesn't, then I open it. But I feel foolish going up to a door and stopping and staring to see what the woman does.

To add to my confusion, I dated a lady who was insistent about opening her own doors. But in bed, she let me take the lead. Then, again, out of the bedroom she would revert to the "I can take care of myself, thank you" attitude. I didn't know how to treat her, so we broke up.

Is there something I'm not picking up on? What one woman likes is offensive to another woman. I'm totally confused and would appreciate any suggestions that might help.—T. F.

You are wrong. Your problem is entirely sexual. You are, at heart, a very normal man with a lot of male attributes mistakenly labeled "macho" by some of my overdedicated sisters. These women wave the feminist flag with an enthusiasm that almost amounts to female chauvinism. I have never expected a man to get out of the car, come around to my side, and open the door for me. The fact is that some of them do that, and I find it charming, even if it is overdone. The man who brings me flowers, helps me into my coat, and pulls out a chair for me in a restaurant is merely demonstrating good manners. These things should make a woman feel wanted and give her a cozy feeling of security.

If a woman feels insecure in the presence of a man who is adept in such social graces, it shows that she has basic doubts about her femininity. As for you, keep opening doors, and if the lady objects on the grounds that she is perfectly capable of doing it herself, let her do it for *you*. Let her help you into *her* car, drive you to the restaurant of *her* choice, order the food, choose the wine, and pay the bill. This is a simple piece of therapy that I guarantee will work.

As you so rightly point out, what one woman likes, another one loathes. But that applies to everyone and everything.

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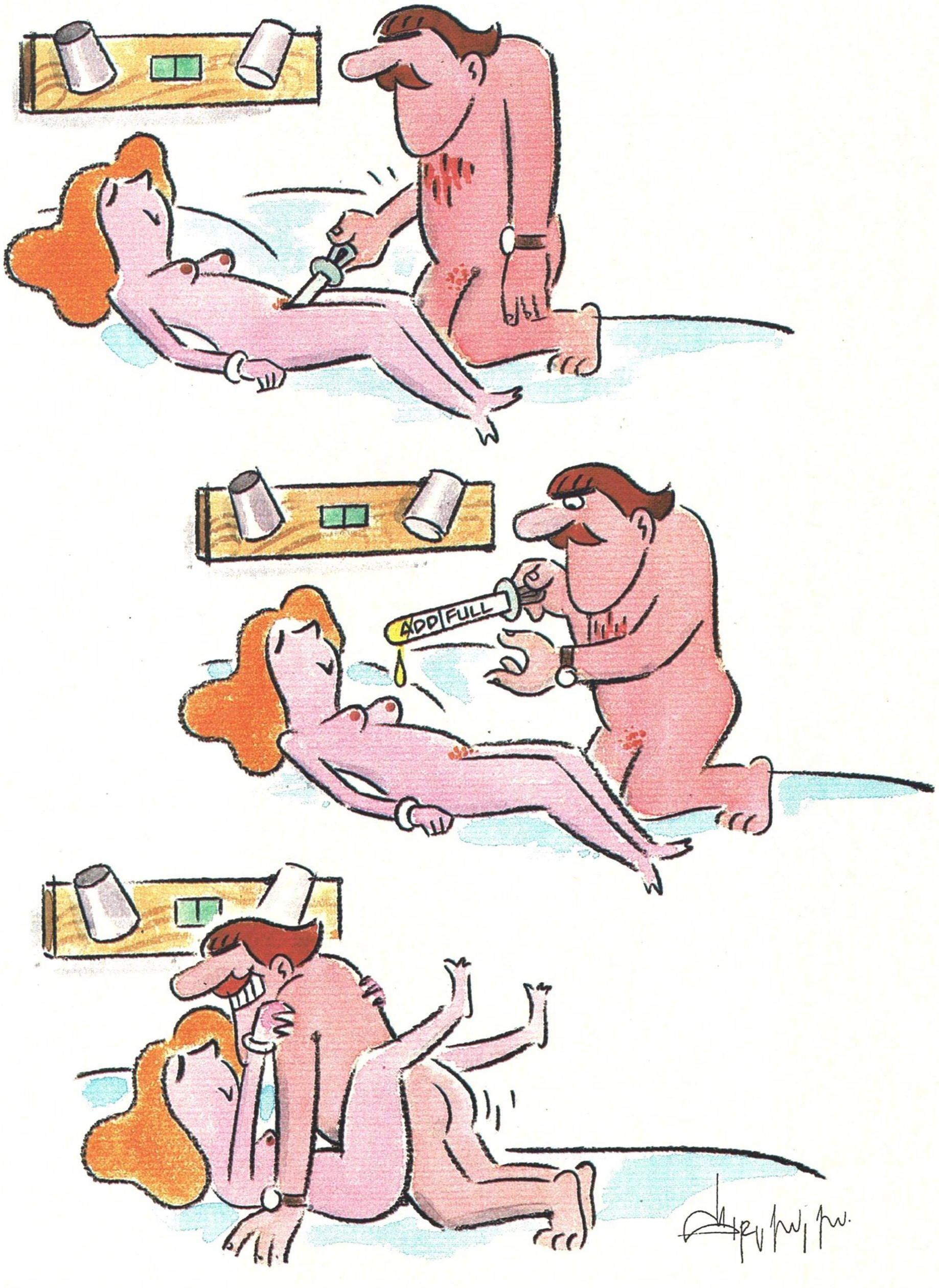
ADD FULL

DR. BURTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

was the hastily improvised headquarters of patients denied their treatment by the clinic shutdown.

One of the patients, Curry Hutchinson, a redheaded man of 45, was a former Florida systems planner. He described his condition when he sought out Burton 16 months before:

"See my waist? It's down to 32 inches now; that's normal. When I came here it was 48 inches, and filled with ascites fluid. I was diagnosed in 1979—metastasized malignant melanoma of the lung. They told me after I was operated on that my chances were good. But in 1983 I had a bad relapse. I was in the hospital over a year, and became a walking skeleton—95 pounds. Do you know what it's like having nurses make bets when they think you're asleep that you won't make it to the next day? Then a friend of mine, a medical doctor, heard about this Burton therapy, came down here, and investigated it. He laid it on the line: 'Curry, you're terminal. You're not going to make it anywhere else, you might as well give it a try.' That was 16 months ago.

"I remember Burton interviewed me, and he said, 'I gotta tell you quite frankly, kid, you've come too late. I can't do anything to help you.' I pleaded with him to give me a chance. Burton said he'd try it for a month. If there was no response, I'd have to go back home. That was the longest month of my life. End of the month, I showed a little response, so he agreed to do it one more month, and another, and another. Now I'm 145 pounds, and the ascites fluid is gone. When I came here I was in a wheelchair. My mother had to care for me constantly. Two months later, she was able to go home.

"I'm walking, jogging, swimming—alive. I've been working 14-hour days, seven days a week, trying to get this clinic opened. Physically, I'm fine. Spiritually and emotionally, I feel beat up. If only I can continue on this therapy, I know I've got every chance of living a long life. My improvements are unbelievable. . . . Burton's critics claim there's no proof his therapy works. I disagree. I'm proof. They say Burton should do double-blind tests if he wants to prove his therapy, but double-blinds on terminal cancer patients are tantamount to murder, if you know your therapy works. Dr. Burton refuses to put his patients at risk."

Burton was reluctant, at first, when *Penthouse* asked for an interview. At his office in the clinic, he bellowed that he didn't want to talk to any reporters. They were all a bunch of yellow journalists, he said, and he didn't need to waste his time on them. "I just told off a bitch of a know-it-all TV reporter from Manhattan. I told her that her family deserved dying of cancer, because they didn't have enough sense to look for my therapy." Following this, he bragged about how he had kept two NBC reporters off the island.

"I don't need this shit anymore," said Burton. "I can go to Europe, or I can close the door and live very comfortably for my remaining years.

"NCI said we got the blood from New York and the homosexuals. That's a damned lie. . . . They [PAHO and CDC] have been telling people this clinic is filthy and should be closed. The dirty, filthy bastards have spread the lie that we haven't got basic sanitation equipment. See for yourself." Indeed, each room in Burton's clinic has its own separate air-conditioning system and ultraviolet lighting for maintaining a sterile environment. "The bastards said I don't have any autoclaves. Here are two. Here's a spectrophotometer. Look around. The best hospitals don't have better equipment."

According to Burton, PAHO and CDC representatives spent about ten minutes visiting the clinic. During this time they gathered no specimens and did not perform any tests on Burton's serum, nor did they examine any of his patients or speak to any of his staff. To this day, neither the PAHO, the CDC, nor the Bahamian government has furnished Burton with any report, oral or written, of their visit, or sent him so much as a pro forma note of thanks for escorting them through the clinic.

WHAT'S IN THE SERUM?

In Tacoma, the *News Tribune* announced that the scientific expertise of local doctors Gale Katterhagen and Sam Insalaco

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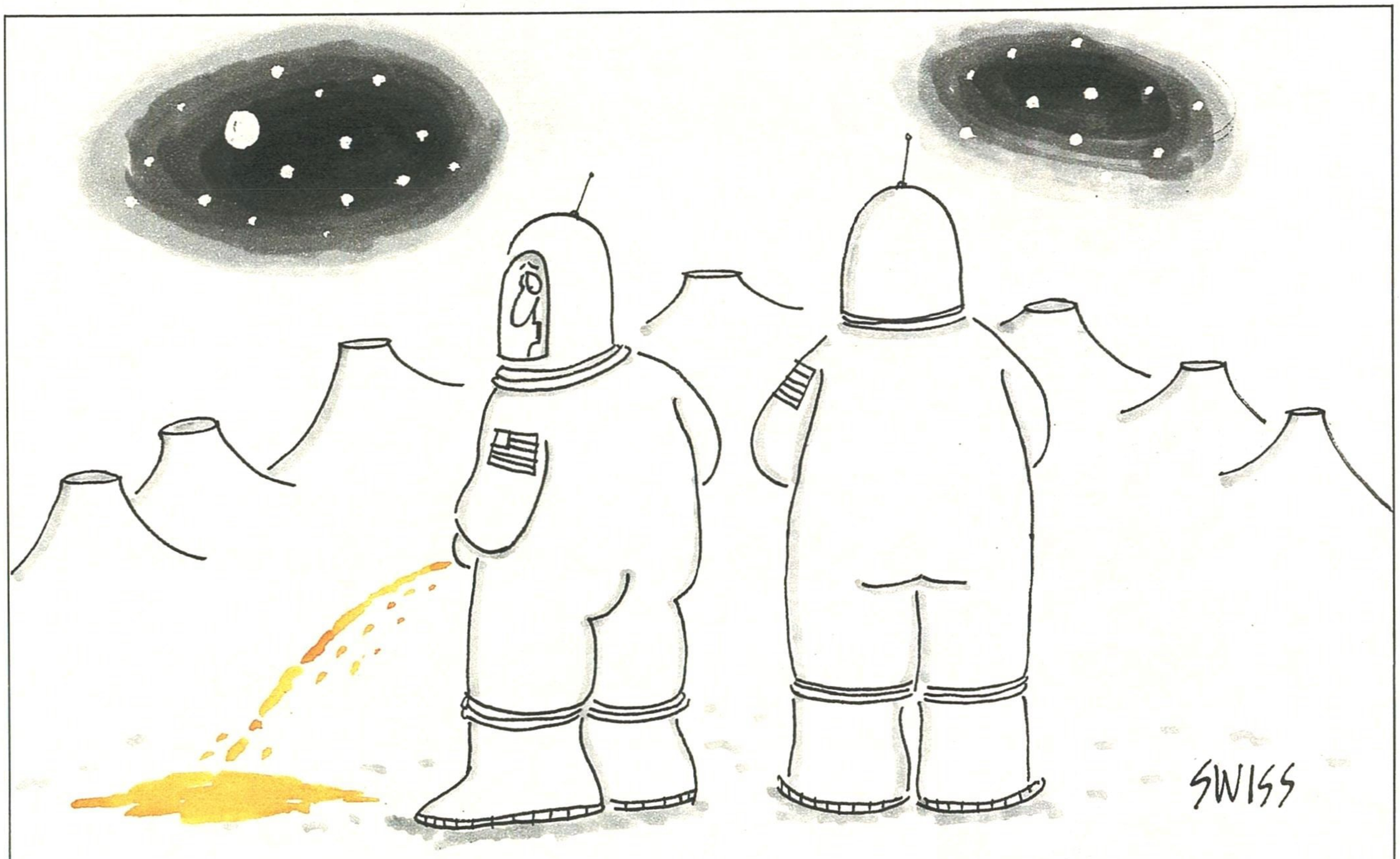

"And another thing . . . I for one am sick and damn tired of boldly going where no man has dared go before!"

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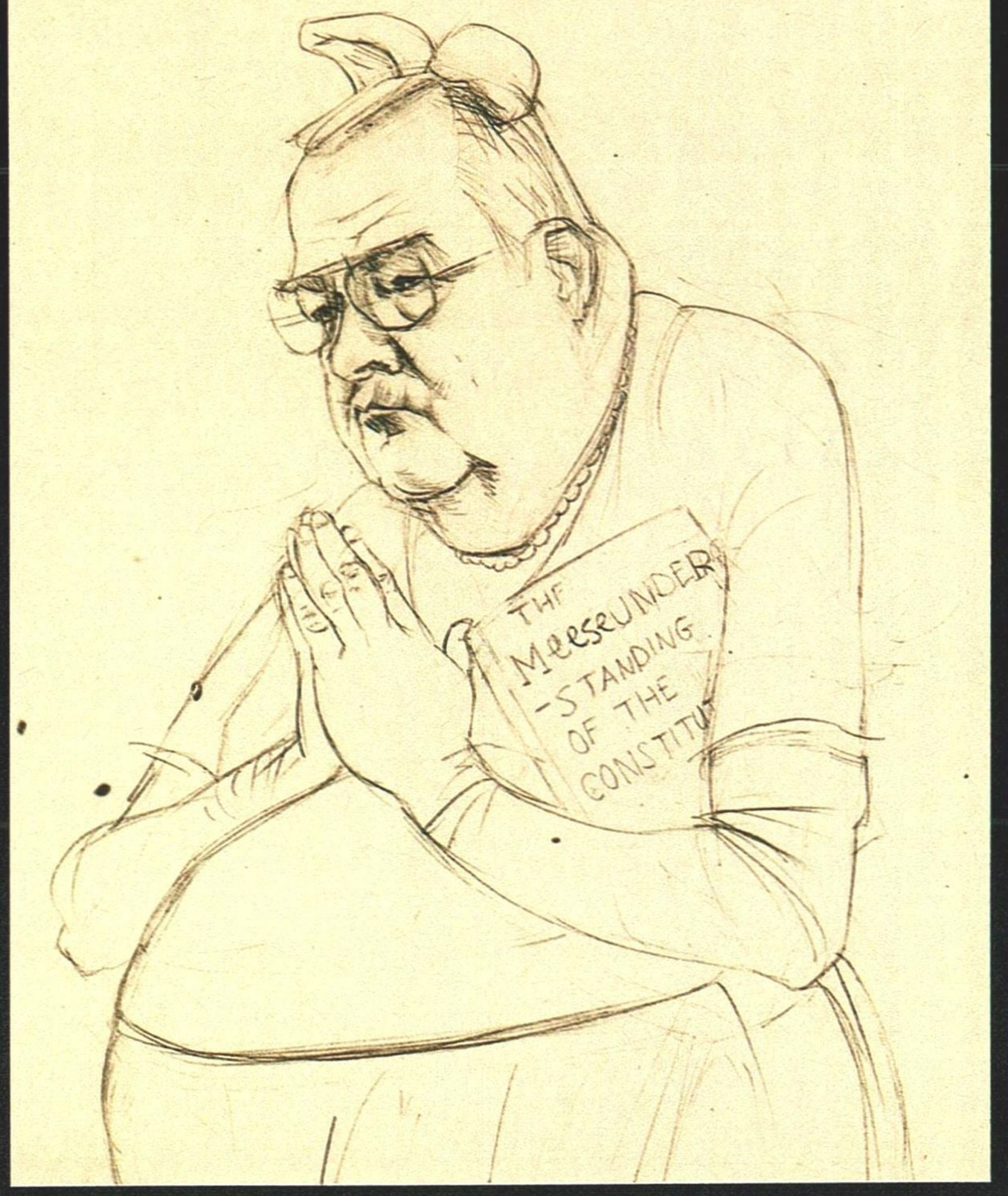


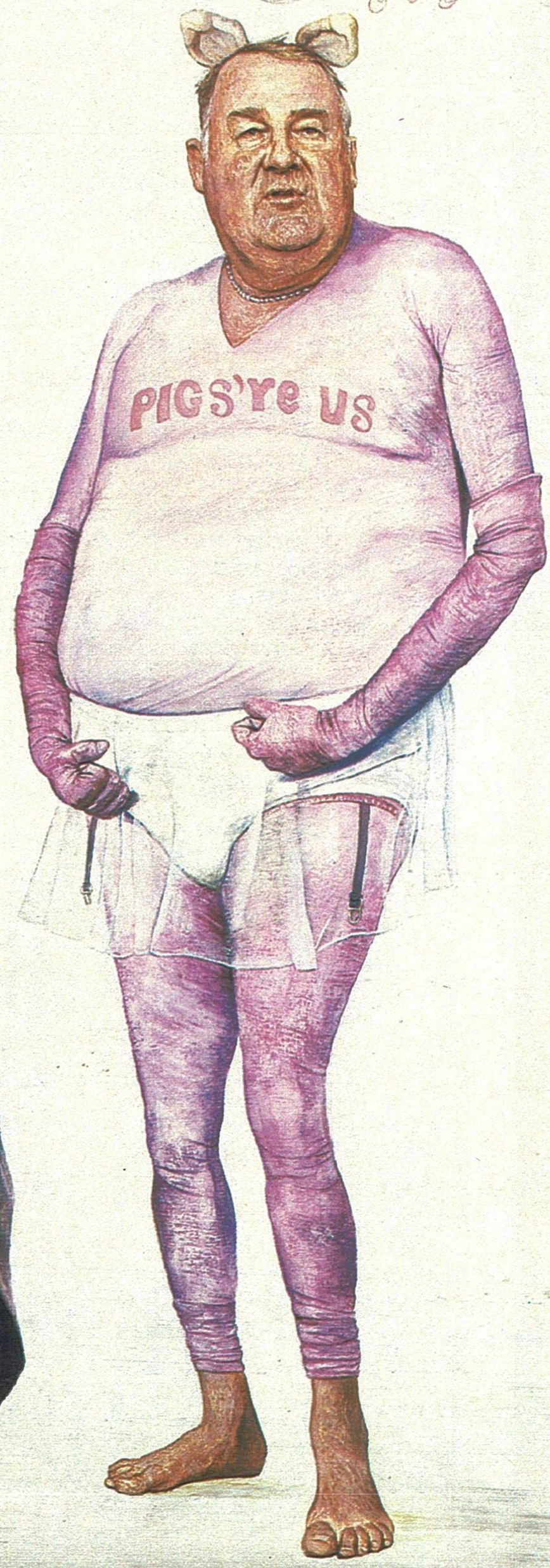
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 35

OF MEESE AND MEN

As our number-one cop
He's our saddest Meese-take
And his judicial Meese-conceptions
Put our freedoms at stake.
But the best-laid plans
Of Meese and men
Are naively piggish
And politically Reagan,
For they propose above all
The porcine consent
That he dine on what's left
Of the First Amendment.

—Bob Guccione

Meese Piggy



DR. BURTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

had led to the closing of the Burton clinic in the Bahamas.

A year earlier, a letter from Dr. Gregory A. Curt of the NCI appeared in the *New England Journal of Medicine* stating that the serum issued to four patients at the clinic tested positive for antibodies to hepatitis B. But the letter did not provide any specifics regarding these tests. One of Burton's patients (whom we'll call Jane Doe) had heard through another patient that the serum, a mixture of blood products from various donors, might be contaminated with hepatitis B. Jane Doe brought her vials of serum to the Tacoma–Pierce County Blood Bank to be tested. At a later date she submitted vials belonging to two other patients, whose identities she has still not revealed. A total of 18 vials were tested, and according to Insalaco and Katterhagen, all were positive for hepatitis antibodies. Since the vials were from the Caribbean, a high-risk area for AIDS transmission, Katterhagen and Insalaco tested the vials for AIDS antibodies; eight out of 18 were positive. The presence of antibodies indicates that the donor has been exposed to the virus or that the serum has been contaminated. It does not mean that the donor or patient has, or will contract, the disease. Jane Doe tested negative for AIDS and hepatitis.

Katterhagen was concerned that the presence in the serum of the antibody to the AIDS virus, HTLV-III, could possibly be a vector for the heterosexual transmission of the disease.

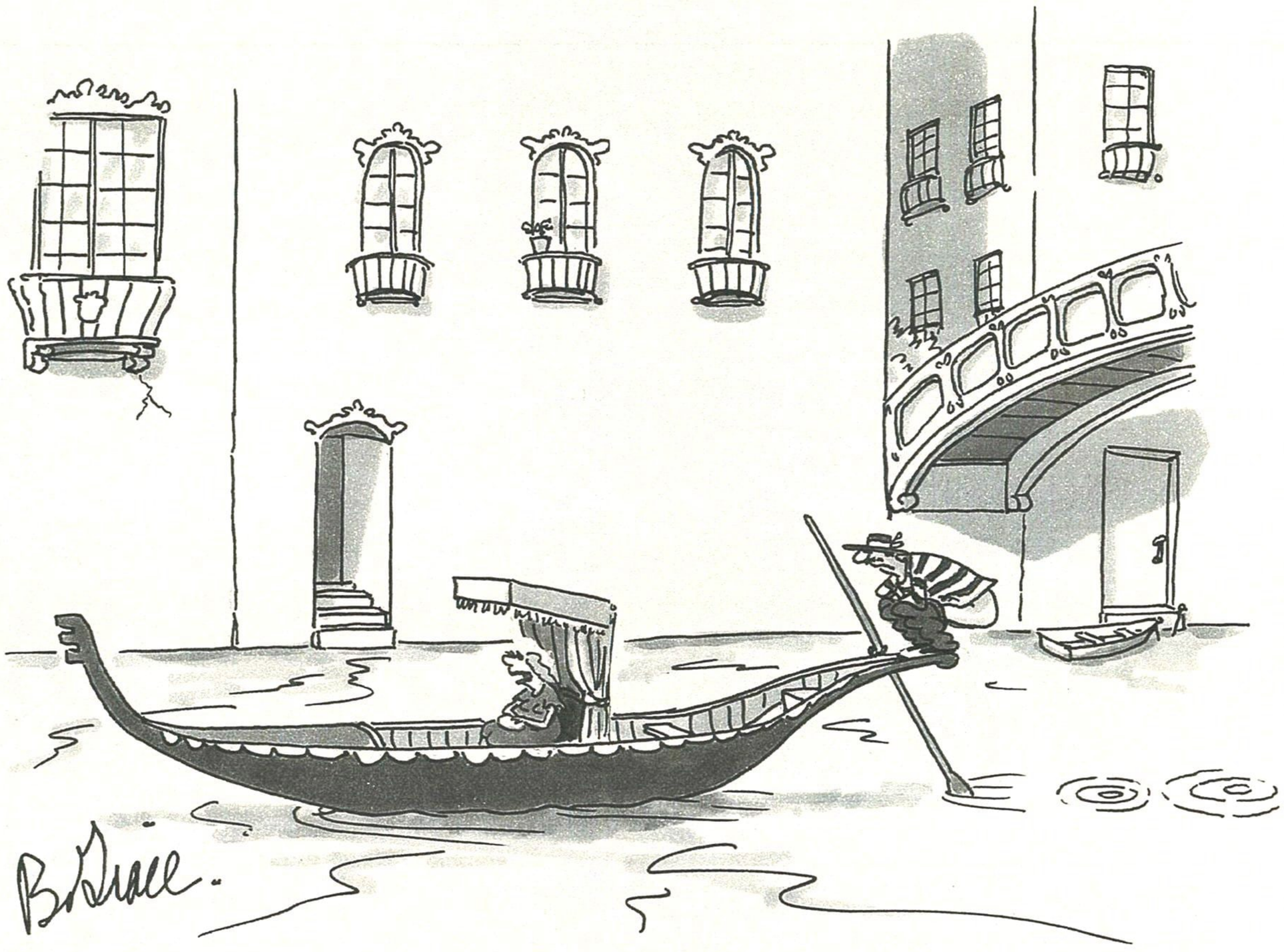
When the Tacoma doctors' results were confirmed by the state lab in Olympia, Katterhagen, who serves on the National Cancer Advisory Board, contacted the NCI and the CDC, setting off the chain of events that culminated in the closing of the clinic.

The Burton clinic dispenses separately coded, sealed vials of frozen serum for each patient to take home for self-injection. Patients are instructed to keep all their vials frozen, and are provided with a special device to keep the serum isolated in their freezers. Even those vials that have to be partially thawed for immediate use must be immediately refrozen after withdrawal of the required serum. In addition, patients are directed to use a certain type of disposable needle and to discard the needle immediately after a single use. The whole procedure has been meticulously designed to prevent microbial or viral infection.

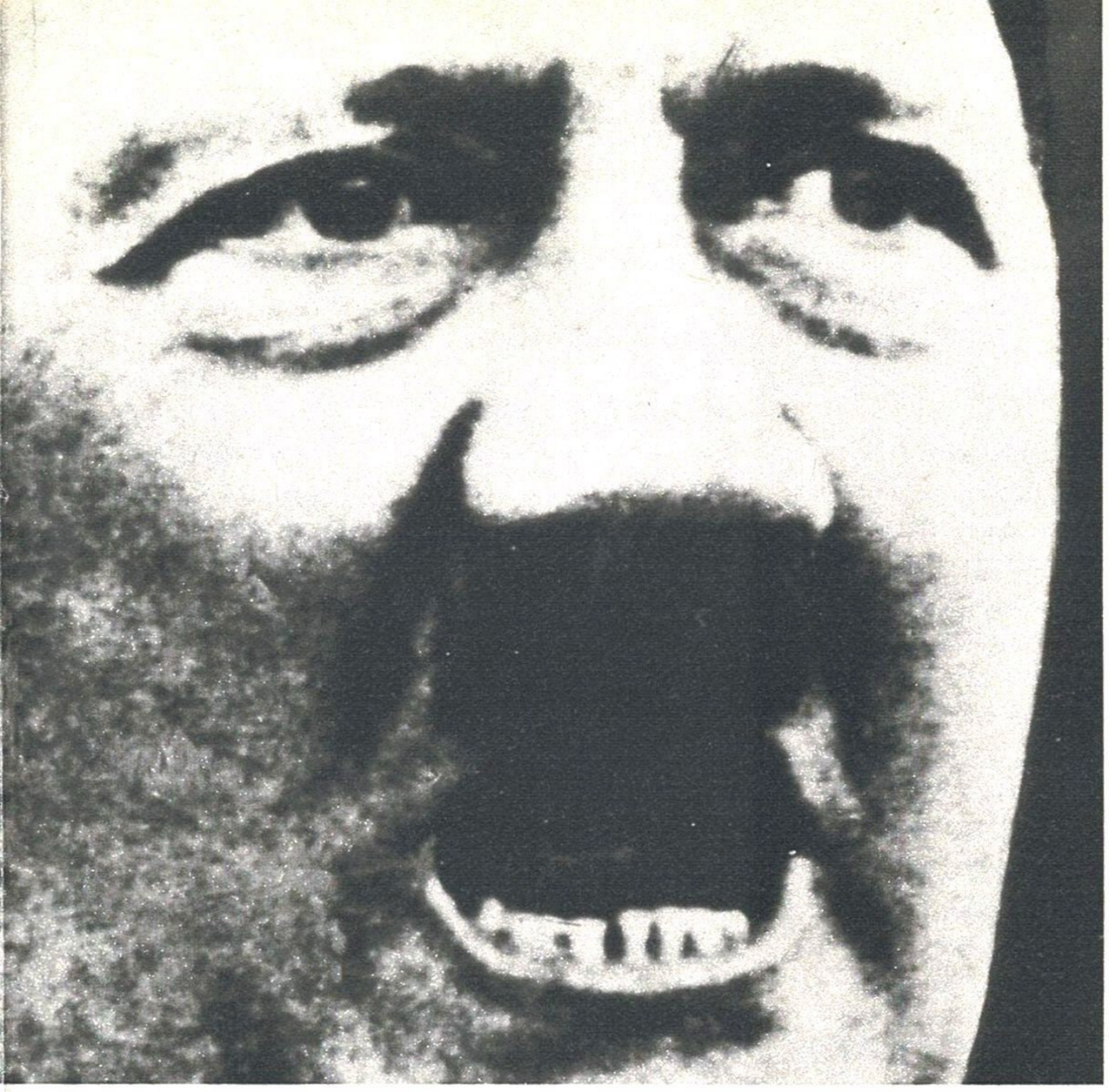
Jane Doe told *Penthouse* that she "took the first batch in, it was mine, and that was in three groups. Then I took another batch in that was another person's." She didn't give Dr. Insalaco the name of the other people. She also told *Penthouse* that she had not been asked for information regarding the maintenance of the serum from the time it left the Bahamas to the time it reached the Tacoma blood bank.

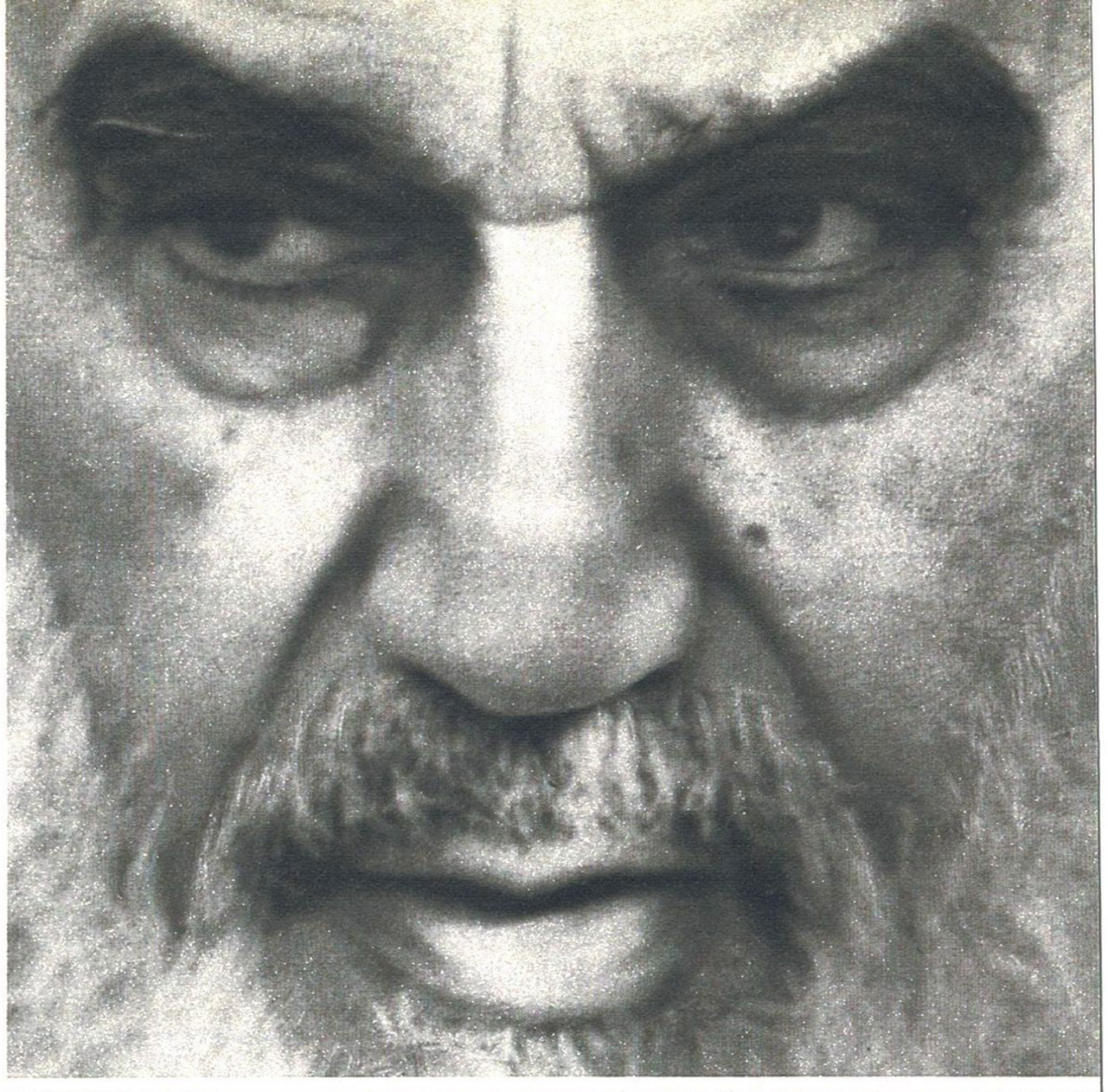
As for the condition of the vials she delivered in the first batch, "I made sure they were all thawed. I couldn't tell you how thawed they were . . . but they were pretty well thawed; it was summertime. They were all in a thawed condition at least an hour before the blood bank got them. So I took the first batch in, it was mine. . . . Then I took another batch in that was another person's. . . . And then someone else gave me some serum for testing, and this had come from another patient I knew, and this serum was a little older. . . . I didn't give the names of the other patients; Dr. Insalaco never asked. He never asked me about the history of the serum from the time it left the Bahamas. I removed the original markings on the vials, and put on my own. Over a period of time I had 22, not 18, vials delivered to the blood bank. The last group of four was about one and a half weeks after the second batch."

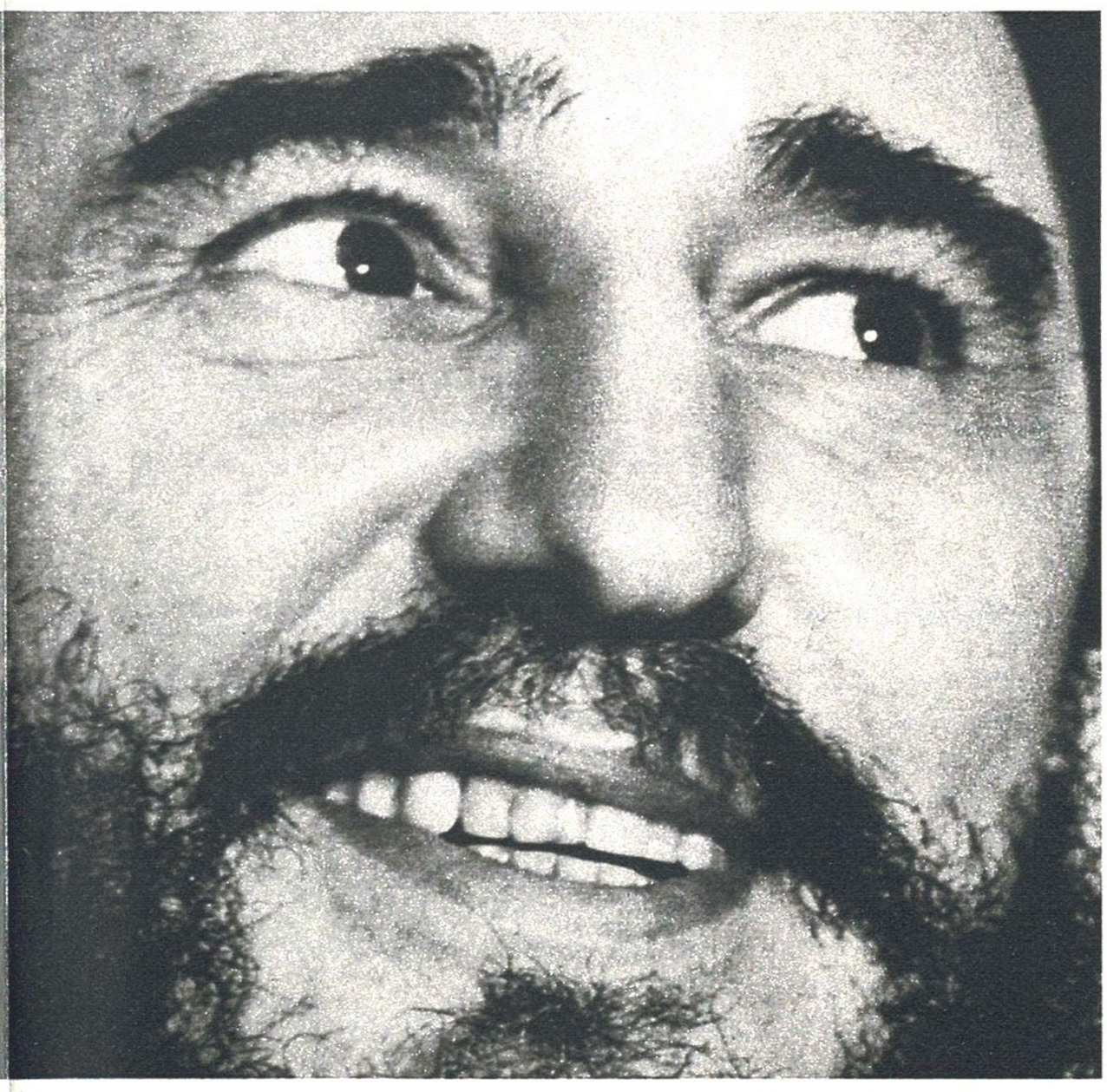
Dr. Insalaco used the immunoassay method, marketed by Abbott Laboratories, to test the Jane Doe vials for hepatitis-B and HTLV-III antibodies. The immunoassay kit had been licensed for use only two months earlier; before March, no testing kit had been commercially avail-

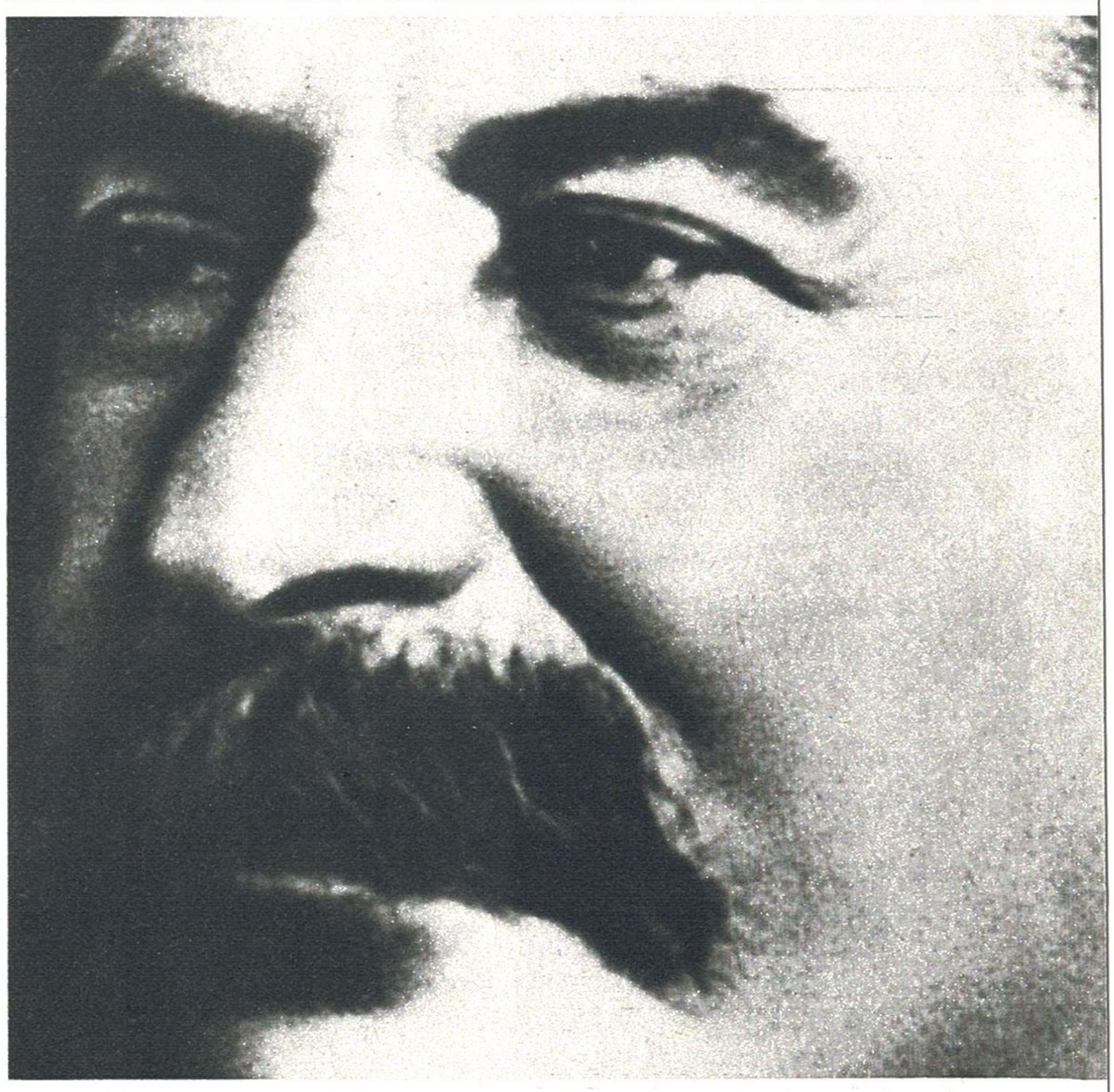


"Is it true the canals are polluted?"









THE EXPERTS AGREE THAT CENSORSHIP WORKS

The experts have always agreed that censorship is the single best way to promote agreement on an idea. Even on a bad idea. Censorship worked in Nazi Germany, and censorship works today in Iran, Cuba and the Soviet Union.

Today, a few so-called "decency" groups are trying to make censorship work in America. These people feel that if you aren't allowed to watch "dangerous" television programs like "Mash" and "The Day After," or read "immoral" magazines like *Ms.* and *Penthouse* or books like *Ulysses* and *Huckleberry Finn*, our nation will be a better place.

Fortunately, in America you don't have to trust your freedom to "experts." You have the freedom to say <u>No</u> to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

This message is sponsored by Penthouse Magazine.

able. But, as *The New York Times* reported last fall, the immunoassay method "often registers positive even when no antibody is present."

The Olympia labs also used the immunoassay test. Their confirmation of the Tacoma results was actually inconclusive. The vials and accumulated test results were then shipped to the CDC for additional testing. According to an official published report of the CDC, testing of the specimens by both the immunoassay and Western Blot (a similar test) methods yielded inconclusive, "uninterpretable" results.

That's where matters stood on July 2, 1985, when a joint team of scientists from the Pan American Health Organization and the CDC went to the Bahamas to confer with Bahamian officials and to inspect Burton's clinic in Freeport.

Two weeks later, the Bahamian Ministry of Health ordered the clinic closed. No statement of the reasons for the closing has ever been furnished to the clinic or the media, and neither the PAHO nor the CDC has ever released any scientific information supporting the action.

The presence of HTLV-III and hepatitis-B antibodies in Jane Doe's serum does not establish by any acceptable scientific standard that the viral source was Burton's clinic. Even the CDC's subsequent claim that their scientists "isolated" the HTLV-III virus from one of nine vials does not establish that the source was Burton's clinic.

The following description of events was reported in the CDC's weekly newsletter of August 9, 1985: "Subsequent to the closure of [Dr. Burton's] clinic, HTLV-III was isolated at CDC from one of nine specimens that had been placed in lymphocyte culture. This finding was confirmed by isolation of HTLV-III from a second aliquot of this specimen. . . . Reportedly, this specimen vial had not been used by the patient who received it at the clinic, and it had been kept frozen until it was obtained by the laboratories in Washington."

The CDC report added, oddly and gratuitously: "The Washington Laboratories do not maintain stocks of HTLV-III." The dates and specific procedures used by the CDC to grow out the HTLV-III virus were not documented in its newsletter claims.

Dr. Harold Jaffe, a CDC scientist, confirmed that the results obtained by the two laboratories in Washington State were "uninterpretable" and that the methods of testing were not adaptable for use upon the material in the vials. But, he said, "what we've done now is quite different, which is actually culturing the virus from the material." He stated that the CDC had been told that the materials had come directly from a patient treated at Burton's clinic, that they had not been used, and that they had been kept frozen until the patient gave them to the Tacoma blood-bank director.

According to Jaffe, "only one vial actually had virus in it of the vials that we cultured." In addition, Jaffe has stated that "the tests [for AIDS antibodies] weren't designed to be used on whatever is in this material. Secondly, the backup test is uninterpretable." This reduces to zero the probability that the virus originated in Burton's clinic.

According to Burton, no cases of AIDS have arisen among the clinic's patients, and out of some 2,700 patients treated with hundreds of thousands of immuno-augmentative-serum injections over a 17-year period, only one developed hepatitis B. That is a record not surpassed by any treatment facility in the United States.

On the other hand, last year 53 cases of hepatitis B were reported in Tacoma. There were 89 reported cases of hepatitis A in 1983, and 125 additional cases in 1984. More than 150 cases of AIDS have been reported in the Tacoma area, 50 of them in 1985. One man recently

"Burton's critics claim there's no proof his therapy works," says a patient. "I disagree. I'm proof. . . . Dr. Burton refuses to put his patients at risk."

died of AIDS, allegedly as the result of a blood transfusion he received two years earlier at a Tacoma hospital following injuries he had sustained in an automobile accident. Yet no one has suggested closing down the hospital—or for that matter, its principal blood supplier, the Tacoma–Pierce County Blood Bank.

The contention that Burton has failed to screen blood and serum for AIDS is questionable. The screening kits, as we noted, have been available for use only since last spring. The kits, however, are proven to be unreliable. Approximately 75 percent of U.S. test results showing an initial positive reading by one kit turn out to be negative using another kit. New York State Health Commissioner David Axelrod summed it up: "We do not encourage people to seek HTLV-III testing since the medical significance of antibodies in the blood in healthy persons is unknown. The test will not indicate whether a person has AIDS, or will contract the disease in the future, or is capable of transmitting the HTLV-III virus."

Dr. Jaffe confirmed that "at the time that visit was made, the information on the virus culture did not exist." But, he said, there had been a "history of other health problems" related to the serum. When we asked him about these "other health problems," he said that about a year ago there had been an "outbreak of bacterial skin infections called 'nocardia' " among cancer patients receiving immuno-augmentative-serum injections at the clinic. Dr. Burton told us that the "outbreak" consisted of 12 cases, which were treated and cleared up quickly. Traced to a few loose ceiling tiles in the laboratory, the situation was immediately remedied, and there have been no recurrences since then. Dr. Jaffe mentioned the single case of hepatitis B of unknown origin contracted by one of the clinic's patients. According to Burton, the patient recovered completely within three weeks, and has had no residual effects.

CONCLUDING EVIDENCE

In order to put Burton's claims and his detractors' criticisms into proper perspective, it is necessary to look at the facts. Up to September 1980, Burton's clinic had treated 410 patients. Ninety percent, or 369, of these had been certified by their physicians as terminally ill. When talking to *Penthouse,* Dr. Burton had his secretary pull the records at random of 65 patients who were still alive after five years of immuno-augmentative therapy. All of these patients, by their own choice, have had no other treatment since they first began Burton's therapy, and have had follow-up examinations that show that either there is no cancer presently in their bodies or that their cancers are in remission.

Those who would explain these cases as spontaneous remissions are not aware of the statistical realities—spontaneous remissions occur in only one out of 40,000 cancer patients. Even allowing for a ten percent margin of error, the percentage that statisticians say must be subtracted to compensate for the "built-in bias of retrospective studies," it is clear that Dr. Lawrence Burton is saving more cancer patients who are terminally ill than any conventional cancer-treatment center in the United States.

Dr. Gregory Curt, deputy director of the division of cancer treatment at the NCI, recently described Burton's serum to the press: "The stuff is junk. . . . I wouldn't give it to a dog." Well, we've got news for Dr. Curt. We know of 45 cancerous dogs and cats that are being experimentally treated with the "junk" after their vets had held out no hope for them. Our latest information is that the pets are doing very well under this treatment.

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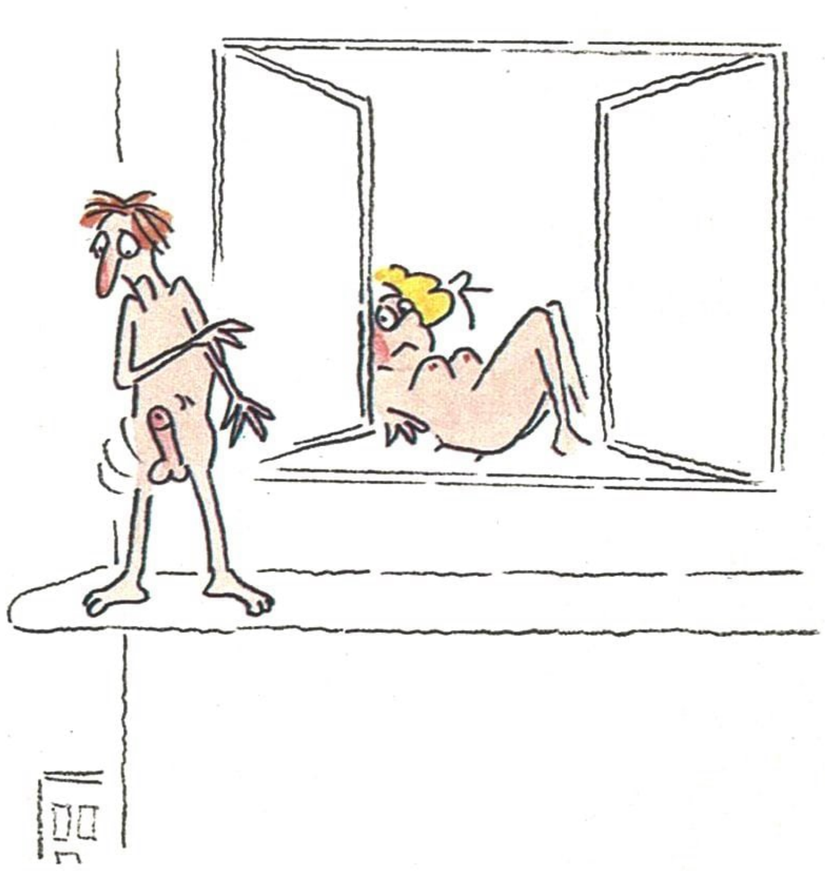
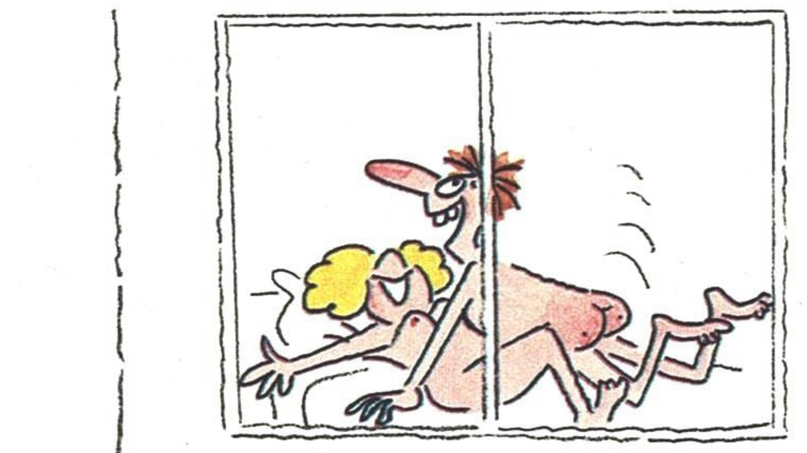




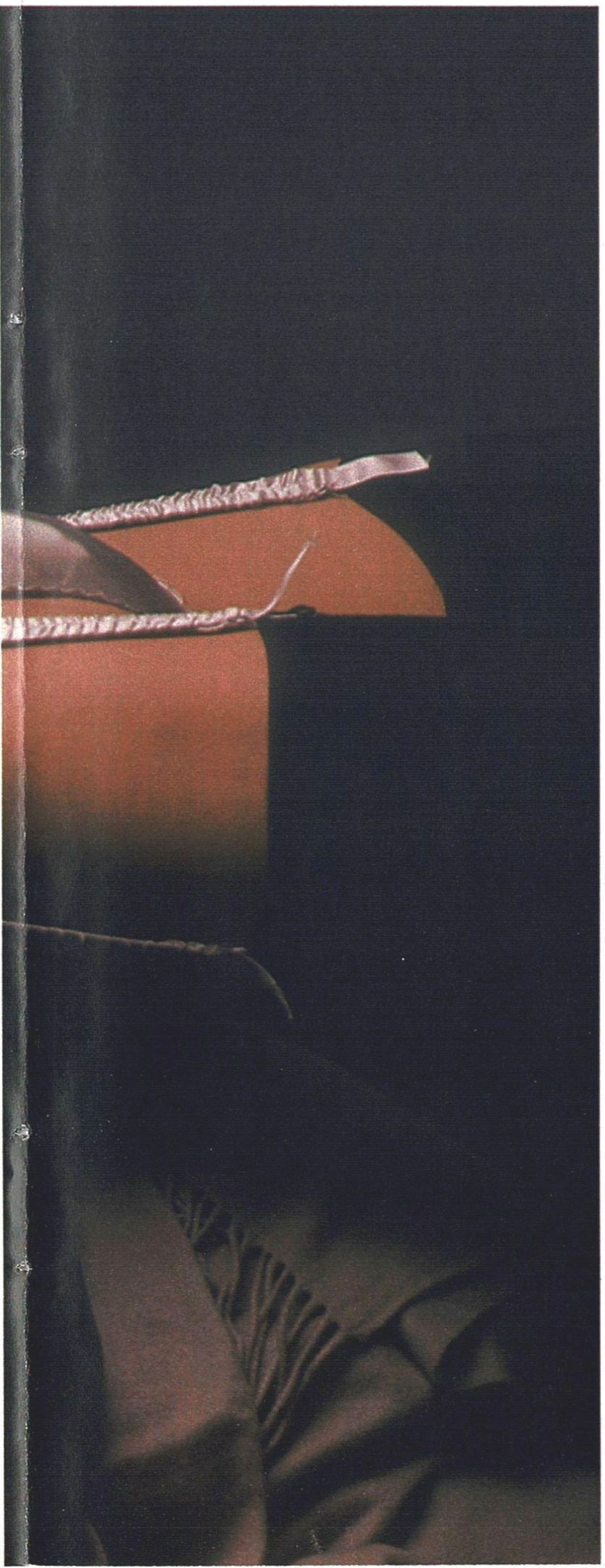
SCOTTY

DUET

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIETER SCHMIDT

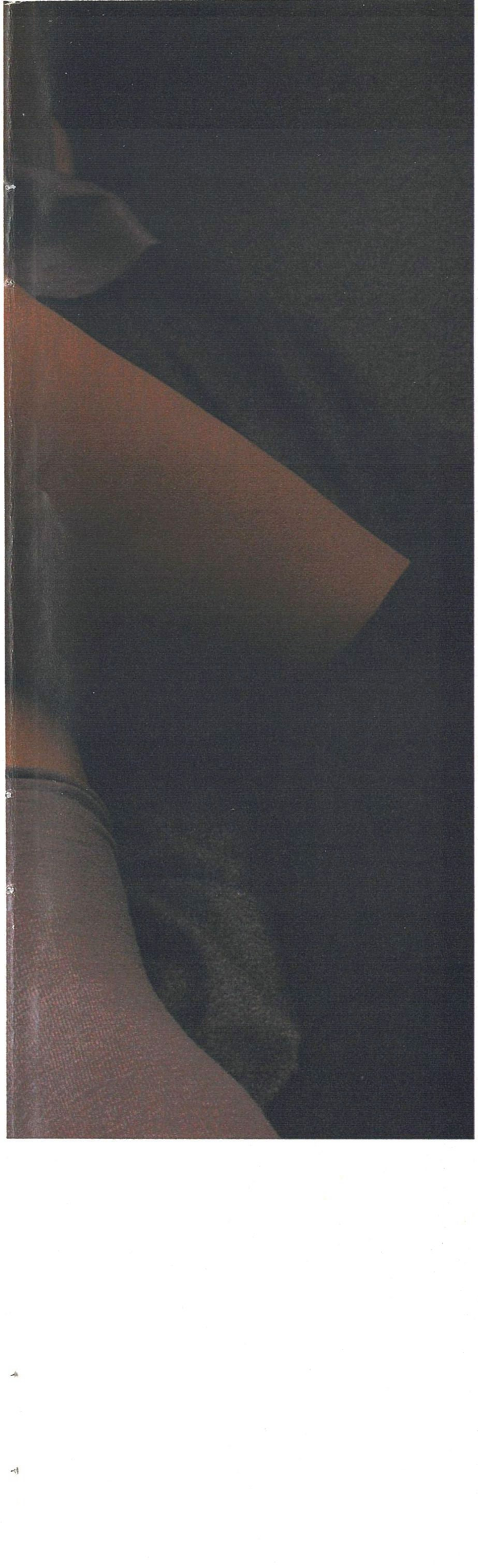
"They were impatient, each bent on her own need."

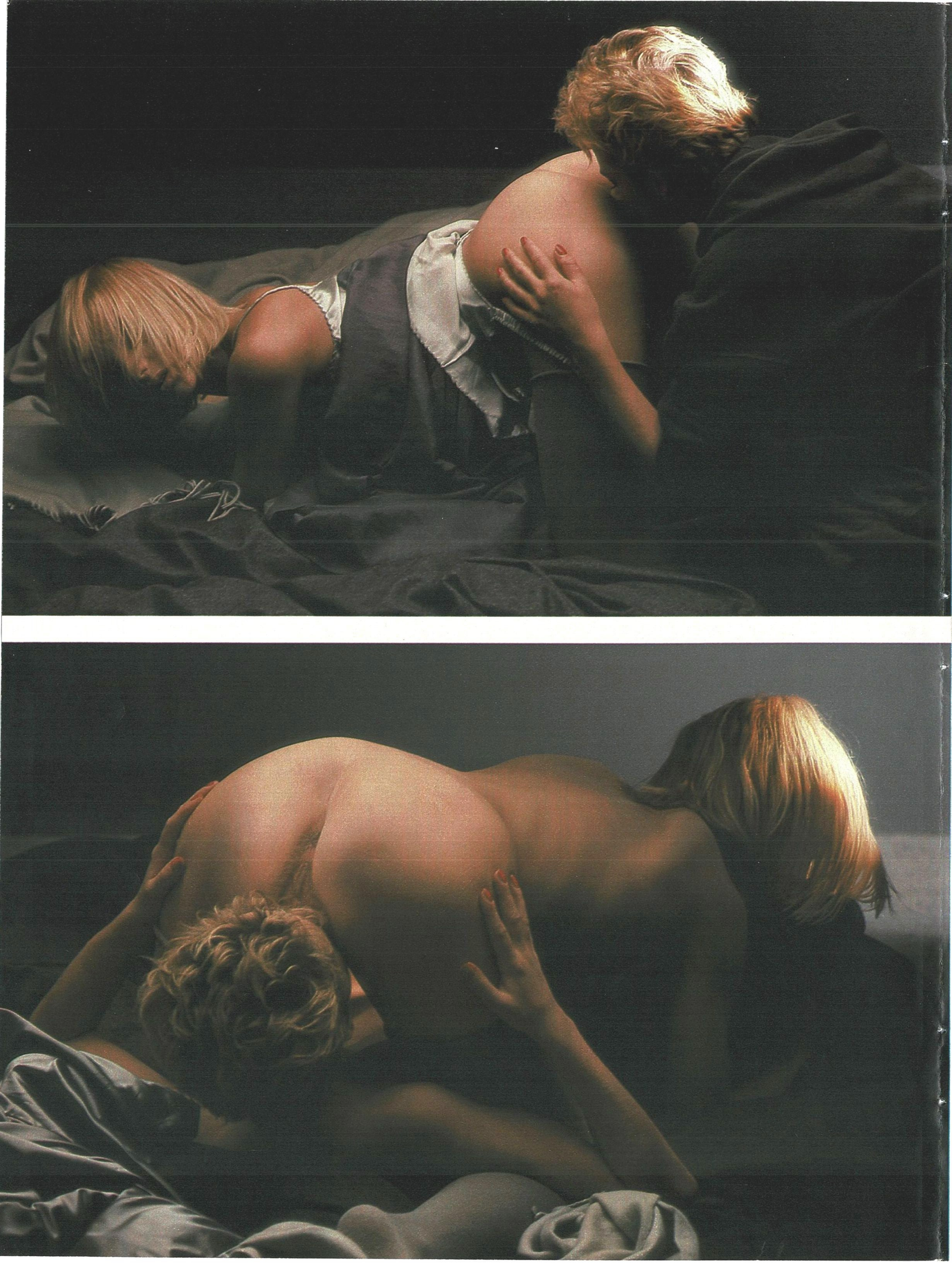
The sudden clanging alarm of their passion made them allies. They were impatient at first, each bent on her own private need. This was a feverish, electric, insistent coupling, based not on choice but on necessity. But they hadn't counted on how it would end.



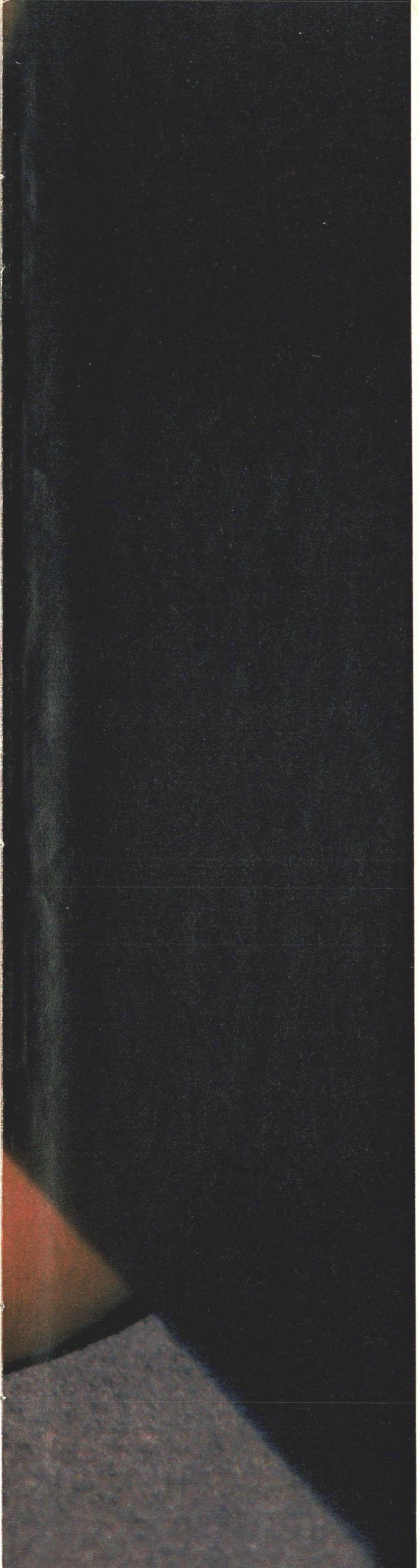
They bartered coldly for each other's heat. "Tit for tat," one said, but the other did not even smile.

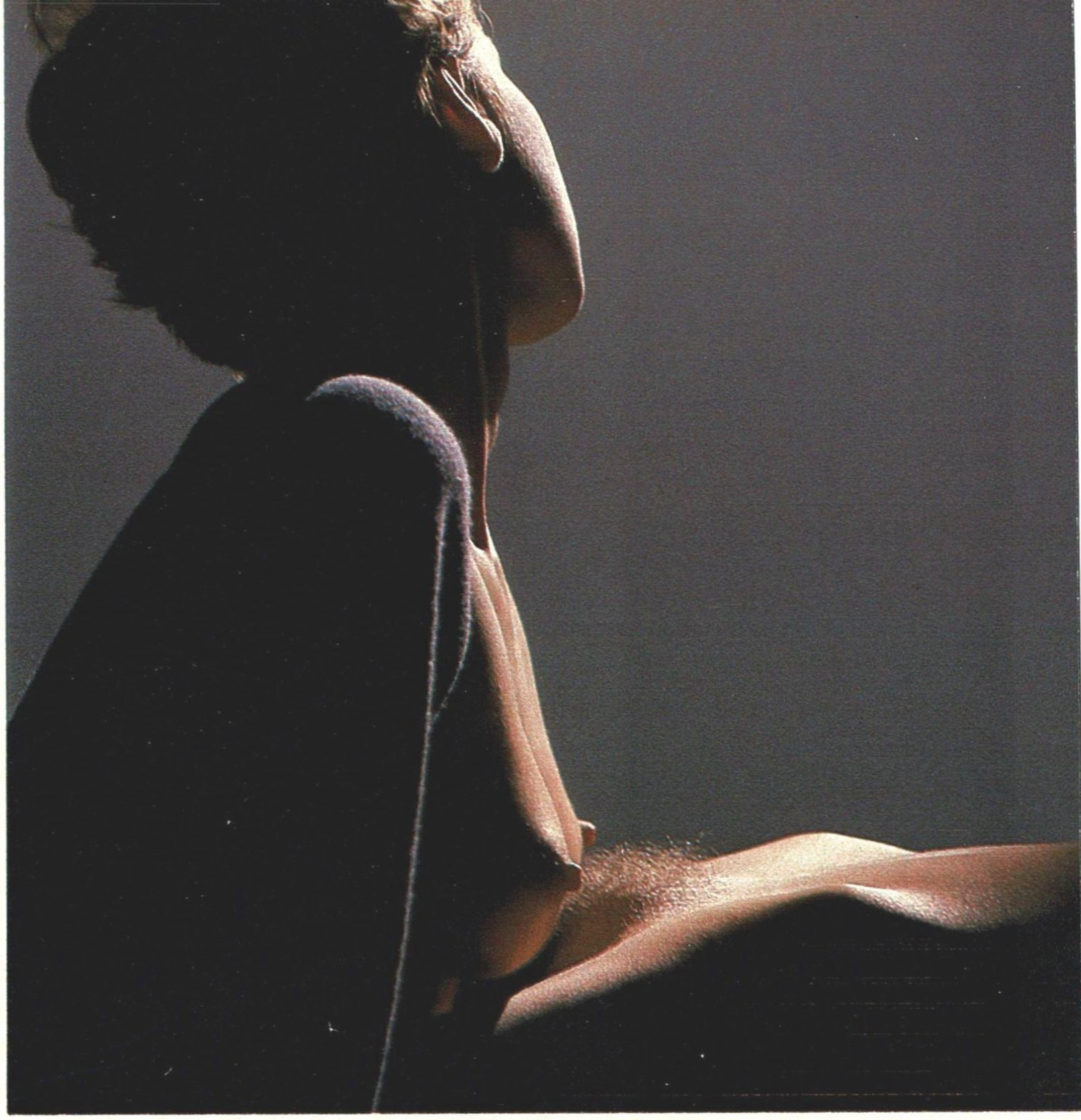
Slowly, almost grudgingly, the two solos became a duet.
The curious monochrome light conspired to pull them out of time, to a shared plateau of endless beginnings. Their offerings began to be more spontaneous. They embarked on a teasing, pleasantly agonizing movement toward crescendo.



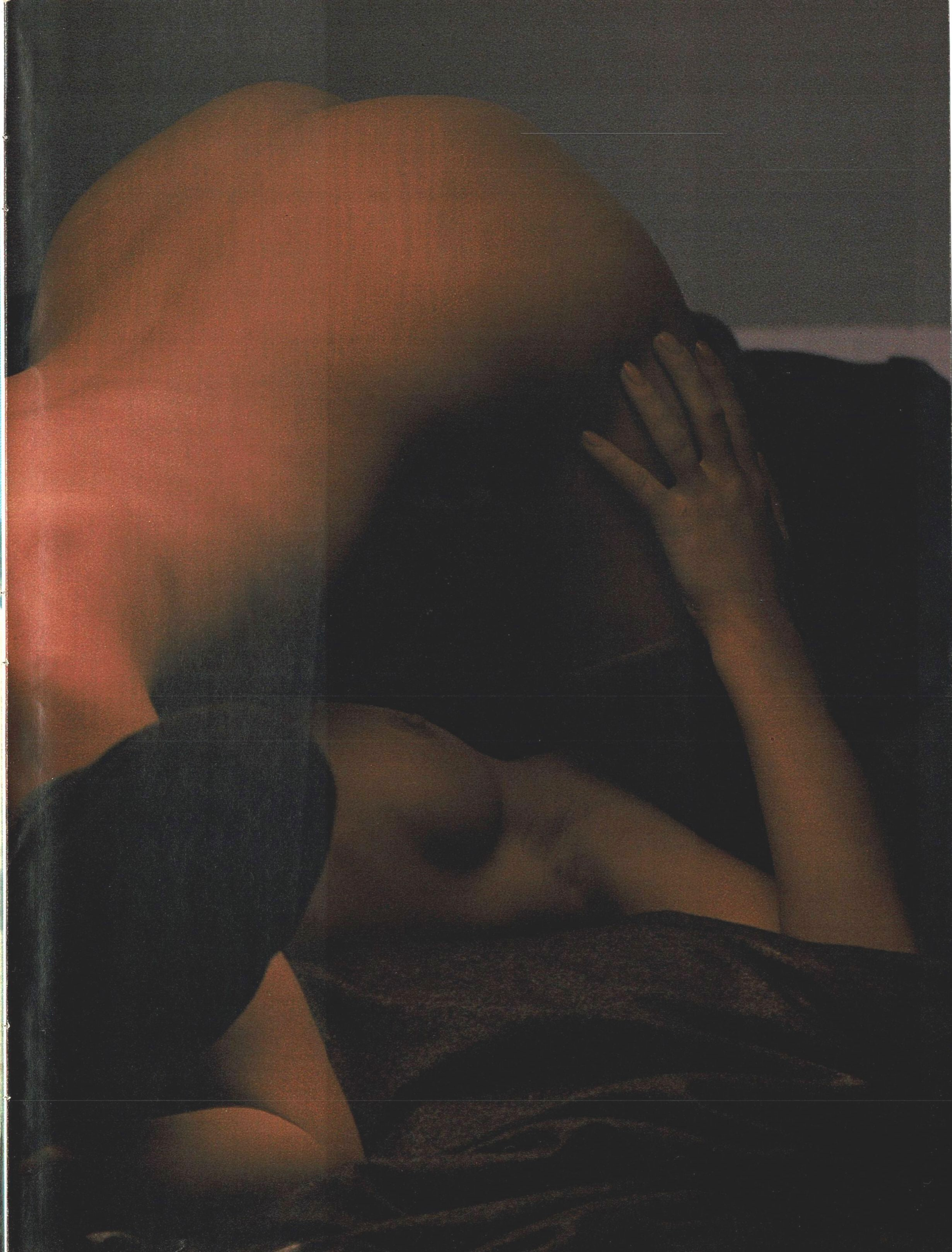


They flirted with the edge, the boundaries between them diminished. Demands were no longer voiced, but were met instantly, intuitively.





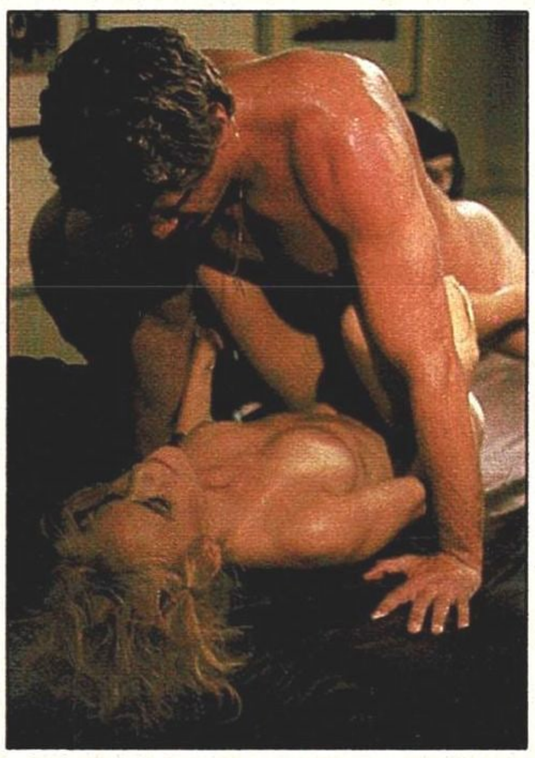
In the end it was one passion,
woven, fused, balanced. They
hadn't counted on anything more
than a fleeting entanglement.
But resting in each other's arms
brought so much more.



The Love Scene is a tape a woman can enjoy, since the women in it are portrayed as powerful, unashamedly erotic beings.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN



Trick or Treat: *dilemma.*

BOO!
Trick or Treat
(Hollywood Video) 1
"Trick or treat" is the dilemma of the adult-video consumer who enters a store and buys a tape not knowing which will be inside—trashy trick or erotic treat. Those who buy *Trick or Treat* will get one big one of the former and precious few of the latter. The joke's on us, as this haunted-house romp drags along slower than a mummy in chains. There's a Vampira character here that's worse than anything trash-movie artist Ed Wood, Jr., could ever imagine. There are some cute new faces, too, but they're lost in the mess, amid throwaway jokes about bobbing apples and hollow weenies. Boo! (That's not meant to scare you, just to scare you away from *Trick or Treat.*)

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY
Barbara Broadcast
(VCA) 1 1 1 1
For some reason, I have been fixated lately on the films of Radley Metzger (aka Henry Paris). The reason I favor this particular film is that it intermingles two main obsessions of mine, food and sex. Make that three main obsessions, when you add Annette Haven. Haven may not have made her debut in *Barbara Broadcast,* but the first time I remember becoming obsessed with her was in her role as a high-class call girl in this 1977 film by Metzger. In the film, Haven is being interviewed by a reporter in a very strange restaurant, a weird hybrid of a culinary establishment and a sex club. She graces the action with the most beauteous body and face in porn. The film itself is light and sensual by turns, but it is the overwhelming, nostalgic power of Haven that makes it great. It can make your eyes and your crotch damp at the same time.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH
The Love Scene
(CD Home Video) 1 1 1
After fast-forwarding through so much of the dreck available on the adult market today, a tape such as *The Love Scene* comes like a breath of fresh air in a mausoleum. Well constructed, well acted, and extremely sexy, *The Love Scene* is head, shoulders, and tits above most X-rated fare. And it is a tape a woman can enjoy, since the women in it are portrayed not as bimbos but as powerful, human, unashamedly erotic beings.

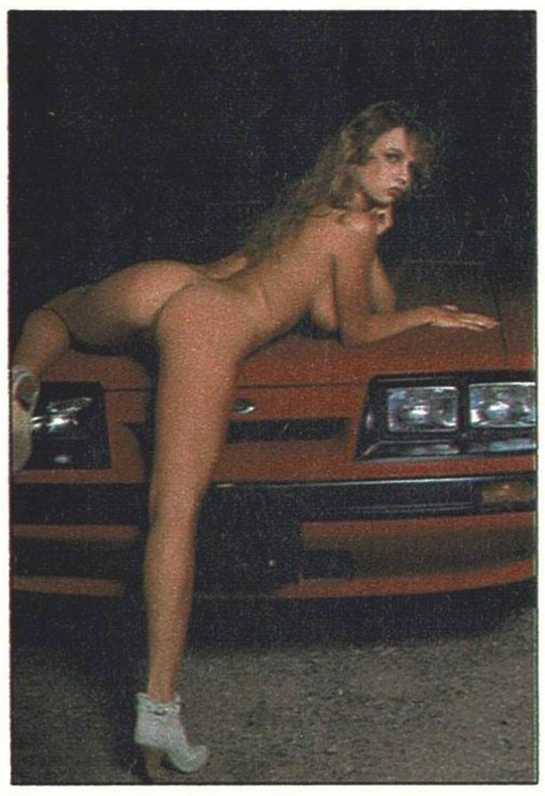
The rather soap-operaish plot concerns the efforts of two screenwriters, one male and one female, to write a crucial love scene that will please a bitchy prima donna star. The star, played by Gina Valentino, is delightfully raunchy. Valentino gives a blowjob and good dirty talk that will have your X and Y chromosomes shaking hands with each other, thanking the heavens you are a male and thus perhaps in the running for such bliss. Director Jerome Bronson knows how to accomplish one of the most difficult things in adult entertainment: being explicit without being gynecological. Highly recommended.

T & A TV
Street Heat Orgy
(Erotic Rock Video) 1
The marriage of porn and music video is, at least, a good idea. The problem is that, with a few exceptions, every time this marriage has been tried it's gone on the rocks. The main exception is Candida Royalle's "Femme Video" series. But Candida is a very talented person, and it's no wonder other attempts haven't measured up to hers. A lot of them have failed just because porn soundtrack music is so notoriously bad; it's like Muzak composed on drugs. *Street Heat Orgy* sidesteps that problem by using established hits. "Bad Girls," "Beat It," "Honky Tonk Woman," "Hot Legs," and "You Sexy Thing" are some of the top-ten hits performed by unknowns here. They're also danced to by a chorus line—make that a "coarse line"—of tits-a-hangin' bimbos, some of them airheads performing on air guitars.

Again, this could all be fast and sexy and good, but *Street Heat* goes down the drain with it. Production values are what kill it—bad editing, amateur lighting, and the casting of a male lead that had to have been done in the dark. The girls try gamely, lip-synching with their vaginal lips, but it just doesn't work. Good marks for concept, demerits for execution.

Street Heat Orgy: *goes down the drain.*

PENTHOUSE PICK
Passion Pit
(Essex) 1 1 1
If you don't know what the title of this tape refers to, you may not qualify as a true red-blooded American. After watching *Passion Pit,* though, it's guaranteed that you will qualify as a *hot*-blooded



Pit: *erotic blockbuster.*

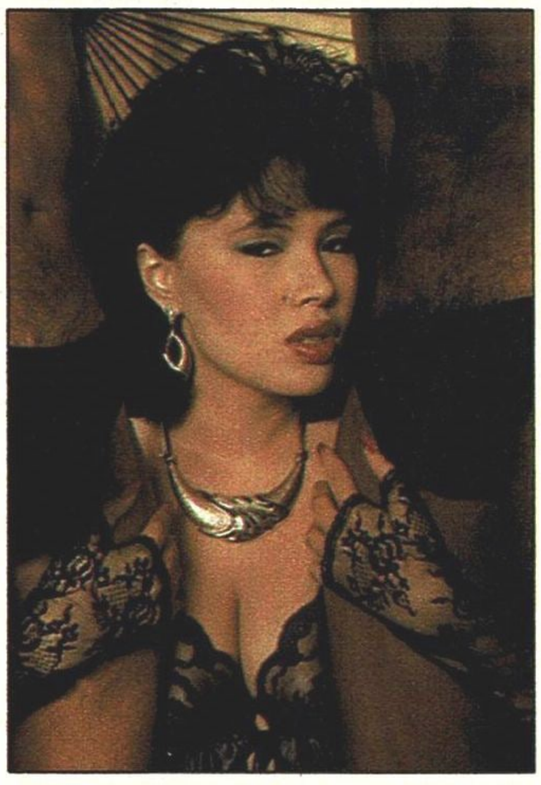
American, whether or not you know that the title refers to a drive-in movie. This tape has some of the most searing footage in recent porn history, much of it thanks to the two greatest stars in the current X-rated firmament, Tracy Lords and Stacey Donovan.

In her role as a carhop concession girl, the busty, beautiful Lords proves she hasn't exhausted all her erotic possibilities, even though she's been featured in more tapes lately than anyone in porn. It's for good reason. Her acting is good enough to support the tremendous weight of her jugs—or maybe it's the other way around. And when she's paired with the ultimate California blonde, Stacey Donovan, it proves the old adage that good things come in pairs. Tracy and Stacey come, and come, and come, and are generous enough to make everyone around them come, too, including the viewer. Duck Dumont's direction and screenplay make me think he's one of the great under-rated figures in smut, and there's a whole passel of fresh faces who give added meaning to the term "newcomer." But it is the volcanic action of the two leads, Tracy and Stacey, throwing off clothes and sparks with equal abandon, that really makes *Passion Pit* an erotic blockbuster.

A WALK ON THE WILDER SIDE
Hot Sweet Honey
(Visual Entertainment) ⊥
Adult video is nothing if not an equal-opportunity employer; any geek, weirdo, or Republican can pick up a camera and aim it at labia. Adult video, unfortunately, seems to seek an equal-opportunity audience, too, as in the case of *Hot Sweet Honey*, where the target viewer is the guy with the room-temperature IQ.

It's not that this tape is dumb, it's that it keeps its intellectual tone at such a resolutely low level as to make the lowest common denominator look like a complicated logarithm. Even the plot is elementary: We are guided through a series of erotic vignettes by the "star" of this video, Honey Wilder. There is an acting audition, a weird bathtub scene with a hot blonde and her rubber duckie, and an even more surreal scene wherein Honey bakes a cake while a blowjob is being given in the background. At every point, the desperation of the producers to come up with fresh ideas shows through; the tone is so remedial and so labored. When Wilder adopts her read-my-lips attitude, she's referring to two sets of lips—but that can't save this tape.

STARLET WARS
Battle of the Stars, Round 2
(Now Showing) ⊥⊥
More of a packaging ploy than an idea for an adult videotape, *Battle of the Stars, Round 2* nevertheless takes off erotically. Tracy Lords and Christy Canyon were the first two gonadal gladiators to meet in Now Showing's "Battle" series, which has enclosed ballots in each videotape box so viewers can vote on which of the two stars they prefer. *Round 1* was something of a shrill bore, but *Round 2* is better. There's more chemistry between the two stars, Kristina Barrington and Heather Wayne, this time around. What we get is an impressionistic spray of sexual images from which the viewer can take his pick. Interviews about the stars are slotted throughout the tape, mostly with Tom Byron, an intelligent, articulate man. Fast-paced, sexy stuff.



Battle: *better than* Round 1.

I'M OFAY, YOU'RE OFAY
Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout Black Chicks (VCA) ⊥⊥
Watching the latest from the Dark Brothers—Walter and Gregory—I tried to figure out their appeal. Throughout all their tapes there runs a common thread of outrageousness. The sets are outlandish, the action skewed and distorted, the dialogue stilted. Yet all the tapes are hot. I think it has to do with the atmosphere of a Dark Brothers set. There is a feeling of anarchy created by the bizarre goings-on.

That anarchy communicates itself to the sex. The women go wild. There is a feeling of uninhibited raunchiness that pervades a Dark Brothers movie. The sex is what saves a Dark Brothers production, because all the other things—the oversize chairs, the sunglasses on the males, the brain-damaged dialogue—are beginning to wear thin. The brothers get beyond the narrow fetishist interest in interracial sex, but just barely. The sex is still hot, but the Dark Brothers are in a rut—and it's not a mating rut.

RATING KEY

⊥ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
⊥⊥ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
⊥⊥⊥ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
⊥⊥⊥⊥ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

STOCKMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

wealthy communities.

Then, in September 1983, revenue sharing was due to expire unless reauthorized. "Do you realize," Stockman continued, "that I spent two months up there struggling, clawing, to prevent them [members of Congress] from extending revenue sharing at a higher level? And when the [three-year reauthorization] was voted on in the House—go check the vote—I couldn't even get the Republicans to pass a substitute keeping it at its $4.6-billion level. They raised it to $5.3 billion. And the only way we were able to hold it to $4.6 billion for another three years was by threatening to veto anything more than that, and [Senate Majority Leader] Bob Dole held out in conference long enough, and the House finally conceded. But check the vote. Over half the Republicans in the House voted for the higher level. I mean, not moving in the direction of shrinking it but moving in the direction of raising the funding."

After four years of keeping it in the budget, the administration finally decided to call for the elimination of revenue sharing in its fiscal 1986 budget, and Congress has agreed to let it expire in 1987.

Military commissaries: "The Defense Department and the Joint Chiefs of Staff would bleed more over [saving] that than they would the MX missile. It doesn't have a snowball's chance. I'm serious. They would put more lobbying muscle, if there was a serious threat to the commissaries. I kid you not. I'm not being hyperbolic. I'm telling you the straight truth. They would put more lobbying muscle into saving the commissaries than they would into saving the MX.

"I'm going to go after it in this budget, but you watch and see what happens. The Republicans, they're the worst. See, anybody who's got big military installations in their state will go bats, will just go crazy. [Virginia Senators] Paul Trible, John Warner, even [Texas Senator] Phil Gramm—and Phil's as straight as they come. He's the only true conservative in Congress. I bet even he will have to back off on that. Although Phil is the only one I can imagine with enough nerve. [California Senator] Pete Wilson will go crazy on it."

Eliminating subsidies for military commissaries around the country, as the Grace Commission has proposed, would save taxpayers $750 million a year. Yet the subsidies remain intact.

Urban Development Action Grants: In 1981 Stockman proposed scrapping this program, which critics say is a $440-million-a-year boondoggle that has funneled municipal grants to subsidize big companies like the Amway Corporation and Hyatt to build ritzy hotels and office complexes. Real estate developers call UDAG "the gravy in the deal."

Stockman said his earlier proposals to cut UDAG "got stopped internally. Ed Meese stopped that because a lot of people got to him and said this was a Republican program. Well, that's nonsense. Jimmy Carter came up with it. They used it as the biggest election boondoggle in history. They put out UDAG grants all over the country in 1980.

"Nevertheless, they [White House officials] felt that this was a Republican program that allegedly mobilizes private investment. Well, sure it does, but it moves it from one city to another—from the front end of town to the back end of town. It doesn't do anything. It just stirs around the pot, that's all. So when I failed to even get that one, I knew it was hopeless for Community Development Block Grants." Before he left the White House, however, Stockman succeeded in getting the elimination of UDAG into Reagan's budget, but Congress has thus far rejected it.

> Every time I try to cut [military retirement pay], the Joint Chiefs come in and tell the President that it's going to destroy the armed services.

Community Development Block Grants: "A Republican-Nixon creation," in Stockman's words, which "all the Republicans up there strongly support. It's a $3.5-billion program that gives grants to localities, largely middle- and upper-class communities that can afford their own community development. There's no chance it can be eliminated," said Stockman. "Ask [Utah Senator] Jake Garn—he's chairman of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee [on urban development programs]—if he would be willing to sponsor a bill to terminate it. I mean, he'd tell you it's totally unrealistic. A program like this, with a net cast broadly, no matter how stupid, [is impossible to cut with such] rock-solid Republican support for the program on the Hill."

Shipping subsidies: Stockman said he tried desperately to work out a compromise in 1984 to cut unneeded federal maritime "operating subsidies, which basically pay seamen's wages. We would have saved $300 million to $400 million a year, but it was killed by the White House. Meese and Jack Svahn [Reagan's domestic policy adviser] killed it," he said, because of stiff opposition from the maritime unions.

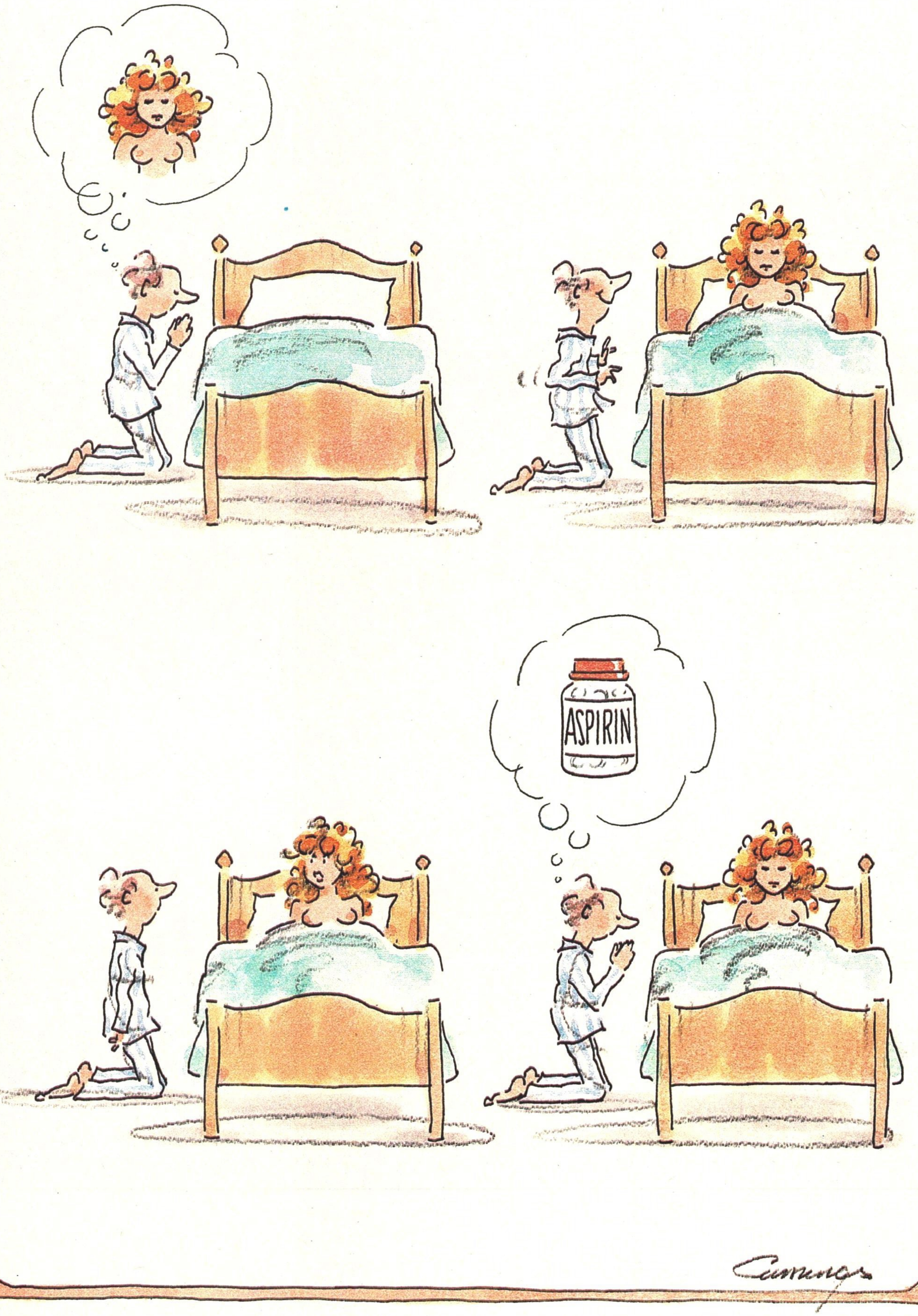
Export-Import Bank: "There is more support for that in the administration than there is opposition," complained Stockman. "I've had to fight to keep it from being increased for the last two budgets in a row. They all come in—[Commerce Secretary] Mac Baldrige, [then–Special Trade Representative Bill] Brock, and all the others—and they want to raise it. So instead of cutting such corporate welfare, we're lucky to hold it where it is right now." Billions of dollars in Ex-Im Bank loans and loan guarantees have benefited corporate America's biggest Fortune 500 companies, including General Electric, Boeing, and General Motors. The small business community, he added, feeds at the federal trough, too, receiving millions in loan subsidies from the Small Business Administration, though a minuscule 0.2 percent of America's 14.3 million small businesses are getting SBA credit. "SBA's a boondoggle, but we have an administrator [James C. Sanders] over there now who thinks it's the greatest thing since sliced bread."

Foreign aid: "We have an administrator of AID [the Agency for International Development] who thinks it's a wonderful program, and so does [Secretary of State] George Shultz. And last year when we raised the thing [economic assistance] in our budget, $200 million to $300 million, it would have been more, if I hadn't fought it internally.

"The foreign-assistance budget is going up rapidly—now about $12 billion a year—and we're shoving it down Congress's throat because we want more and more money for security assistance, military-sales financing. Whether it's right or wrong, that's another policy argument. But that's not going to be knocked off."

Twenty-years-and-out military retirement: "Every time I try to cut that, the Joint Chiefs come in and tell the President that it's going to destroy the armed services. He won't cut it. In fact, in the 1984 budget I had just one small proposal that I got through to make a minor reform in the military retirement system. You know these [retirees] are working. They're making big money. But the Joint Chiefs wrote the President a letter telling him this is a terrible thing to do, and the next thing I knew we withdrew our support for the proposal." Today, the Pentagon still allows its military personnel to retire at 50 percent of their basic pay as early as age 38.

Department of Education: "We started out trying to abolish the department and cut education all the way back to the core, maybe $7–8 billion." But then, as Stockman bitterly recalled about a day in 1984, "we had a visiting congressional delegation led by [Oklahoma Congressman] Mickey Edwards," then the head of the American Conservative Union, "who insisted on seeing the President. And the delegation was comprised of other House Republicans—including Minnesota Rep.


ASPIRIN

Vin Weber and Rep. Newt Gingrich of Georgia—whose mission was to persuade the President that he couldn't cut one dime out of the education budget. And that's why we didn't cut anything in our fiscal 1985 request. Then Congress added a little bit to it and you got an $18-billion education budget. Our original target was $8 billion.

"I can remember sitting right there, and they were all around this table just beating the living hell out of me about how it was stupid and foolish to cut the education budget because everybody knows Congress isn't going to do it. 'You can send it [the budget cuts] up but we won't support it, we're telling you that right now,' " Stockman said they told him. "Why did all these conservatives come in and say, 'Don't cut a dime from the education budget'? They said, 'We don't want to take the heat for any cuts.' " When Stockman stood firm, the delegation went to see Reagan to plead their case. The President backed down, and the cuts in the department that he once promised he would abolish were never proposed.

Energy research: The "number-one supporter" of energy research, said Stockman, is GOP Senator Jim McClure, chairman of the Senate Interior Appropriations Subcommittee, which has jurisdiction over energy programs. "He won't cut it any further. He's nuts on the subject."

Pork-barrel water projects: Shortly before Congress raced home to campaign in the fall of 1984, it was preparing to pass a catchall money bill that contained $6 billion for 52 new public-works projects, "and we kept threatening to veto it. We finally got them to back off. But it was about this far," said Stockman, holding two fingers close together, "from everybody down here getting me to back off.

"It was all Republicans," he said angrily, "all Senate Republicans, and they were threatening terrible things were going to happen to the defense budget, Social Security, and so forth" if the White House blocked the water projects. "Who were some of these people? [Senators] Ted Stevens, Mark Hatfield, McClure had projects in there, all the western senators. But finally they got so tired of waiting—we kind of faced them eyeball-to-eyeball for about two weeks—they finally threw in the towel because they wanted to get home to campaign. But we were just lucky the clock ran out."

Timber-industry bailout: "All the timber companies got into trouble because back in the peak of inflation, they were bidding prices that were crazy. They've got all these speculative contracts, so they've been beating the drums for two years to cancel all of these contracts—a billion-dollar bailout. We opposed those as well as we could, but when the bill came down—the President signed it."

Economic Development Administration: Stockman unsuccessfully tried to "zero out" EDA's $200-million pork-barrel grants to the business community. "But all the Republicans up there on the Public Works Committee swear by this one. [Pennsylvania Congressman] Bud Shuster goes nuts every time I mention getting rid of the EDA. There are no Republican votes to take any more out of it now."

The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration: "There's a lot of boondoggles in there, too many satellites, all kinds of ridiculous maritime research, fishing-industry subsidies, and so forth." Yet it has escaped the ax. Why? "For the last two years the appropriations bill has come over from the House about $100 million over budget. Then it goes to the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee, which is chaired by [Nevada Senator Paul] Laxalt, and he increases it."

Farm programs: Equally sacrosanct are agricultural subsidies of all kinds, like the USDA's $350-million Extension Service program. "Try that one out on [Nebraska GOP Congresswoman] Virginia Smith—

> Stockman sounded like a beaten, frustrated man, someone who was almost ready to throw in the towel and call it quits.

she's the ranking Republican on the House Agriculture Appropriations Subcommittee," Stockman said. The money funds a collection of programs, including advice on backyard gardening and lawn care for homeowners and lawn-care professionals, home-economics courses, and the 4-H program. "If you so much as breathe that we were thinking about cutting the Extension Service, she'd be all over the White House in a matter of minutes." And "if we cut it out [of the budget], she'd put the money right back in. Then it would go over to the Senate and [Mississippi GOP Senator] Thad Cochran would keep it in. I mean, there isn't a snowball's chance that Virginia Smith would go along with that." Indeed, "every time I take one little nick out of any kind of agriculture program, she goes crazy, she gets on the phone, yells, and screams." For example, "I tried to cut agricultural research one year, and the whole Ag Department, [Secretary John] Block, et cetera, became unglued and basically we didn't cut it."

The over-budget fiscal 1984 agriculture appropriations bill "was so bad, I was trying to veto it." But "when word got out that I was trying to get it vetoed, we had a flying-wedge delegation down here of [Republicans] Roger Jepsen, Virginia Smith, and so forth, trying to convince Meese and some others that I was totally wrong, that it would be a disaster to veto an agricultural appropriations bill. So it was signed" by the President.

Subsidies for yacht and boat owners: There was never any support for "user fees" for Coast Guard services to make "these big private yachters pay if they want to get rescued if they run out of gas," Stockman said. "We couldn't get one Republican to introduce it.

"The first year we had a $400-million [user-fee proposal], and nobody would touch it. They were all opposed to it. Denounced it wildly. Well, I said maybe we were too ambitious. Next year we're going to put in $200 million in user fees. Nobody would touch it. As a matter of fact, in 1982 [former Maine GOP Congressman] David Emery, who was running for the Senate, pulled it out of the House Republican budget resolution as his contribution to show the people in Maine that he was protecting their interests. So then in the 1984 budget, I knocked it down to $60 million. I still couldn't get anybody. So in 1985 we got it down to $8 million and they still won't."

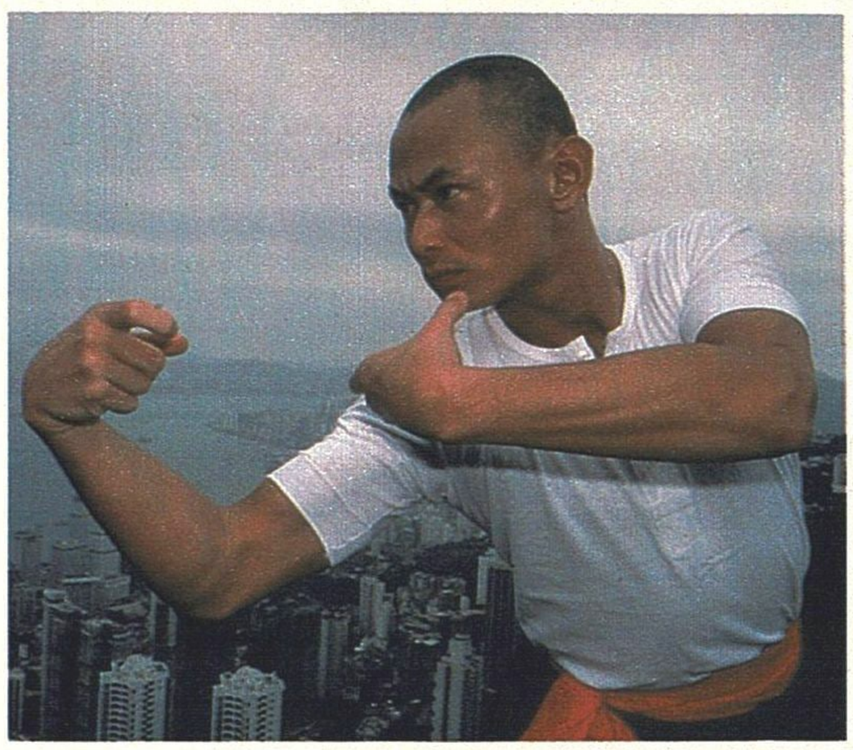
Buying votes: Returning again to administration efforts in behalf of more foreign-assistance spending, Stockman said, "We're up there [on Capitol Hill] pushing them to put this stuff through, and we end up having to trade increases in domestic programs they [lawmakers] want. You pay a price to get it [foreign aid] out of Congress because that's the one thing Congress doesn't want to fund.

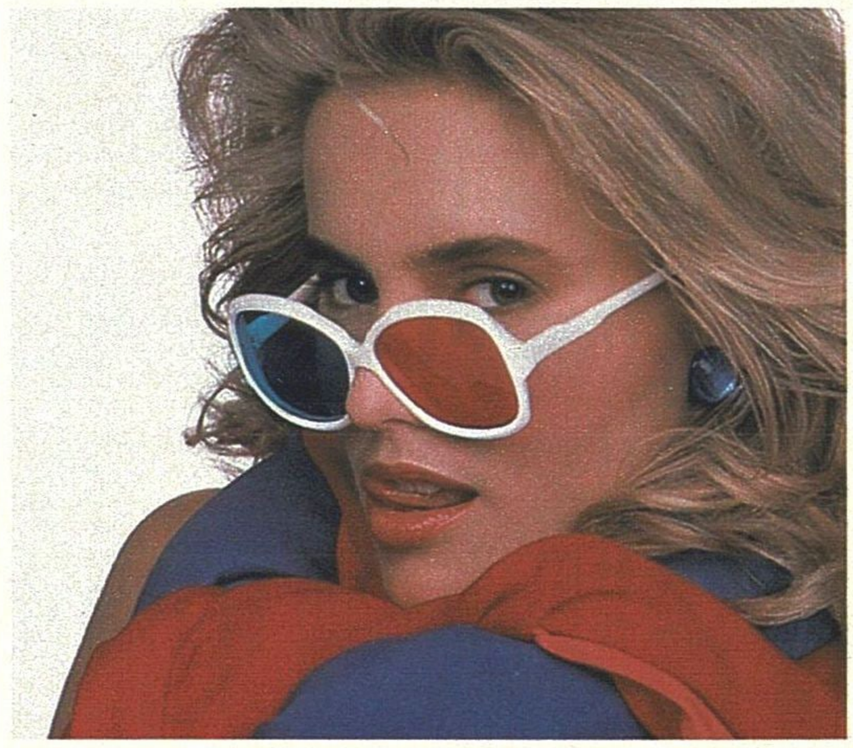
"To get the money appropriated, we have to go up there and make deals all the time to get domestic spending add-ons" for pet pork-barrel programs that lawmakers want for their states and districts. "I've always resisted this because I don't like to see all the spending we fought to hold down suddenly given away—and it's usually on a ratio of ten to one." For example, he revealed, "there was a billion dollars' worth of domestic add-ons" tacked onto the 1984 supplemental appropriations bill in order "to get $100 million for El Salvador."

The future: "Hope always springs eternal. We've cut a lot, but now we're reaching the point where they are really dug in. In other words, what we cut in 1981 was sort of the top layer of the fat where most people, for the moment anyway, were willing to stand aside and let it happen. But now we're getting close to the political bone. And it's bipartisan.

"The point is," added Stockman, "these guys [Republicans] get away with making these speeches about how spending's out of control, but when it comes to their own piece of the turf, they say, 'Don't cut you, don't cut me, cut the fellow behind the tree.' " Quite simply, he concluded, "the problem is us."

EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED





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PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

CAN YOU TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

We all have instincts. The question is: Can they be trusted? When one man allows his intuition to flow, he ends up making million-dollar deals and spending blissful nights with beautiful women. When the next guy tries the same thing, he gets hit by a truck on the way to the office and comes down with a bad case of the clap.

This psychograph is designed to see how well your own instincts, intuitions, hunches, and impulses are serving you. Are they accurate and trustworthy, or are they sabotaging your life?

We all like to think we make rational decisions, responding logically to the facts, statistics, and situations we encounter. But in the real world, that doesn't always happen. An awful lot of decisions are made on the basis of pure gut instinct, and it's only after the fact that we may round up enough evidence to make them *look* logical.

McGill University professor Henry Mintzberg studied top corporate executives and found they were strong instinctive decision-makers. Writing in the *Harvard Business Review*, he said the successful exec is "constantly relying on hunches to cope with problems far too complex for rational analysis." Even in science, that most rational of all disciplines, great discoveries have often been preceded by flashes of intuitive insight that put the researcher on the right path. (Of course, this process can backfire. In his book *The Intuitive Edge*, Philip Goldberg notes that Albert Einstein, a naturally intuitive thinker, once wasted two years following a misleading instinct.) In the end, as Mintzberg says, the best decision-making "lies in a blend of clear-headed logic and powerful intuition."

Much of the most interesting psychological research on intuition has been carried out by Malcolm Westcott of York University in Toronto (and was reported in his book *Toward a Contemporary Psychology of Intuition*). In 11 separate studies involving more than a thousand people, Westcott was able to construct personality profiles of those who, time after time, solved problems correctly even with little information. And that is the key to intuitive, instinctive thinking—being able to visualize the big picture when all you've got is a few pieces of the puzzle.

We've relied on research such as this to construct the following psychograph. Respond to the questions quickly, with the first answer that strikes you. Whatever you do, don't try to look for the "logical" or "correct" answer. Rely on your instincts.

1. Does it bother you when you do something and find out later that people considered it to be odd, unusual, or nonconformist?
   (a) Yes. It's important for me to feel like I fit in.
   (b) Sometimes. I suppose I'm basically a conformist, but once in a while I like to do things that shake people up.
   (c) No. I like being unconventional.

2. If you had to choose, would you prefer to visit a foreign country where:
   (a) your native language was widely spoken
   (b) you had to learn to get by in a language you didn't know

3. Are you a neat, orderly person?
   (a) yes, very
   (b) I'm not a slob, but I'm not compulsively neat either.
   (c) no
   (d) I may look disorderly, but I can usually find what I need.

4. Can you usually tell right from the start how something is likely to turn out?
   (a) Yes. I may not get the details exactly right, but I usually can tell early on whether something I'm involved in is going to turn out well or badly.
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

5. Once you've made a plan, are you likely to deviate from it?
   (a) Yes. If something comes up that's more important or if it begins to look like the plan isn't the best thing to do, I'll scrap it.
   (b) sometimes
   (c) No. My plans are carefully thought out.

6. When people criticize you, do you feel that what they say about you is usually correct?
   (a) yes
   (b) Sometimes it is, sometimes it isn't.
   (c) no

7. Would you say you're basically a creature of habit who prefers familiar surroundings and familiar routines?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Are you afraid of new situations even when you know they aren't inherently dangerous?
   (a) yes
   (b) I may get nervous when I'm faced with new surroundings or situations, but I'm not terrified by them and I usually manage to cope with them.
   (c) No. I love the excitement that comes from doing something I've never done before.

9. When you have to assemble something that comes with printed directions (like a tent, barbecue grill, stereo system, or swing for the kids next door) do you generally:
   (a) follow the directions closely
   (b) jump right in and assemble as much as you can, only referring to the directions if you get stuck

10. Do you ever feel anxious or unsettled even when there's no obvious cause to make you feel like that?
    (a) yes
    (b) not usually

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"Successful people often rely on hunches to cope with problems too complex for rational analysis."

PSYCHOGRAPH

11. Do you often feel overtired?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Are you a person who makes a lot of lists, outlines, agendas, etc.?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

13. Imagine you're working on a project that's extremely important to you. The deadline for completing it is approaching rapidly and you're under very heavy time pressure. Suddenly you reach an impasse, develop a mental block, or encounter a problem you can't seem to solve no matter how hard you try. Time is running out, and you feel as if everything might collapse on top of you. Which of the following would be your most likely response:
    (a) I'd sit there and keep working at it. I know that I'm most likely to make the breakthrough I need if I just stick to it.
    (b) No matter how little time I had left, I'd take a break and do something completely different so that I could come back and tackle the problem with a clear mind.

14. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
    (a) Even if there are several possible solutions to a problem, one is usually the best.
    (b) Many problems can be solved in a variety of different ways. Only occasionally is there a single, "best" solution to a problem.

15. Are you skilled with tools?
    (a) yes, very much so
    (b) moderately
    (c) No, I'm a klutz.

16. How good is your imagination?
    (a) above average
    (b) average
    (c) below average

17. Do you have a good memory?
    (a) yes
    (b) It's okay, but not great.
    (c) no

18. Would you say you're basically:
    (a) practical
    (b) impractical

19. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing you:
    (a) I dread being faced with new problems. I don't like to have my life disrupted by forces I may not be able to control.
    (b) I suppose nobody really likes problems, but I enjoy the process of finding solutions and the thrill of successfully solving them.

20. How competent are you?
    (a) I'd say I'm more competent than most people.
    (b) I suppose I'm about as competent as most people.
    (c) I think most people are more competent at what they do than I am.

21. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing you:
    (a) I hate to waste my time talking to people who are not interested in the same things I am.
    (b) I don't mind talking with people who have entirely different backgrounds from mine. They're the people from whom you're most likely to find out interesting and unusual things.

SCORING

All answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 105 points; the lowest, 21.

1. a-1, b-3, c-5
2. a-1, b-5
3. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5
4. a-5, b-3, c-1
5. a-5, b-3, c-1
6. a-1, b-5, c-3
7. a-1, b-5
8. a-1, b-3, c-5
9. a-1, b-5
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-1, b-5
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-1, b-3, c-5
16. a-5, b-3, c-1
17. a-1, b-4, c-5
18. a-1, b-5
19. a-1, b-5
20. a-5, b-3, c-1
21. a-1, b-5

If you scored 84 to 105 points:
You appear to exhibit the psychological characteristics that correlate with high intuition. People with these traits tend to be independent, spontaneous, and open to change. They rely on their instincts, and they are right to do so because their instincts usually don't let them down. They have finely tuned intuitive powers which, when followed, are likely to yield successful and productive results.

63 to 83 points:
Like those in the category above, you too may have above-average intuitive powers. However, people who score in this range have to be careful. The quality and accuracy of their instincts may not always be up to par. They may be the type of people who make wild guesses, who follow every instinct without discrimination. They don't seem to realize that, while some of their intuitive decisions turn out to be very successful, others are just terrible. If you're like that, you should try to monitor the results of your decisions carefully so you can see which instincts should be followed and which should be ignored.

42 to 62 points:
You have your share of instincts and intuitions, but you're fairly cautious about following them. In general, you tend to distrust impulsive behavior. You will probably never be a highly intuitive decision-maker; it's just not part of your personality, and there's nothing wrong with that. However, if you'd like to sharpen your instincts, try letting your intuition guide you in small matters and see what happens. If, say, you're choosing a wine for dinner, don't go with an old standby. Select from a group of wines with which you're not familiar. Don't analyze; just buy the one that "feels" best. Even if the wine turns out to be lousy, you'll have learned to become a little more comfortable with your intuition. After a few failures, you may find that your instinctive decisions start getting better.

21 to 41 points:
You appear to be the ultimate rationalist. You are highly suspicious of intuition and probably like to feel you are strongly in control of yourself and your environment. People like you, in fact, probably should avoid impulsive behavior. They'll be most successful following their well-developed, logical minds. When they act impulsively, they usually regret it. Neither they nor their instincts are used to the free-form, open-ended mental environment that the intuitive person takes for granted. The great psychiatrist Carl Jung believed that intuitive people are born, not made. If that's true, don't worry about your poorly developed intuition. Go with your strength: logic.

I'M TAKING YOU OFF UNFRIENDLY TAKE-OVERS FOR A WHILE....

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

Looking for a mate is simply trying to find someone of the opposite sex who gets turned on by the same things you do. If you are a masculine man, what you need is a feminine woman. So stop being so confused. Have the courage of your own convictions, and sooner or later you will find someone who not only appreciates it, but regards it as more important than anything else that her man treat her like a lady.

SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT

I have a strange sexual fetish. I want to make love to a woman with a shaved head and pussy. I've had this desire since I was a teenager; I'm 22 now. I fantasize about a beautiful blonde with long hair. I put her in a barber's chair, her legs spread-eagled over the arms of the chair. I take my scissors and cut the majority of her flowing blond hair off.

Then I take a clippers and shave her head as close as possible. I finish my work with shaving cream and a disposable razor. Her gorgeous cunt is next to be clipped. With scissors in hand, I clip her bush neatly and perfectly. Shaving cream and my trusty razor complete my fleshy masterpiece.

After I'm done, I stand back and examine my work. My woman begs me to fuck her with my nine-and-a-half-inch erect cock. I put oil on her newly shaved snatch and then fuck her until we both come together.

Do you think this sort of fetish is strange? Please advise.—O. F.

Could it be that the women's movement is finally getting to you? All those chicks are ably and efficiently doing jobs that men have always done. So you want to cut them down to size, the operative word being "cut."

Bald-beaver buffs are not at all unusual, as the thrill of a naked pussy works both ways. I last shaved my crotch while on vacation in Mexico. My lover adored it (he did the detail work, so he felt creative about it). But while he found it a turn-on to look at, touch, kiss, and suck, I found it thrilling just to have. Sitting absolutely still in the car as we drove through the beautiful tropical scenery, I felt like a horny virgin. Several times our journey was interrupted as a sweet sexiness spread from my smooth, soft, hairless pussy lips all through my body, so we made a lot of stops in order to enjoy ourselves.

Have you ever met a woman who was bald to start with? She might have had a part in a sci-fi movie, or maybe some other guy wielded the razor. Is it the baldness that excites you, or is it the power trip? Would you get the same kick out of your woman lying spread-eagled on a four-poster bed while you tickle her feet with a feather till she screams, and then thrust into her with your three-inch tongue until *she* comes? You have to be honest with yourself in order to learn what your fetish is really all about.

HERPES COMPLEX

I have been going out with the same man for almost two years. He and I had been having a sexual relationship for about six months when he found out he had herpes. From what the doctor said, he had caught it before, but the symptoms didn't show up until then because he was under stress at that time. I've been checked and I don't have it.

Our sex life has always been fulfilling and wonderful for me. It's also been very frequent, at least five times a week. My problem is this: During his breakouts, we cannot have sex because I would get herpes, which neither of us wants to happen. But these breakouts can last a week or two, and I all but climb the walls during this time!

I really love this man. But going from making love nearly every day to a two-week rest period is really making my hormones crazy. What's worse is that I know I shouldn't complain, because he's going through the same thing. But sometimes I get so angry. After all, I didn't give him herpes, so why should I have to suffer? Any suggestions?—J. L.

> Try and bear with your boyfriend, but I also suggest that you invest in a vibrator to help you through these difficult times.

Herpes is not a "nice" disease, and it has two big things against it. Although progress has been made in producing a medicine to combat it, at the moment it must still be regarded as incurable. Secondly, it carries the stigma of being a sexually transmitted disease. This fact is used as ammunition by those people who would like to put us back in the sexual Dark Ages, and unwittingly by dupes like you. "I didn't give him herpes," you say, implying in Moral Majority terms that your lifestyle has been blameless, while your boyfriend is deservedly suffering—as if this is his punishment for the sin of screwing around before he started living with you. Nonsense! Your man is an example of that rare species, a responsible, intelligent adult. He discovered he had an infection, he went to a doctor who diagnosed it correctly, and now he is taking the proper precautions. If every member of our society were as conscientious, diseases like herpes would not be so widespread.

I recently met an attractive woman in her thirties who wanted my advice on what she called an "intimate subject." She told me that her herpes was active and asked me if I knew of any way to conceal it, as she had the hots for a beautiful young man who was only in town for a short while. She had shaved her crotch with the intent of trying to pass off her external blisters as razor cuts. I was disgusted and outraged! I myself was in the middle of a painfully heavy menstrual period, and I told her that if I could forego sex, she could certainly exercise the self-control to do without it until the herpes attack had ceased being contagious. Your boyfriend was probably infected by someone with the same lack of social conscience and the same degree of selfish irresponsibility as this woman.

Like nervous eczema, chronic bronchitis, allergic reactions, and menstrual pains, herpes is an unpleasant and recurring ailment. Like flu, gum infections, and athlete's foot, it is all too easy to spread around. I get very annoyed with those industrious people who insist on going to work while they are suffering from a bad cold, passing it on to commuters on the subway, their coworkers, their secretaries or bosses, and a whole bunch of innocent strangers.

Many women have long and painful menstrual periods, during which their husbands and lovers have to do without daily intercourse. So try and bear with your boyfriend's breakouts, as the added stress of not being able to satisfy his horny and frustrated lady may contribute to the activity of his herpes. I also suggest that you invest in a vibrator to help you through these difficult times.

CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Michelle Walker was photographed by David Schoen with a Nikon 35mm camera and a variety of Nikkor lenses, a Gitzo tripod, and Kodachrome 64 film. She appears on page 71.

CREDITS

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EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

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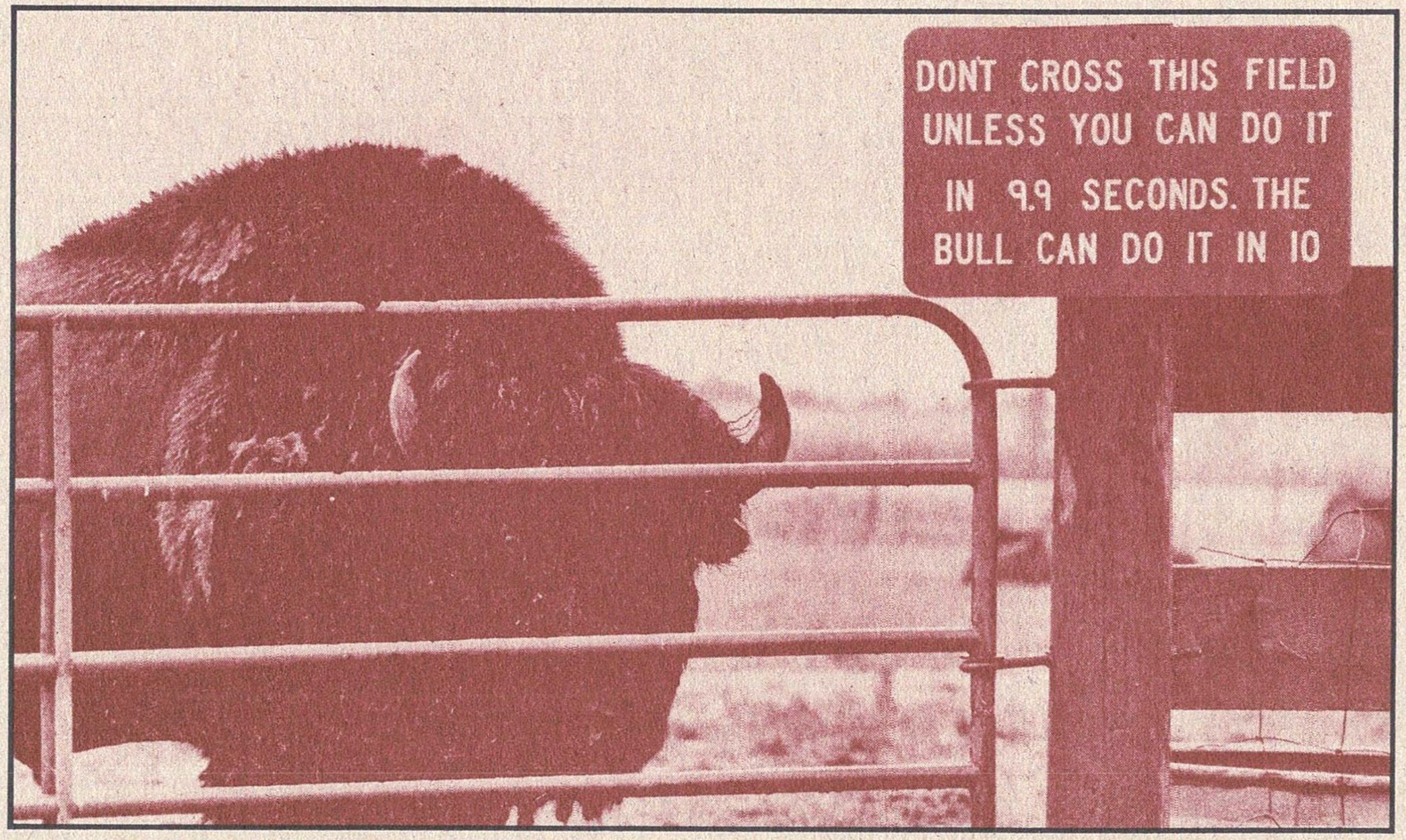
"I SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN BED!"

Did you ever have one of those days? Well, Phil Michaud sure did. Phil, who works for a Maine tire company, had a blowout while transporting a truckload of tires. Luckily, when he couldn't find the handle to his jack, a wrecker came along and helped him out of the bind. But a little while later, another tire blew. To make his day complete, police determined that Michaud's load of 111 tires was overweight, and they issued him a summons. (*The Evening News*—submitted by Craig Brandt, Camp Hill, Pa.)

Rather tiresome, don't you think?—Editor

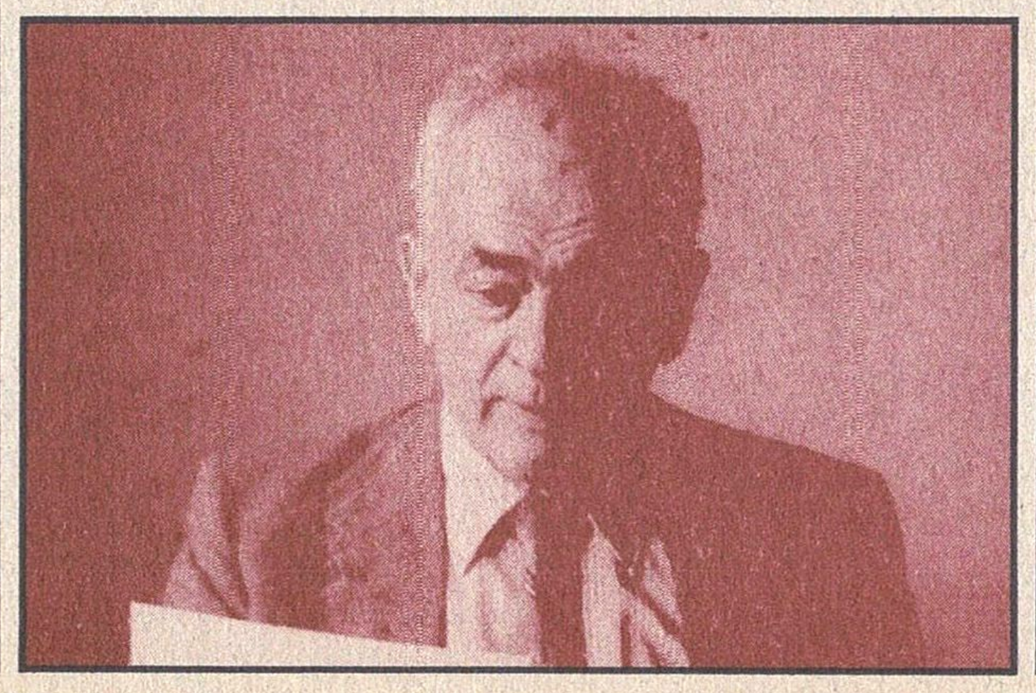
Bulldozer

The sign reads: DON'T CROSS THIS FIELD UNLESS YOU CAN DO IT IN 9.9 SECONDS. THE BULL CAN DO IT IN 10. (*The Plain Dealer*—submitted by M. L. Eneix, Westlake, Ohio)
Any takers?—Editor



"Congratulations: You're Alive!"

George Blanksten had an interesting gripe with Medicare. After a routine medical examination, Blanksten's doctor submitted a bill to Medicare for payment. The government said it couldn't pay because the Northwestern University professor was dead. Blanksten is 68 years old and, certain that he was alive, petitioned Medicare and went to the Social Security offices (which administer the program) to correct the error. After a year, Blanksten finally received a letter from the Social Security Administration saying he was no longer considered dead. No one could explain, however, why the computers had listed Blanksten as dead since August 1984. (*Bergen Record*—submitted by Michael R. Laginestra, Demarest, N.J.)
At least we've answered the age-old question: "Is there life after Social Security?"—Editor



A Perfect Marriage?

For 12 years, Bob and Patricia Emerson of England had a nice, *quiet* marriage. Their only means of communicating was by writing. They slept in different rooms and ate their meals at different times. It sounds like nothing could possibly have gone wrong, but apparently something did. One day Patricia passed a note to Bob that read: "I want a divorce." Bob's response was a note passed back to Patricia that said: "OK, go to the lawyer." (*Times-Union*—submitted by Donald O'Reilly, Rochester, N.Y.)
All's well that ends well.—Editor

TEST DRIVE

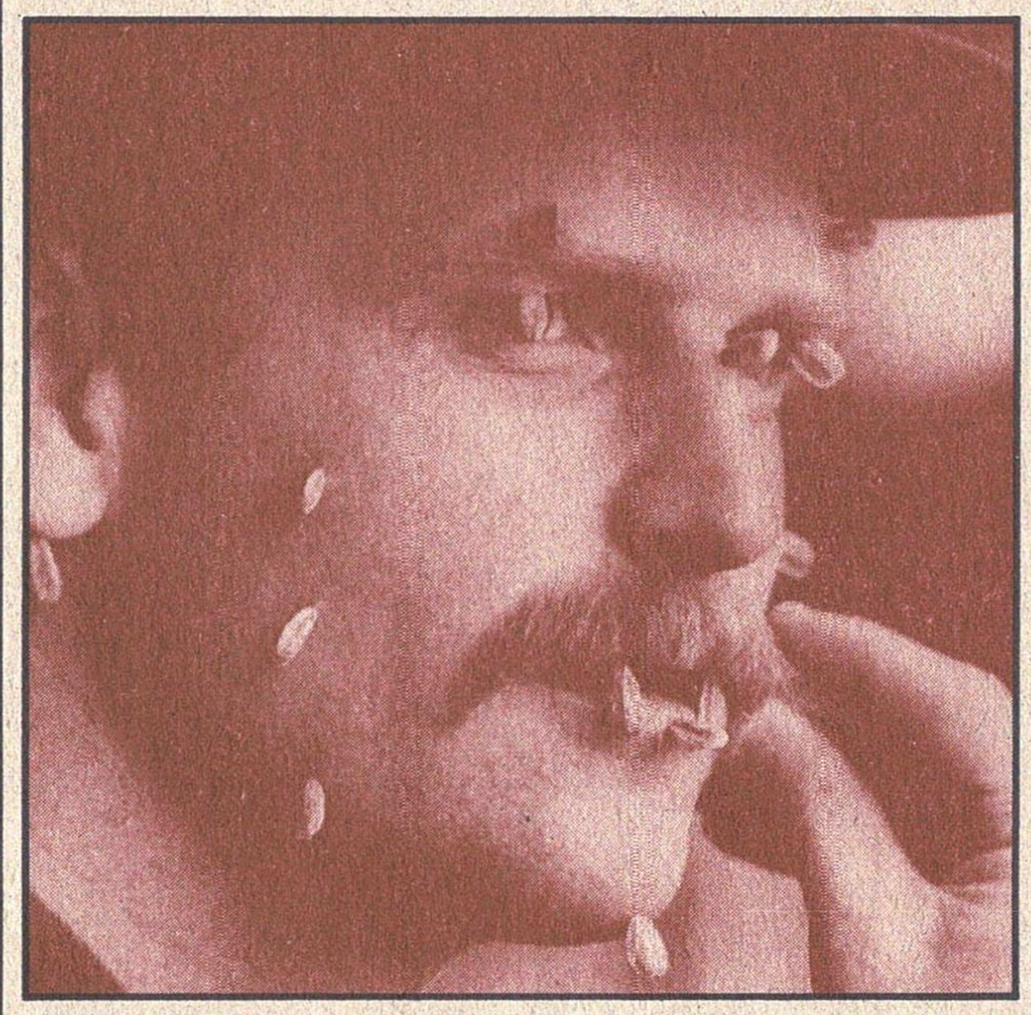
Sean Jensen is a three-year-old who wants to be a truck driver when he grows up. Getting in some early practice, Sean snatched the keys to the family car and went for a spin—right through the garage door. Aside from damage to the door, a water pipe was broken, Sean's grandfather's tools were strewn about, and a hole was made in the wall, according to Sean's mother. Police officer Larry Mihlon went easy on the perpetrator. "Did you drive that car?" he asked Sean. "Uh-huh," replied Sean. "Were you supposed to be driving that car?" Sean shook his head and answered, "Uh-uh." Case closed. (*The Asbury Park Press*—submitted by James T. Eisenbarth, Ocean Township, N.J.)
After a winning defense like that, we think Sean should forget about the trucking business and become a lawyer.—Editor

CROOK OF THE MONTH

In the hottest deal since the Louisiana Purchase, a burglary victim bought his assailant's gun and saved the day. Will Carter, a 39-year-old paraplegic, and his wife and two children heard a noise in their living room, went to investigate, and found a burglar with a pistol. The burglar backed the family into a bedroom and Carter started negotiations. He admired the revolver and asked what kind of gun it was and would the burglar consider selling it. "He said he wanted $40, not a penny less," said Carter. "I told him I had no cash, but I'd write a check." The thief agreed. Carter gave the burglar his check, took the pistol, and ordered the man out of his house. (*Weekly World News*—submitted by Jerry Goodwin, Oklahoma City, Okla.)
Next thing you know, burglars will be taking charge cards.—Editor

Regulation Headgear

Last year certainly wasn't the Philadelphia Phillies' best season. But relief pitcher Larry Anderson tried to relieve the gloom by sticking sunflower seeds on his face while watching the Phillies play the Pittsburgh Pirates. The Phillies won the game, 5–0. (*Newsday*)
We hate to see what they'll look like this season!—Editor



TINY OUTLAW

Joey Wisniewski is eight years old and just had her first run-in with the law. She was bicycling home from her grandmother's house in Lincoln Park, Michigan, when she accidentally swerved in front of a delivery truck. She was thrown several feet and suffered a concussion and a broken leg.

Two days later, a policeman arrived at the Wisniewski house bearing a ticket for Joey. The charge was failing to yield the right-of-way to the truck. The fine was $65. The judge said Joey would have to appear in court or pay the fine. "If it's a ticket, she got a civil infraction," the judge said. (*Detroit News*—submitted by Greg Barone, Detroit, Mich.)
It's good to know the legal authorities in Michigan are maintaining our highest standards of law and order.—Editor

FLYING MULE

At the Alabama State Fair in Birmingham, a mule dives 30 feet into a six-foot-deep pool of water. (*Stars & Stripes*—submitted by Don and Paula Greenwood, APO, N.Y.)
He's sure making an ass of himself.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY JOSEPH G. FARRIS

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the Russians are ahead, we're ahead, the Russians..."

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GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

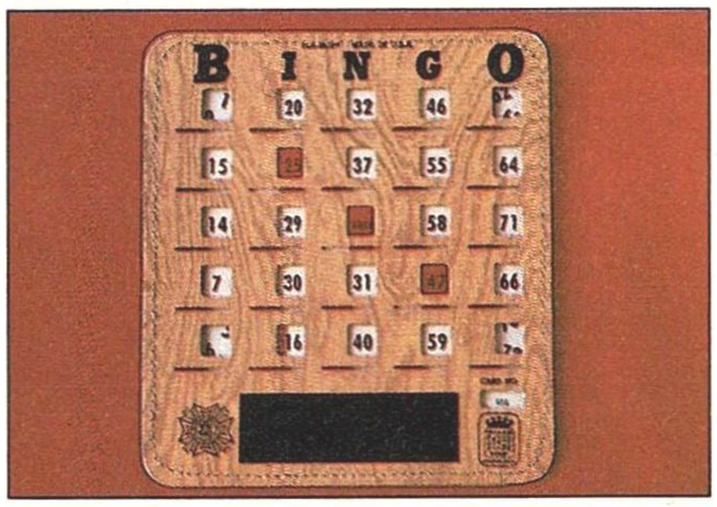
up. The two best defenses are to use a **trip cup,** which has a lip just inside the rim to assure that the dice tumble as they come out, and to insist that the dice be seen to fall from a height of a few inches before they hit the table.

It has been said that backgammon is tailor-made for cheating. That's because each player has his own dice and cup, making it easy to use controlled shots, or to switch in tops, flats, or loaded dice. At the end of the game, when there's an advantage in rolling high numbers and especially doubles for bearing off, the cheat may switch in a pair of 4-5-6 tops.

The existence of the doubling cube is even more of an enticement to the cheat. Your opponent can turn it over, doubling the value of the bet, when *you* are ahead. You take the bait, thinking that you have the edge, not knowing about the gaffed dice your opponent has ready to roll out.

BEYOND CARDS AND DICE

You may think that if cards and dice are prime objects for cheating, other gam-



bling props are safe. Dream on. At a private store in Manhattan, you can buy a set of marked dominoes for $150. It has been said that at times the demand for gimmicked roulette wheels has been so high that an honest wheel was *more* expensive. You can't even be sure of bingo, that old standby of church basements and veterans' halls in Middle America.

Shown above is a gaffed bingo card. It was made especially for cheating a certain midwestern VFW post (we have blocked out its insignia at the bottom of the card). The cheat stole one of the legitimate cards, took it home, and rigged it so that the four numbers in the corners were on wheels and could be rotated to show any desired number. When the cheat wants to win, he sets the card to winning numbers, shouts "Bingo!" and takes the card up to the caller for verification. At the end of the evening, the cheat makes sure that he pockets along with his prizes the one card among the many he has been playing that he knows is phony. If you know where to get one, a gimmicked bingo card like the one shown can run you up to $75.

Watch for *Darwin Ortiz on Casino Gambling,* to be published in May by Dodd, Mead & Company.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

all over her and the back of our van. Suzy was now beggirg me to fuck her and make her come.

I put my cock into her wet pussy and started to pump it in and out slowly, but that wasn't good enough for her. She started saying, very loudly, "Fuck me faster, fuck me harder, give me everything you've got!" That's exactly what I did. A moment later she was screaming, "I'm coming, oh. Chuck, I'm coming!" Soon after that we dressed and got out of the van through the back door. We didn't know that we had an audience, but as we were getting out of the van there were two couples clapping wildly. We were quite embarrassed, but we were too happy to really care, and then we left for home.

I just hope that the two couples who listened to us fuck in our van enjoyed it half as much as we did. Our next adventure will be in a crowded parking lot, where we will have lots of passersby.—*Name and address withheld*

PRIVATE PARTY

I have always doubted the veracity of many of your readers' letters—until two weeks ago. I had an encounter that I think is perfect to relate in your "Forum" column. I am a small but well-built blonde—five foot three with 36-25-36 measurements. Many men find me attractive.

I was sitting out in front of my house in my visiting uncle's truck with my younger brother and a couple of friends. There was a party in a condominium complex across the street, and we were partying and talking to the people that walked by. I heard someone ask me if we were off on a mission and turned around in the seat to see who it was. There, standing six foot four or better, was this gorgeous, well-built blond and he was talking to *me.* I told him that we had company, and we were just sitting in the truck so that my mother wouldn't see us getting high. I wanted to continue this conversation so I got out of the truck.

As I climbed down the side of the rig, I could feel his eyes staring at my well-rounded ass. I knew what he was thinking, so I took my time. Once on solid ground again, I started feeling a little lightheaded because I had a pretty good buzz going. Rick (I found out later that was his name) reached out and grasped my arm with a firm but gentle hold so that I wouldn't fall. This sent waves of excitement all through my body, because I had been without the touch of a man since I had gotten pregnant, and now my little boy was five months old. I knew what I wanted, and I was determined to get it. I couldn't wait any longer.

We talked for a little while, and he asked if I wanted to accompany him back to the party. I told him that I really didn't like large groups of people, especially those I don't know. We decided to make a party of our own. The three guys he went to the party with agreed to give us a ride to Rick's apartment. (I asked my mom to keep an eye on my little boy while I went to get something to eat.)

Once inside, Rick turned on the television, I went to use the bathroom, and the other guys went out to hit the bars. Now it was just me and Rick. I heard his friends leave, so I fixed my makeup and hair and sprayed a little musk on. When I came out of the bathroom, Rick was lying on the couch watching a late-night drama. I sat down by his feet and started tickling them nonchalantly. The plot was getting very boring, and I was getting rather hot. I suggested that he find us something cold to drink while I played with the stereo. I decided to play a tape, and he came back with an opened bottle of wine. We drank the remaining three-quarters of it, and soon our buzzes were active again. Rick leaned over and kissed my neck and shoulders, but I couldn't help but suppress my desire just to tease him. He asked if anything was wrong and I told him no. I don't know who started this time, but we were soon exploring each other's bodies and both of us were getting very horny.

Rick looked up at me—I was on top—and told me that he had wanted me ever since he first laid eyes on me. I didn't say a word, but I kissed him and he knew I was giving him consent. In what seemed like all one motion, he rolled over off the couch, picked me up, carried me into the bedroom, and started undressing me. I helped him out of his shirt and jeans and could not hold back any longer. He moved from my lips to my neck and then down to my shoulders, kissing every inch of me. Now down to my very erect nipples, he sucked them enthusiastically. Licking his way down my stomach and onto my thighs, he paused before moving on to my wet, waiting cunt. He teased my clit, and I had the most nerve-shattering orgasm I have ever experienced. But he didn't stop there. He fingered my hole while he ate me again, and just before I came again—he stopped. I knew it was then my turn, and I kissed and licked my way toward his groin.

I was terrified to learn what was awaiting me. His cock was at least eight and a half inches long and a full one and a half inches in diameter. I thought he would rip me apart if he fucked me with that monster, but I had other things to worry about at the moment. How was I going to satisfy Rick if I couldn't even get the head of his dick into my mouth? I did the best I could and he soon had his first orgasm. Now we were really ready to begin. Rick had no trouble getting rock-hard again, and he rolled me over onto my stomach for easy entry. It was very tight, but I wanted him so badly! I spread my legs as wide as I could, bit my lip, and held my breath. We had a hard time keeping

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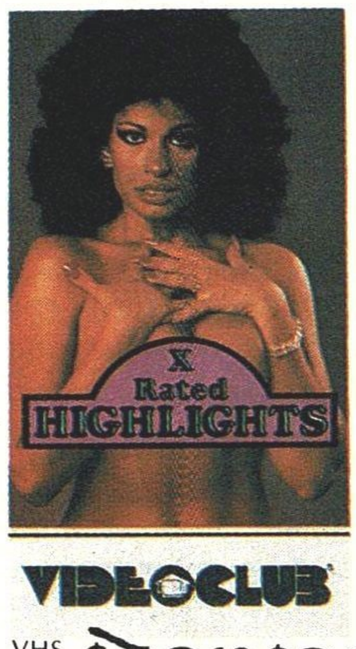

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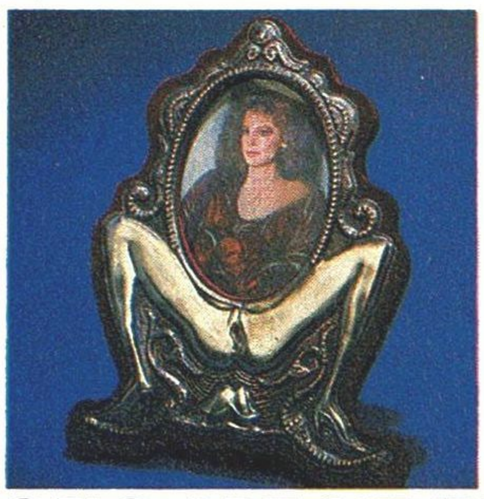

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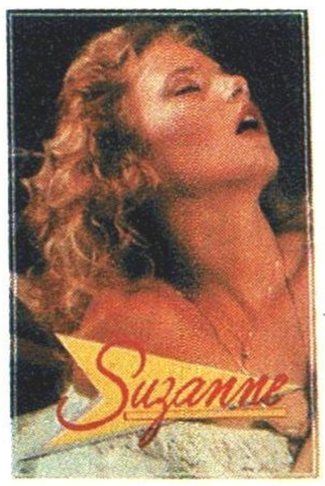

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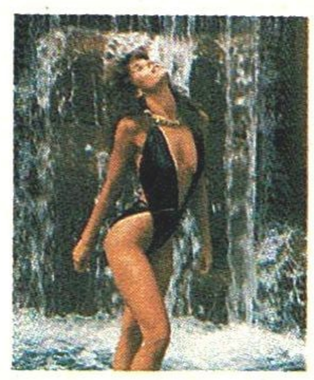

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him inside of me because we were pumping so furiously, but we reached orgasm together and relaxed for a while. It was extremely hot in that room so we dressed partially, only enough to be decent, and went back out to lie on the couch in the living room.

The back door was open, and I think it was the fresh air that got to us. We started kissing, and he was soon fucking me again. It hurt a little less now, but I wasn't able to take him all the way yet. After we came again, it was twice as hot in the room as it was before. I said that we should go sit on the porch and give it a rest, but he wasn't listening. He was already half out the door and he wasn't wearing a thing. I knew if I went out there, I was in for some more of that massive cock. I didn't care, actually, but I was getting very sore.

We lay on a reclining lawn chair with my back to his crotch. I was grinding my spine against him, teasing him, but he didn't respond. I got very wet with my own juices and was disturbed at his ignoring me. I spun around and sat right down on his member, which was still very stiff. I took him all inside of me now and let out a muffled cry, and then he began to fuck me. I told him that I was going to do him this time and to relax. He lay there and could not believe his ears! I was playing with his balls while I was fucking him. This brought him to his peak and he told me that he was going to come. I immediately got off of him and looked him straight in the eyes. He wanted me very badly and I knew it, but he did this to himself. Now it was his turn to do to me what he wanted. I was the horniest I have ever been, but I could not continue. I was extremely sore, tired, and burned out, but I had to have him one more time.

He wrapped his arms around me and kissed the side of my neck. I stood up and turned around so that now my back was again to his crotch. He lifted me onto his thighs and I knew what I was in for. Rick eased his way into my pussy. We fucked very slowly, very calmly, and it was great. We fell asleep on the couch later after we dressed, and woke up at about 7 A.M. I got home at 7:30 and my mother never knew I was out all night.

I haven't seen Rick since then, but if he's reading this maybe he'll stop by my house. I'll never forget my first one-night stand. It was an incredible experience!—*Name and address withheld*

ROAD TRIP

One weekend at the end of September, two friends and I decided to take a road trip home from our university in Wisconsin. Our classes were causing headaches and tension, so we thought we'd relax by journeying south to Milwaukee. Since I anticipated a long and boring ride down I-94, I thought I'd doze off in the car and save my energies for my girlfriend back home.

After a half hour or so I was suddenly awakened in the backseat by one of my buddies. Drowsily, I looked at the car driving next to ours. In an instant, I sat straight up and excitedly stared intently at what was going on in the car driving next to us.

With amazement and disbelief I observed three grown women pursuing us. From the sparkling gleam in their eyes and their aroused nipples pushing through their shirts, I could tell they were wet with the prospect of going back a decade or so and enjoying sex as they used to during their college days. After motioning seductively with their lips, I certainly understood what message their silent words conveyed.

Smiling, but still somewhat in shock, I gawked at these three sexy, mature women who were toying with the buttons on their blouses and slowly exposing their beautifully shaped breasts. They teased us by rubbing and caressing themselves. Their silver-dollar-size nipples bounced sensuously as we admired their tits. I had particular hots for the beauty in the backseat and fantasized burying my head in her canyonlike cleavage while I kissed her mountainous breasts over and over. A love affair was simulated through the car windows. Driving side by side the view was stupendous. We enjoyed the show so much, the other guys and I requested more.

We signaled our thoughts and desires. The sexy women taunted us. They were determined to tempt us further with the sight of their delicious love boxes. Despite the awkwardness and the speed at which they were traveling, the gorgeous sexpots slid their pants off. My bulging penis expanded with excitement as we passed them and stared out the back window for an unobstructed view. The three of us sat snug with growing erections in our ringside seats. Who would have imagined Wisconsin highways having such interesting scenery?

The sweet honey in the backseat spread her long, shapely legs over the top of the front seat, almost touching the dashboard. Arching her back like a gymnast, she gave us a bird's-eye view of her steamy, bushy muff swinging up and down. Her juicy cunt lips almost kissed the roof of the car. My sight and senses were so tuned in to this scene that I felt I could taste and smell making love to her. I dreamed of burying my face deep into her thighs, nibbling, tonguing, and licking her dripping pussy till she screamed in delight. It was hell being able to look but not touch.

Frantically motioning for these horny bitches to pull over, I became more eager with anticipation of rocking with them all night. As if they thought we weren't tempted and hard enough yet, they sped up to be parallel with our car and pressed their sweet asses against the windows.

My delicious, unclothed favorite in the back wouldn't let up. Appealing to our throbbing cocks, she pulled another trick out of her bag. She thought the show must go on, and grabbed a banana from what must have been one of their lunch bags. My stirring emotions helped me imagine the banana to be my anxious rod. Through these magic car windows, she mouthed up and down my shaft. I pictured my huge penis feeling her breath and wet warmth. *Up, down, up, down, mixing ferocious sucking with tonguing and twirling around my enlarged mushroom head. With an alarming deep gasp of air, she forced all ten inches deep into her throat. She picked up speed, and to her enjoyment, like an erupting volcano, I splattered hot, jerking jism all over the walls of her mouth. She swallowed it all!*

Returning to reality, I acknowledged the wetness in my pants and knew I couldn't stand being in different cars any longer. I knew she couldn't wait either, and my remarkable, quickly recharging penis demanded an immediate exit. Our cars finally left the highway side by side. Pulling into the nearest gas station, all six of us demanded the rest-room keys. We soon coupled up, only to change partners for variety and intensity. Our wild fantasies soon came true for all of us.

To all Wisconsin college students who have long rides home, a word of advice: Don't ever fall asleep. You don't want to miss any of the scenery (or the neighboring cars)! To the women who would like to meet up with us, we are now "road tripping" somewhere in the Dairy State in a bright-red Chevy Camaro. Look for us.—*Name and address withheld*

QUICK PICK-ME-UP

I've read about some unique techniques for picking up women and I think I have a most interesting method of my own. I'm a junior at a large southeastern university, and every fall a register is published of all the incoming freshmen. So I took it upon myself, last year, to pick out the most beautiful women and call them. Surprisingly enough, about half of them thought it was a cute come-on and were willing to meet me. One incident in particular stands out in my mind.

After speaking to a freshman named Denice on the phone, we agreed to meet later on in the week for dinner. When I met her at the door, I knew there was something special about her. I was stunned when I first saw her in the flesh. She was about five foot three and she was wearing three-inch heels, a tight skirt, and a sheer blouse. Her measurements, I later found out, were 37-23-36. She had a fair complexion and beautiful soft, light-brown hair.

We went to eat at a very nice vegetarian restaurant, and during the meal I noticed her eyes. They were deep, rich chocolate-brown. I fell in love right then. This was the girl I'd been looking for. After dinner we talked, and then I took her home without even a good-night kiss.

Less than a week later, I paid Denice a surprise visit with a dozen carnations. She was shocked, because she wasn't expecting anything like that from me. I stayed in her dorm room talking to her for over four hours.

Eventually we were lounging on her bed, and I figured this was the opportune time to kiss her. I leaned over to kiss Denice but I only caught the edge of her lip. I started to apologize, but she said she didn't mind at all. I knew this was it! I leaned over to kiss her again, and she aggressively responded. Our tongues explored each other's mouths. She got right on top of me, and my hands glided up her abdomen to explore those tits that over the past week I'd been yearning for. I then slipped my hand around to remove her bra. I pushed her bra and sweatshirt up above her breasts, enabling me to view her perfect body.

After some gentle caressing of her breasts and passionate kissing, she started to grind her groin into mine. Taking this as a hint, I proceeded to remove my pants. As I moved my hand down to feel her wetness, she gave my encouraged rod the freedom it needed by removing my pants. This was incredible. Within a half hour of our first kiss, we were naked in bed. This girl had the most terrific snatch in the world. I slowly ran my fingers around her labia and teased her clit by stroking it with my thumb. She moaned softly and increased her stroking of my tool.

I started to kiss my way down her neck until I reached her erect nipples. I

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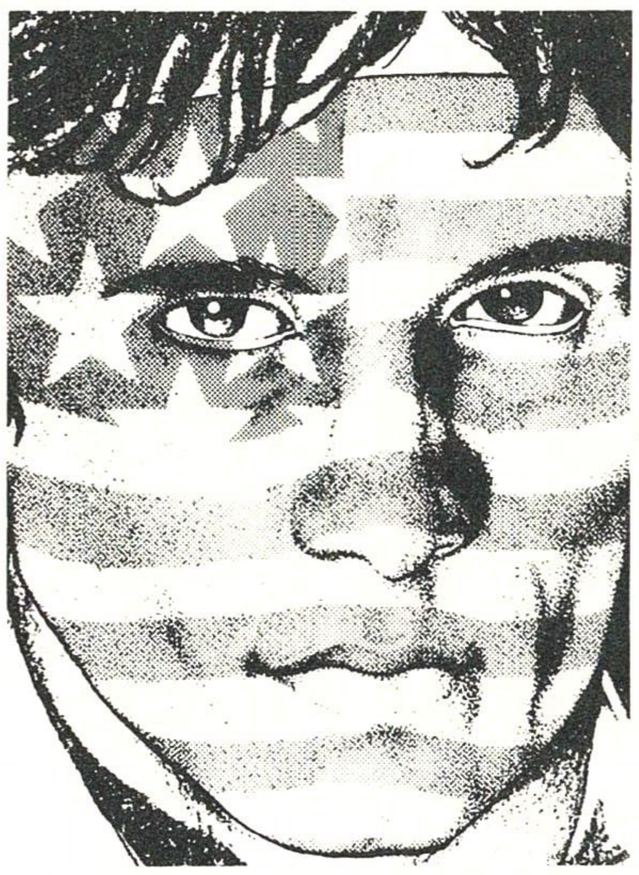

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tongued and nibbled each beautiful breast while continuing to finger her tight, dripping cunt. My tongue worked its way down her stomach to her waiting love tunnel. Her scent was so sweet, it made me even harder. First I took my tongue in between her lips.and circled her clit, not wanting to touch it until the right moment. I kissed her inner thighs and blew cool air on her steaming cunt. Then I went for her love button. I licked and sucked it while I drew back its hood. She writhed and moaned like she had never been eaten before. I felt her thighs close around my head, and I hung on for the impending orgasm. Now she wasn't just moaning, she was screaming. She came in a wrenching convulsion, spurting her sweet love juice all over my face as her vagina tightened around my tongue.

After her climax, she pulled me up and started to kiss me eagerly as if her own taste was increasing her arousal. Her petite hand grasped my eight inches and guided it into her love tunnel. We were in the missionary position and moving in perfect rhythm together. She was screaming in ecstasy again, and I became worried that the resident assistant would be pounding on the door. She locked her legs behind my back in an attempt to pull me even deeper into her extremely tight cunt. Her hips thrust up to meet my ever-increasing pounding as we both came.

Feeling spent, I pulled out and lay by her side with my arms around her. We hugged and kissed for a few minutes. Then she told me that I was the best she'd ever had. I thanked her and felt her hand glide down my side. A sweet smile appeared on her face, and she kissed me tenderly. Slowly she worked her way down to my chest. I felt small hands stroke my chest hair and she started to kiss my nipples. That got me harder than I'd ever been before. She then positioned herself between my legs and let her breasts caress my cock as she kissed my stomach.

She lightly licked my penis as she held my balls. She went up and down my shaft several times and took each testicle in her mouth and gently ran her tongue over it. She then ran her tongue along the outside of my dick and repositioned herself on my right side. Kneeling, she started to deep-throat me. I felt a tingling in my groin and my toes began to curl. I started coming like I never came before. She continued to bob her head until she'd gotten the last of my come.

It was my time to thank her. We spent the rest of the night together, and we've been seeing each other ever since.—*Name and address withheld.*

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VIETNAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

mothers, Pillitz says, "I was very moved, almost shaken, by the plight of the Amerasian children I saw. Within half an hour of my arrival in Saigon—now Ho Chi Minh City—I walked along the street formerly known as Rue Catinat, knowing that I was going to come into contact with Amerasian children of all descriptions. Even at a distance they were instantly identifiable. Nervously, I walked up to a couple who were accompanied by their mother, and through my Hanoi guide/interpreter, I asked them if I could photograph and interview them in their own house. They responded eagerly, knowing that this sort of publicity might speed up decision-making.

"It took four days of persistence to finally get the go-ahead from the Foreign Ministry. Accompanied by my guide and several policemen, we were taken down a dark, wet, and smelly alley to the squalid living quarters of the Amerasian family. Scores of children and adults from neighboring dwellings swarmed around me. Quickly and ruthlessly, the uniformed policemen dispersed the gathering crowd by occasionally lashing out at someone. On entering the one-room, part-brick, tin and wood 'hut,' we were plunged into near-darkness. We stood until a couple of stools were brought in from some other house. No furniture was visible, just a cold stone floor and a small bare light bulb."

Emigration for the estimated 8,000 Amerasian children and their 31,000 family members is made all the more difficult by their impoverished status in the midst of an impoverished nation. They are one more sign of U.S. involvement in Vietnam that the Vietnamese would like to forget. They are poor, uneducated, and many bear the imprint of terrible birth defects—possibly caused by exposure to Agent Orange. The United States hasn't unconditionally opened its doors to these unfortunate people, either.

Pillitz, during his stay, noted some bitterness toward the United States, but says, "People in the street were willing to talk and mend fences." Vietnam is again at war with its centuries-old enemy, China, and has invaded Cambodia. The Vietnamese continue to deny the existence of American servicemen missing in action, and are less than charitable in their treatment of Amerasians. Further, they refuse to guarantee the fate of Vietnamese political prisoners, now being held in "reeducation camps," who were tied to the American war effort. All of these factors militate against U.S. aid ever reaching Vietnam. Nor will the United States release other nations to trade with the Vietnamese. Pillitz says, "Vietnam is crying out for hard American dollars." But relief for this indomitable nation isn't likely to come soon.

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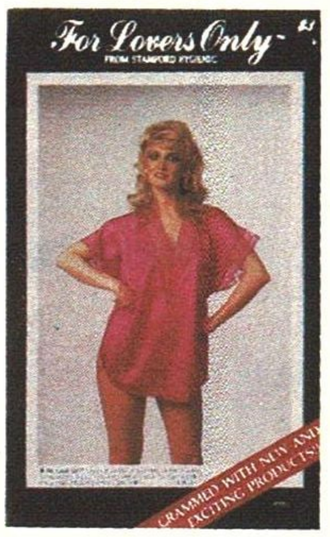

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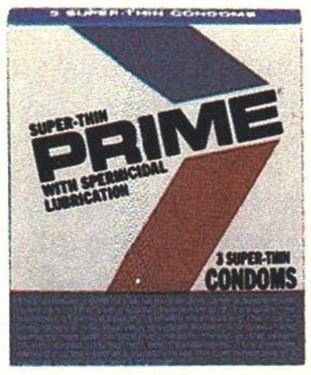

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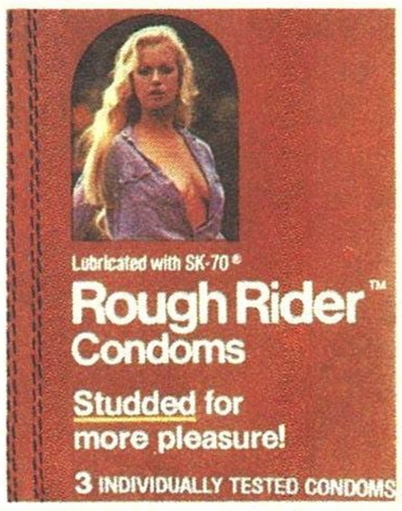

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Crooked Gambling, Part II:
It's more of a gamble than you think.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

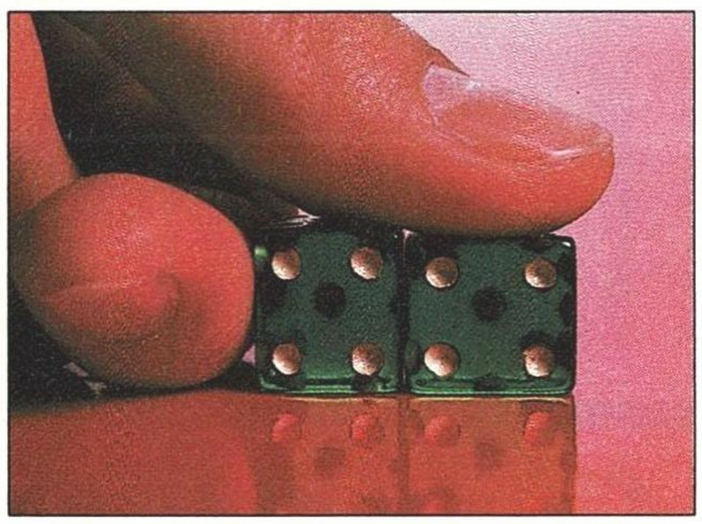
Last month we looked at several ways you can be cheated at such card games as poker and blackjack. We revealed a marked-card secret known as "juice," which the cheater can detect and nobody else can. It's light-years away from the old "luminous readers," cards with markings that can only be seen through special red-filter glasses. Although such cards are still sold, they are looked on as little more than a joke. Anyone who sat down at a game wearing a pair of red-tinted glasses and suggested that the guys play with *his* deck would be laughed out of the game.

Today's marking systems are much more sophisticated. Here's one, recently developed, that has never been revealed in print *anywhere* before this column. It is a variation on "daub" (discussed last month), a substance the cheat rubs on the backs of selected high-value cards during the course of play so he can recognize them later in the game. The faint daub marks are virtually invisible unless you are looking for them. But that's the problem. Since the cheat does it with another guy's deck, the marks are still there at the end of the evening, and if the deck owner happens to be the suspicious type, or a sore loser, or a reader of the *Penthouse* "Games" column, he might start looking for the daub marks—and then for the guy who walked away with the evening's biggest pot.

The new development is something called **oxide daub,** which has all the properties of regular daub except that it evaporates and disappears from the card surface after about 30 minutes. That makes it just about perfect for card-marking, as the cheat can use it on *your* deck, win a quick pot or two or more, and leave nothing incriminating behind. Remember the ancient injunction: *Don't gamble with strangers.*

The man who tipped us to oxide daub is Darwin Ortiz, considered by many to be the world's leading authority on crooked gambling. His recent book, *Gambling Scams* (Dodd, Mead & Company), could make you swear off gambling for money forever.

This month, let's examine dice. Common crooked dice are called **flats.** On a pair of "six-ace flats," the two opposite sides, 6 and 1, have more surface area than the four other sides. The effect is like throwing a cigarette pack onto a table: It will, in all probability, land with one of the large surfaces uppermost. These dice will lose for the craps shooter because they will roll "snake eyes" and "boxcars" (1-1 and 6-6) more often on the first roll, and will "seven out" (6-1) more often on subsequent rolls.

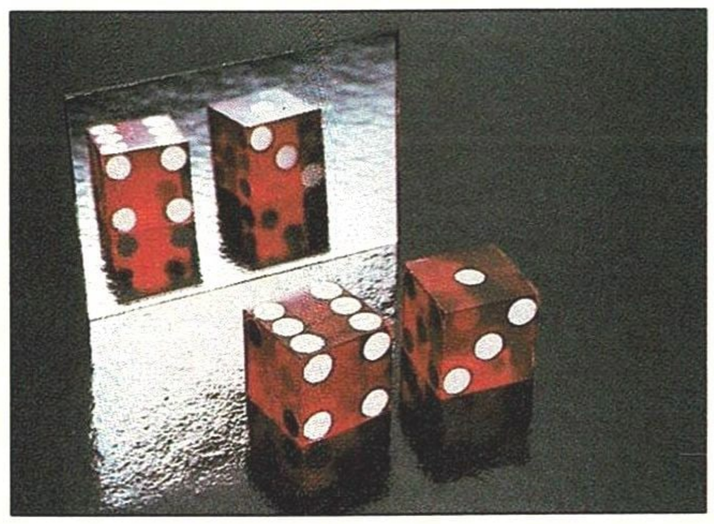


Six-ace flats: like rolling a cigarette pack.

Flats are produced by shaving or sanding down one side so that the die is not a true cube. A crook can purchase a pair of flats (and matching fair dice—"squares" or "levels") for about $25.* In legitimate casinos the dice must be "perfect cubes"—and investigators use micrometer calipers to assure that no dimension is more than 1/10,000 of an inch off what it should be. But who carries calipers around to a "friendly" craps game at the fraternity house or the local men's club?

The best way to test a suspected pair of flats is to place them on a flat surface, with different numbers uppermost, and rub your thumb over the junction between them. Repeat this thumb test on several sides. If you feel a difference (or "step"), get out of the game. On the six-ace flats shown in the illustration below left, the dimensions differ by 3/100 of an inch. In an informal test, we threw them 36 times and they came up 1-1, 6-1, or 6-6 13 times—more than triple the chance expectancy.

Flats and other kinds of misshaped dice are "percentage dice": They give a long-run edge. When the pot is heavy and a sucker is ripe, the serious cheat wants more than an edge—he wants certainty. That's when he may use **tops,** short for "tops and bottoms," because such dice have duplicate markings on the top and bottom sides. One die may carry only the numbers 1, 3, and 5, and another one only 2, 4, and 6. You can't roll even numbers with this pair, but you can roll sevens.



Tops: You don't usually see the other side.

You would think that such obviously phony dice would be immediately noticed, but they turn out to be quite effective, because from any point of view you can see only three sides of a die at once, and since those three sides are always different, the die looks fair. You don't often consider the possibility that the numbers you see are the same numbers seen by a player on the other side of the table. The defense against tops is as simple as you might expect: Occasionally glance at the opposite sides of each die before you roll it—they should always add up to seven.

THE $1,500 MOVE

Tops can only be in the game for a short while—when the cheat wants to assure

**Note to readers: Don't write to ask us where to obtain the various crooked gambling supplies discussed here. For many items we don't know sales sources, for others we are sworn to secrecy. So don't bother asking, even if you want them "for entertainment purposes only."*

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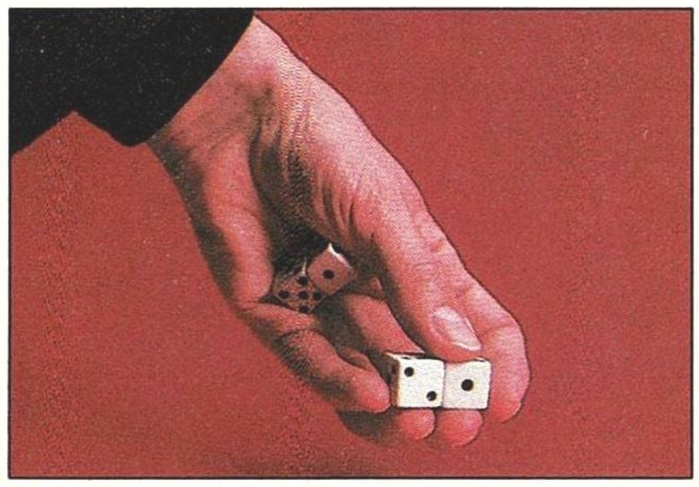
a certain outcome—then must be removed before people get suspicious. Getting them in and out requires mastery of the **palm switch.** The cheat picks up a pair of dice just thrown and then tosses back to the shooter a different pair, which he has held cupped in the hand. The palm switch can require over a year of practice, and tutoring by a master can cost $1,500, but in the hands of an expert the move is virtually undetectable. We have watched Ortiz perform it so cleanly that we couldn't believe he had actually switched dice. We were convinced only after we tossed out a pair of red dice and he casually picked them up and tossed them back—green. The giveaway, or "tell," in this move is that the cheat keeps his hand palm-down—to hide the existence of the other pair.

The third kind of crooked dice is the one most laymen have heard of—**loaded dice.** With drugstore dice—opaque white, with black paint in recessed spots—it is an easy matter to drill out tiny holes in one side of the cube, fill them with lead, then repaint them so that these sides will tend to fall to the bottom and the opposite sides come out on top. That's why you always find transparent dice in the casinos. Their spots aren't recessed, but painted on—and with paint that has the same specific gravity as the clear plastic itself, so that no one side is naturally heavier or lighter than any other. You would think that such dice would be guaranteed fair, wouldn't you? But even transparent dice can be weighted—not with lead, but with gold or platinum. The spots on some casinos' dice aren't solid but are "bird's-eyes"—concentric circles of paint. This isn't done for looks: It's to minimize the places where loads can be hidden. Even so, crooked gambling-supply houses can sell you loaded dice carrying the insignia of any major Atlantic City or Nevada casino for about $200 a pair.

In the case of tops, the crook switches them into the game just when they are needed, then takes them out just as fast. With loaded or shaped dice, the crook



Ortiz shows the palm switch: a $1,500 move.

makes the switch, pockets the casino's dice, and walks away with them. His partners stay behind and make the heavy bets, and are totally clean if it should come to a search.

The biggest gaffe a crook can make on the switch is to drop more dice than intended. In one case a player picked up two dice and threw out three—all of which came up 6. Instead of kicking the guy out, the stickman threw him back two dice and said, "Go ahead—your point is 18."

The best defense against ordinary loaded dice is to drop the suspected die into a tall glass of water. If it turns over while sinking to the bottom, and always lands with the same side up, get out of the game—fast.

Loaded dice that don't contain gold or platinum but strontium cobalt are for serious cheating. These are used in **juice joints,** which employ an electromagnet hidden under the craps table or the bar that is powerful enough to insure that certain numbers will come up. If it is turned on just as the dice are slowing their roll, the outcome looks natural. But if it is turned on late, after the dice have stopped rolling, the cubes will do an "impossible" flip-flop on the table and turn over after they have stopped rolling! Your best defense against this is a small compass or magnet. Some hustlers have a magnet disguised as a "lucky piece" that they rub over the dice. Any suspicious tug tells them that the dice aren't fair.

CONTROLLED SHOTS

A good hustler can cheat even with fair dice. He just "rolls" the numbers he wants. In a true roll, the die must tumble over and over like a cartwheel and spin round and round like a top—simultaneously. If a cheat can eliminate either kind of motion, he can control a dice shot. In the **whip shot,** the rolling, cartwheel motion is eliminated. The cheat picks up the dice with the desired numbers on top, then tosses them with a whiplike action, giving them lots of English. They spin down the table like tops, with the top numbers still uppermost. It works best with dice with rounded corners. In the **drop shot,** only the bottom die is controlled—the top die lands on it and stops its motion at the desired number, then rolls off randomly. This may not seem like a great advantage, but any craps thrower who could guarantee any one number on one die would disagree. This is similar to the **slide shot,** in which the bottom die doesn't spin or tumble at all, but just slides to its chosen spot.

The opposite move is called the **pad roll**—it lets the die cartwheel but eliminates the spinning action. This means that two numbers on opposite sides can be eliminated: Place the dice in hand with sides 1 and 6 touching, and eliminate the possibility of crapping out on the first shot. The move works only on a soft surface, such as a bunk blanket, a soft rug, or soft dirt.

The best defense against this kind of artistry is to insist that the dice hit a wall or backboard before they stop rolling. There is even a move, called the **Greek roll,** in which the top die traps the bottom die against the corner of the backboard, so to be safe you must insist that *both* dice bounce off the backboard before any throw counts. This eliminates the possibility of virtually any and all control shots.

THE CUP AND BACKGAMMON

Most people think that if a dice cup is used, the roll must be fair. Not so. There are always ways a cheat can hold one die pressed between his fingers against the edge of the cup, and drop it in such a way that the desired number comes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

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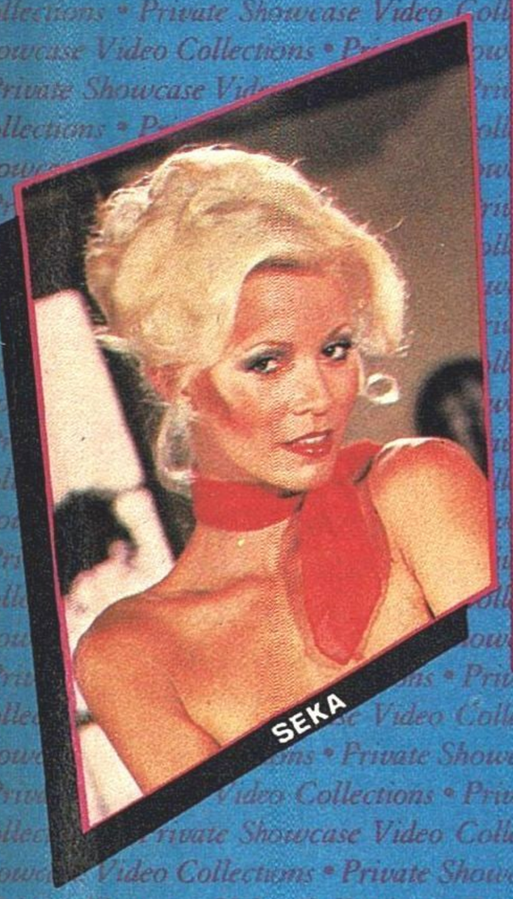

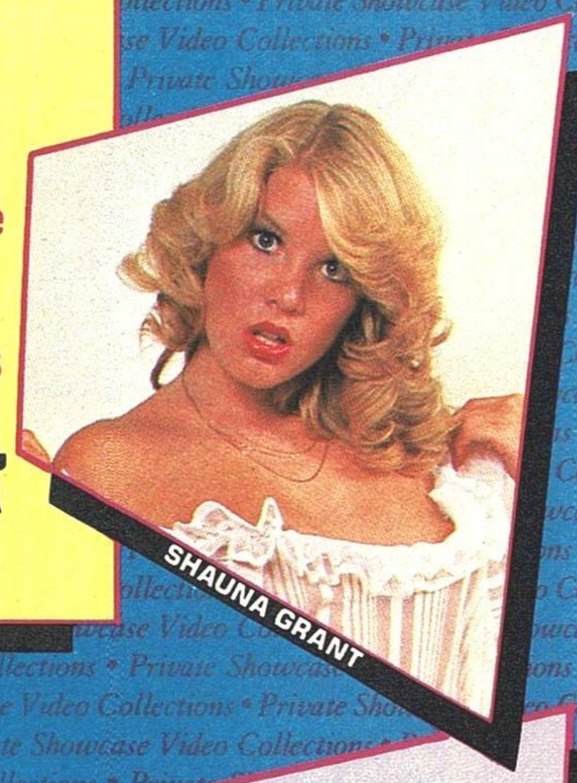

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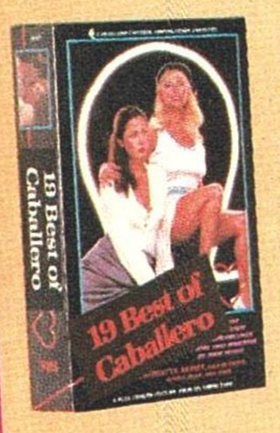

XBL-104 **19 BEST OF CABALLERO**– *Dixie Ray: Hollywood Star, Centerspread Girls, Aphrodesia's Diary, Between Lovers, Bodacious Ta-Tas, Working It Out, Hot Dreams, San Fernando Valley Girls, Sex Star, Heaven's Touch, Private Teacher, Lady Lust, Sex Games, Up! Up! And Away With The All American Girls, Getting Lucky, House of Pleasure, Nasty Nurses, Society Affairs, All American Girls In Heat II*, 60 min.

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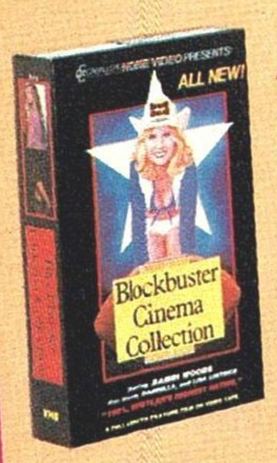

XBL-101 **BLOCKBUSTER CINEMA COLLECTION**– *Best of Debbie Does Dallas II, Talk Dirty To Me II, Amanda By Night, Seka's Fantasies, I Like To Watch, Lips, Girl From S.E.X., Liquid Assets, 8 To 4, Night Life, Brief Affair, All American Girls, Heavenly Nurse, Sorority Sweethearts, Undercovers, Pandora's Mirror*, 60 min.

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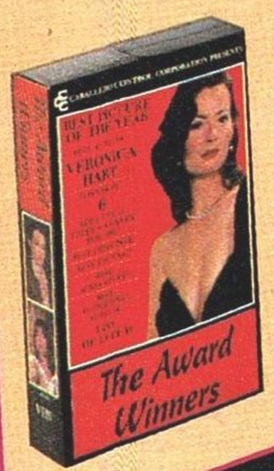

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XCA-102 **SEVENTEEN CINEMA GREATS**– Best of *Princess Seka, Virgin & Lover, A Coming of Angels, The Cosmopolitan Girls*, 13 more, 60 min., $29.95

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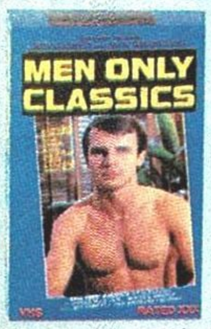
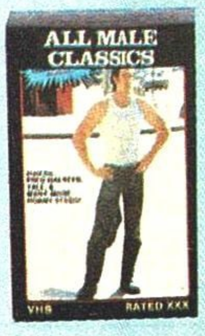


XHIS-2 **MEN ONLY CLASSICS** – Best of *King Size, Loverboy, 501, Wildside, Jobsite, Fade In, Dreamer, Falconhead II – The Maneaters, 501, Fade Out, Orgy, King Size, Hotel Hell, Street Kids, Thinking Big, Pleasure Beach, Making it Huge, Trick Time, Hard Money, Chain Reactions, Arcade*, 60 min.



XHIS-1 **ALL MALE CLASSICS**– Best of *L.A. Tool & Die, Choice Cuts, A Night at Halsteds, Nighthawk in Leather, Workout, Kansas City Trucking Co., California Fox, Pieces of Eight, El Paso Wrecking Corp., Superstars, Closed Set, American Cream, Heatstroke, That Boy, Sleaze, Revenge of The Nighthawk, Orgy, Nights in Black Leather, New York City Pro*, 60 min.

REVERSAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

mistress, and the son—there would be lots of unanswered questions, questions only Claus could answer.

Tom asked me to list the questions, and I agreed. Here's what I'd be asking, I told him, if I were a juror:

1. Why didn't Claus call the doctor sooner? Was he just sitting around watching Sunny die as Maria said she saw, and Alexandra Isles said he admitted? What was going through his mind at the time? Did he tell Alexandra what she said he had told her about not being able "to go through with it"? What was that referring to?

2. Whose black bag was it, anyhow? Why was he getting Valium with someone else's name on the prescription? What the heck were those other drugs in the bag for—the muscle relaxers, the painkillers, the ground-up Valium of different colors? Was he giving himself injections? Was he giving her injections?

3. Was Sunny suicidal? Did she know about the gifts that Alexandra had delivered to the house before the first coma? Did Claus ever try to get Alexandra not to testify?

4. Does Claus really believe that his stepson may have planted or tampered with evidence—the black bag—in an effort to "frame" him? Did Claus make any promises to David Marriott that he didn't tell his lawyers about?

I continued my litany of questions until Tom cut me off. "I thought you were arguing *for* Claus to take the stand. These questions are the best argument against it. Look at what you're opening up. If those are the questions the jurors are talking about, don't you think the prosecutors will be trying to ask them? Sure, the judge may keep some of them out, but who knows what she might let in?" Although I knew that Claus had answers to these questions, the risk remained that the jurors would focus more on the prosecutor's accusatory questions than on the defendant's innocent answers.

I countered with the suggestion that if we were to decide to put Claus on the stand, we could ask the judge for an advance ruling about what line of cross-examination she would allow. Some judges will give advance rulings as a guide to the direct questions that should be put to the defendant by his own lawyer, without risk of opening up other issues.

But a consensus was quickly emerging: In light of the way the case had been going, the jurors would probably go into the deliberation room with the medical testimony on their minds. "I'm going to ask them in my closing argument," Tom said, "to follow a certain order in their deliberations. First, were the comas caused by insulin? And only if they decide that in the affirmative, who administered the insulin? I hope they never reach the second question."

I said that I wished the jury could be sent out first to decide the insulin question *alone.* And then, if they were to decide that the comas had been caused by insulin, we could *then* decide to put Claus on the stand.

"Dream on," Tom said. "That's not the way the system works. You've got to make all the decisions now, without knowing what the jury will be thinking or doing. And I'm ready to decide that Claus doesn't testify."

"That's my vote, too," I chimed in. There were no dissents, except for a regret from Claus, who said he had no choice but to follow his lawyers' advice. Andrea Reynolds responded with an angry glare, signifying that she wouldn't try to fight us, but that if she had her way, Claus would be testifying. But the decision had been made: The jury would never hear Claus von Bulow's story.

In the end, that proved to be the best strategy. After the jury acquitted von Bulow, several of the jurors were interviewed. They had apparently focused on the weaknesses in the state's case, especially the alleged "discovery" of the black bag with insulin in it. The prosecutor's case was on trial, and the verdict was not guilty by reason of confusion and doubt. "The prosecutor's story just did not hang together," said one juror. "I don't buy it," said another. Had Claus taken the stand, the jury's focus would have been on him. And no one can know for sure what the verdict would have been.

"Thirty-one . . . thirty-two . . . thirty- . . ."

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CHARMED! ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE PLIGHT OF THE POOR AND UNDERPRIVILEGED?

I SEE WHOOFLES LIKES YOU—AND ANY FRIEND OF HIS IS A FRIEND OF MINE!

DEAR LITTLE WHOOFLES WOULD MAKE A VERY GOOD CHINESE DELICACY!

By RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

GULP!

GASP!

PANT!

WELL, WELL! IT'S TRUE! THAT IS ONE HELLUVA POWER, PENISOVITCH!

IF I WASN'T A GOOD RUSSIAN, I'D SAY WITH YOUR TALENT AND MINE WE COULD GO A LONG WAY IN THIS COUNTRY!

HELLO - IS THAT THE VAN PLAZA RESIDENCE? I THINK YOU SHOULD SEND THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN DOWN HERE RIGHT AWAY - YES, MRS. VAN PLAZA SEEMS TO HAVE HAD SOME SORT OF A BREAKDOWN!

HERE - DRINK THIS.

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE CONSEQUENCES OF SWEETCHASTITY BEHAVING LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF A WORLDWIDE T.V. AUDIENCE?

THERE'S NEVER BEEN A SCANDAL OF SUCH MAGNITUDE! I TELL YOU - IF WE CAN PULL THIS OFF WE'LL BOTH BE HEROES OF THE SOVIET UNION!

THERE'S A T.V. PROGRAMME GOING OUT FROM HERE NEXT WEEK. SWEET CHASTITY WILL BE ON THE PLATFORM - AND SO WILL THE PRESIDENT! YOU'LL BE HERE TOO!

WHAT ABOUT ME? WHAT HAPPENS TO ME AFTER-WARDS?

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT, MY FRIEND — YOU AND I ARE JUST INNOCENT BYSTANDERS! IT'LL ALL BE PUT DOWN TO THE LUSTFUL, LASCIVIOUS, UTTERLY DEGRADING BEHAVIOUR OF THAT PARAGON OF ALL THE VIRTUES — SWEET CHASTITY!

LET'S DRINK TO SUCCESS AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE SOCIALIST REVOLUTION!

ALL I'M GOING TO DRINK TO, COMRADE — IS A PEACEFUL LIFE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

THE STAGE IS SET FOR THE WORLD-WIDE T.V. PROGRAMME. ALL WE WAIT FOR NOW IS THE ARRIVAL OF THE PARTICIPANTS — PRESIDENT REAGAN AND SWEET CHASTITY.....

NOW, FOLKS — AS THIS IS A RELIGIOUS PROGRAMME, WE DON'T WANT ANY LAUGHTER OR CHEERING!

I UNDERSTAND YOUR NEED TO EXPRESS YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT SOME OF THE TOPICS EXPLORED TONIGHT — AND A SPONTANEOUS REACTION TO THESE ISSUES MAKES GOOD TELEVISION.....

I WISH IT WAS TINA TURNER!

I'LL HOLD UP THIS CUE CARD AT APPROPRIATE MOMENTS AND YOU CAN APPLAUD SPONTANEOUSLY — OKAY?

I KEEP TELLIN' YA — THEY DON'T SELL POPCORN HERE!

WHY HAVE I GOT TO WEAR THESE RIDICULOUS CLOTHES?

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE INCONSPICUOUS — JUST AN AVERAGE, DULL, UNSPECTACULAR AMERICAN WORKING MAN! THAT'S WHAT THE COMPUTER SAYS YOU WEAR!

NOW GET IN THERE AND SHUT UP!

I ♥ NY

ARE YOU ONE OF THESE BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIANS?

BEING BORN ONCE IS ENOUGH FOR ME, MAN! I PREFER THE BENNY HILL SHOW!

NOW KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, PENISOVITCH. YOU CAN WATCH FROM THIS WINDOW.....

...I'LL TAKE MY HAND-KERCHIEF OUT OF MY BREAST POCKET LIKE THIS.....

I'M HUNGRY! I HAVEN'T EATEN ALL DAY!

CONCENTRATE, WILL YOU? WHEN YOU SEE MY SIGNAL - COME THROUGH THE DOOR ONTO THE STAGE!

SURROUNDED BY THEIR SECURITY MEN, THE TWO WORLD-FAMOUS PERSONALITIES ARRIVE

THIS WAY, MR. PRESIDENT ....SWEET CHASTITY!

TAKE IT FROM US — THEY'RE IN THERE!

THE PROGRAMME BEGINS

NOW, MR. PRESIDENT —LET US DISCUSS THE DANGERS TO WORLD PEACE OF THE PRESENT SITUATION IN TRANSYLVANIA...

YES..UM...YES. LET'S DISCUSS THAT.....

Begin

I KNOW IT AIN'T NECESSARY— TRY TAKIN' IT UP WITH MY UNION!

FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, IVAN PENISOVITCH LOOKS DOWN ON SWEET CHASTITY

GASP!

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, IVAN PENISOVITCH LOOKS UPON SOMEONE WHOSE NATURAL POWERS ARE GREATER THAN HIS OWN

GASP!

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURE I'VE EVER SEEN!

AT THAT MOMENT IN MOSCOW, ALEXEI SADISTINOV IS WAITING FOR HIS CAREFULLY LAID PLANS TO COME TO FRUITION.....

POUR YOURSELF A VODKA, BOLOKOV—AND HELP YOURSELF TO ONE OF FIDEL'S CIGARS. THIS IS IT!

WHEN AGENT TRUELOVE REMOVES HIS HANDKERCHIEF, SWEET CHASTITY WILL BE FINISHED! IT'S PERFECT—IN FRONT OF AN AUDIENCE OF MILLIONS! PULL UP A CHAIR AND ENJOY THE SPECTACLE!

BUT IVAN PENISOVITCH HAS JUMPED THE GUN—HE CAN'T WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL!

I ♥ NY

?

SWEET CHASTITY!

?

SHE DOESN'T REACT! IT DOESN'T WORK!

?

HE'S FLIPPED! THE IDIOT'S GONE OFF HIS TROLLEY!

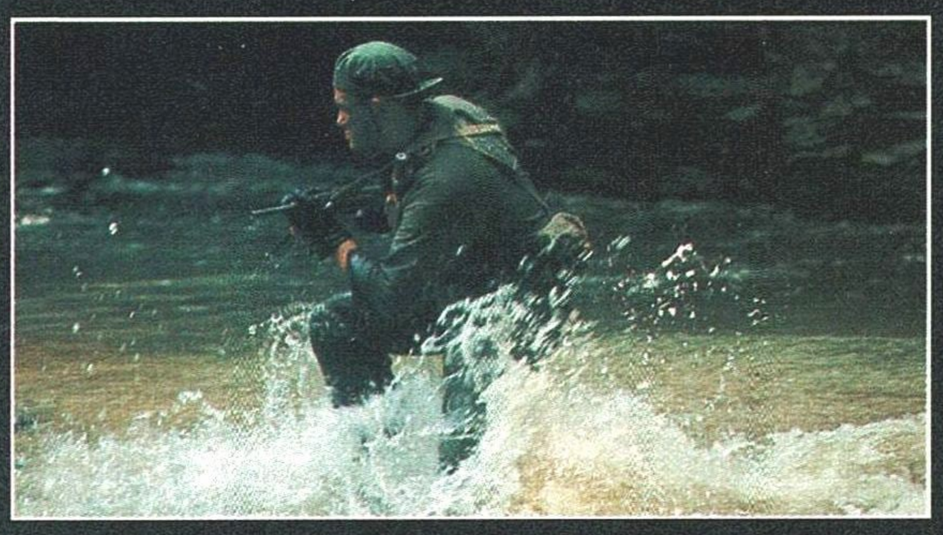
LOOK AT ME!

I HAVE POWERS!

HEY! NOBODY TOLD ME THIS WAS GONNA BE A FUN SHOW!

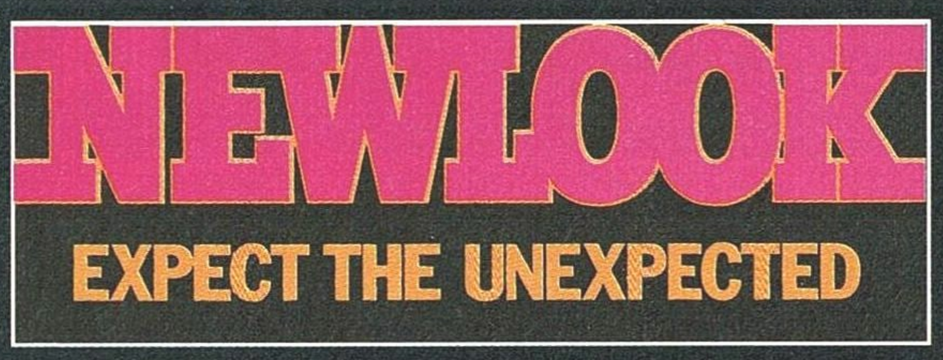
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW? MAN—WE'D LIKE TO KNOW! WE'LL LET YOU KNOW AS SOON AS WE FIND OUT!

COMING IN THE APRIL PENTHOUSE



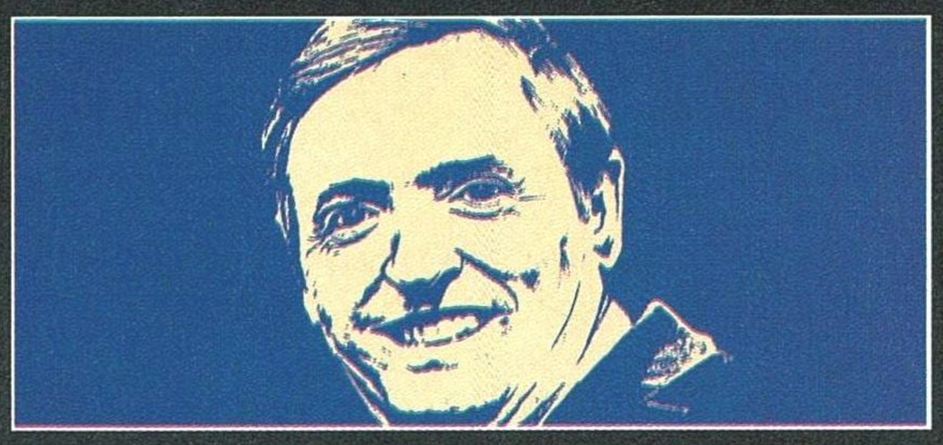
THE SIKH TERROR PLOT

Last May, the FBI arrested several Sikh terrorists who, they claimed, were trying to kill the prime minister of India and finish the job they had started when they had assassinated his mother the year before. When it turned out that some of these men had been trained in a mercenary camp in Alabama, it caused a worldwide outcry of indignation. Now, in the first of an exclusive two-part article, Frank Camper—the former intelligence operative who runs the mercenary training school—reveals the incredible true story behind the training and the capture of these desperate men. His story reads like a best-selling spy novel, but it's all true, and its ramifications continue to be felt around the world.



THE BEST OF *NEWLOOK*

As you've already seen in this issue, our sensational new sister magazine *Newlook* is filled with glamour and beauty. Next month we will highlight more of its breathtaking photojournalism. This compilation of the best of *Newlook* will show you at a glance why Bob Guccione successfully designed it to appeal to the most aggressive and influential young male readers in America.

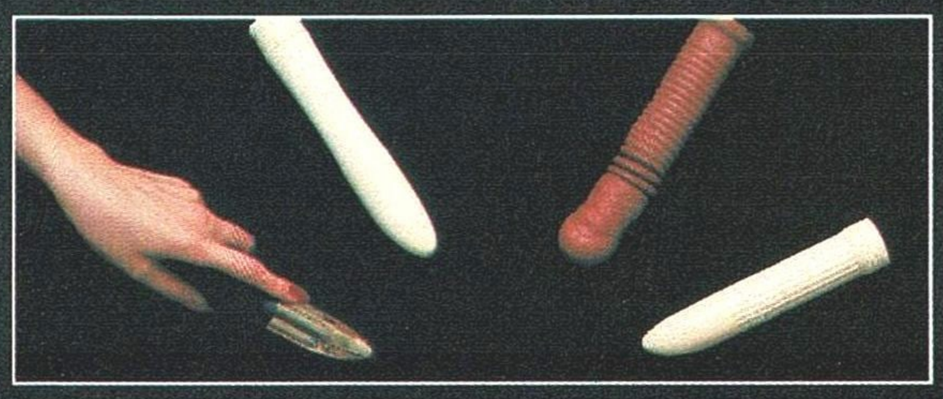


HIGH JINX—A NEW BUCKLEY THRILLER

Ever since he made his debut in *Saving the Queen,* William F. Buckley's swashbuckling CIA hero, Blackford Oakes, has inspired one best-selling thriller after another. We've been proud to have excerpted two of these books in past years, and in April we present an exclusive preview of *High Jinx,* the newest Oakes adventure, in which a deadly Soviet "mole" threatens a daring Western plot to overthrow a murderous Communist regime in the perilous days right after World War II. *High Jinx* will be published by Doubleday.

ICE SCULPTURE

Since 1950, Sapporo, Japan, home of the 1972 Winter Olympics, has annually held an unusual festival featuring intricate artworks sculpted solely from snow and ice. Over the years, the sculptures have become enormously complicated, many requiring up to 2,000 tons of ice. In a lush, exquisite pictorial, Jeffrey E. Blackman captures the magic of these ornate and often comical statues.



GOOD VIBRATIONS

In his inimitable style, Al Goldstein, the fearless publisher of *Screw* magazine, guides his readers in the best techniques to use when making love to a woman with a vibrator. "Through the miracle of modern electronics," he writes, "the temporarily unmanned male has a friend indeed in his time of need." Goldstein's advice covers the various types of vibrators available on the market, as well as the most efficacious ways of using them to the greatest advantage for all concerned.

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